Aug. 15, 1964

THE NEW YORKER

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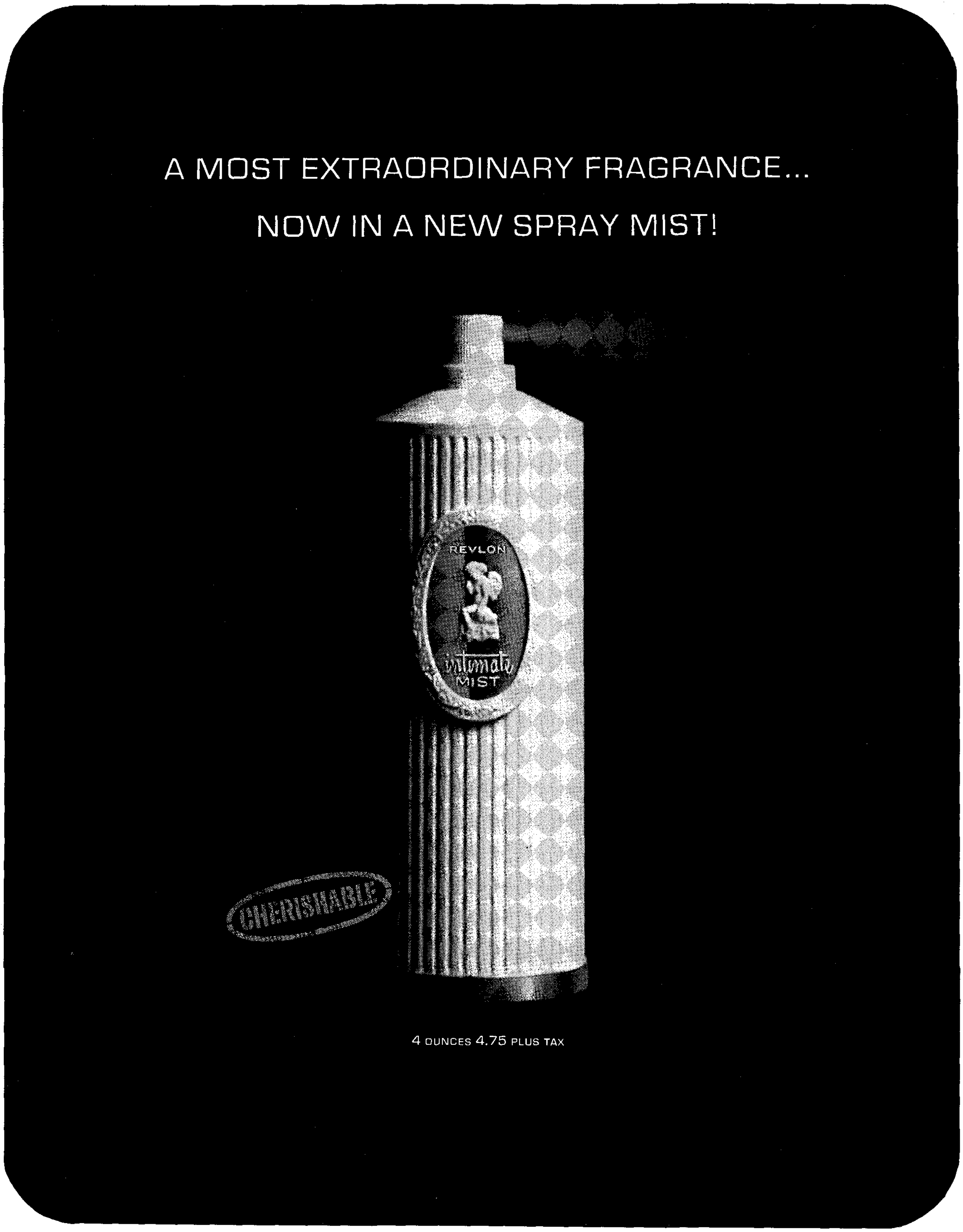
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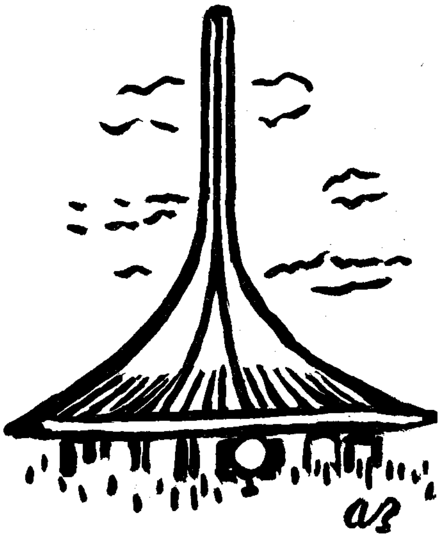
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Any Wednesday—An invitation to laughter conceived by Muriel Resnik and advanced with great skill by Sandy Dennis, Rosemary Murphy, and Don Porter. It has to do with the ups and downs of the mistress of an industrial big shot who keeps the girl in residence in an executive suite. The play was directed in lively fashion by Henry Kaplan, and has a bright set by Robert Randolph. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Baby Want a Kiss—A bad time for one and all, which involves, incoherently, Joanne Woodward, Paul Newman, and James Costigan. The last is also the author. (Little Theatre, 44th St., W. BR 9-6100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Aug. 16. Closes Saturday, Aug. 22.)

Blues for Mister Charlie—A rambling discussion about the differences that exist between blacks and whites who are trying, with no success whatever, to live together in the Southern area of the United States. Written by James Baldwin, the drama has several splendid performances, and fine direction by Burgess Meredith. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

The Deputy—A compressed version—five acts have been reduced to two—of Rolf Hochhuth's drama in verse, which deals with the alleged silence of Pope Pius XII during the moral crisis brought on by the Nazis' extermination of Jews during the Second World War. The verse as rendered into English is no great shakes, but the play has a powerful impact. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Dylan—A perceptive portrait by Sir Alec Guinness of the drunk, loquacious, and talented Welsh poet, who is described here in the course of a couple of visits to the United States. The drama is the skillful work of Sidney Michaels, and has been astutely directed by Peter Glenville. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Sept. 12.)

The Subject Was Roses—About a clutch of middle-class Irish-Americans in the Bronx who spend most of their time bickering. There are only three of them on view, but that is more than enough. With Jack Albertson, Irene Dailey, and Martin Sheen. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Three Sisters—Maybe Lee Strasberg's direction is at first a trifle aimless in this interpretation of Chekhov, but it gets into focus as it goes along. So do the actors, all members of the Actors Studio, who, while not entirely harmonious as an ensemble, have many individual merits. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—barefoot in the park: Neil Simon's trifle about the adventures of a married couple starting out life in a Manhattan walkup. The cast includes Robert Redford, Penny Fuller, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **mary, mary:** This comedy by Jean Kerr has to do with a young couple trying to get together after an estrangement. Mindy Carson, William Prince, and Howard Morton are in it. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **never too late:** A play about a sixty-year-old gentleman's dismay at the prospect of his wife's having a baby late in life. With Dennis O'Keefe, Will Hutchins, Martha Scott, and Fran Sharon. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Fade Out - Fade In—Carol Burnett and Jack Cassidy are splendid in this musical about Hollywood in the thirties, but the book, by Adolph Green and Betty Comden, and the music, by Jule Styne, are lesser efforts. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Funny Girl—Barbra Streisand representing Fanny Brice in a musical that is loud and gaudy but not quite as good as you might hope. The book is by Isobel Lennart, the music and lyrics are by Jule Styne and Bob Merrill, and there are some splashy musical numbers staged by the late Carol Haney. Kay Medford, Danny Meehan, and Sydney Chaplin give Miss Streisand sturdy support. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hello, Dolly!—An adaptation of Thornton Wilder's "The Matchmaker," in which Carol Channing and a fine cast have themselves a high old time. The lyrics and music were provided by Jerry Herman, and the book is by Michael Stewart. The enterprise is also fortunate in having direction and choreography by Gower Champion. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

High Spirits—Beatrice Lillie having a frisky time in a musical interpretation of Noël Coward's "Blithe Spirit." Under the direction of the author, Miss Lillie and such associates as Tammy Grimes, Louise Troy, and Edward Woodward all move about most agilely. The book, music, and lyrics are by Hugh Martin and Timothy Gray, and their work is for the most part fairly bright. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

What Makes Sammy Run?—A dilatory musical having to do with a Hollywood striver who would be glad to throw his own mother into the snow if she didn't pull her weight on his sled. Budd and Stuart Schulberg wrote the book, and the lyrics and music were created by Ervin Drake. Steve Lawrence, Sally Ann Howes, Robert Alda, and Bernice Massi are in it. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—a funny thing happened on the way to the forum: Plautus, that jolly old Roman, as adapted by Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart. The players include Danny Dayton, Lee Goodman, and assorted cuties. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Aug. 29.) . . . **how to succeed in business without really trying:** Darryl Hickman plays a young man determined to be at the top of the business pile, and Rudy Vallée plays the president of something called World Wide Wickets, Inc. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **oliver!:** The Artful Dodger, Bill Sikes, and all the rest. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Lincoln Center Repertory—Arthur Miller's lengthy drama "After the Fall," which is apparently autobiographical and deals with intellectual and political difficulties of all sorts, is several cuts below his best work. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. OR 4-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Music Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of Lehár's "The Merry Widow," with Patrice Munsel, Bob Wright, and Mischa Auer, will be the second of two productions by the company. Opens Monday, Aug. 17, and will run through Saturday, Sept. 19. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Blacks—Jean Genet's occasionally stunning, occasionally windy sleight-of-hand attempt to depict, in many-layered symbols, the agonies that lie between the Negroes and the whites of the world. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sun-

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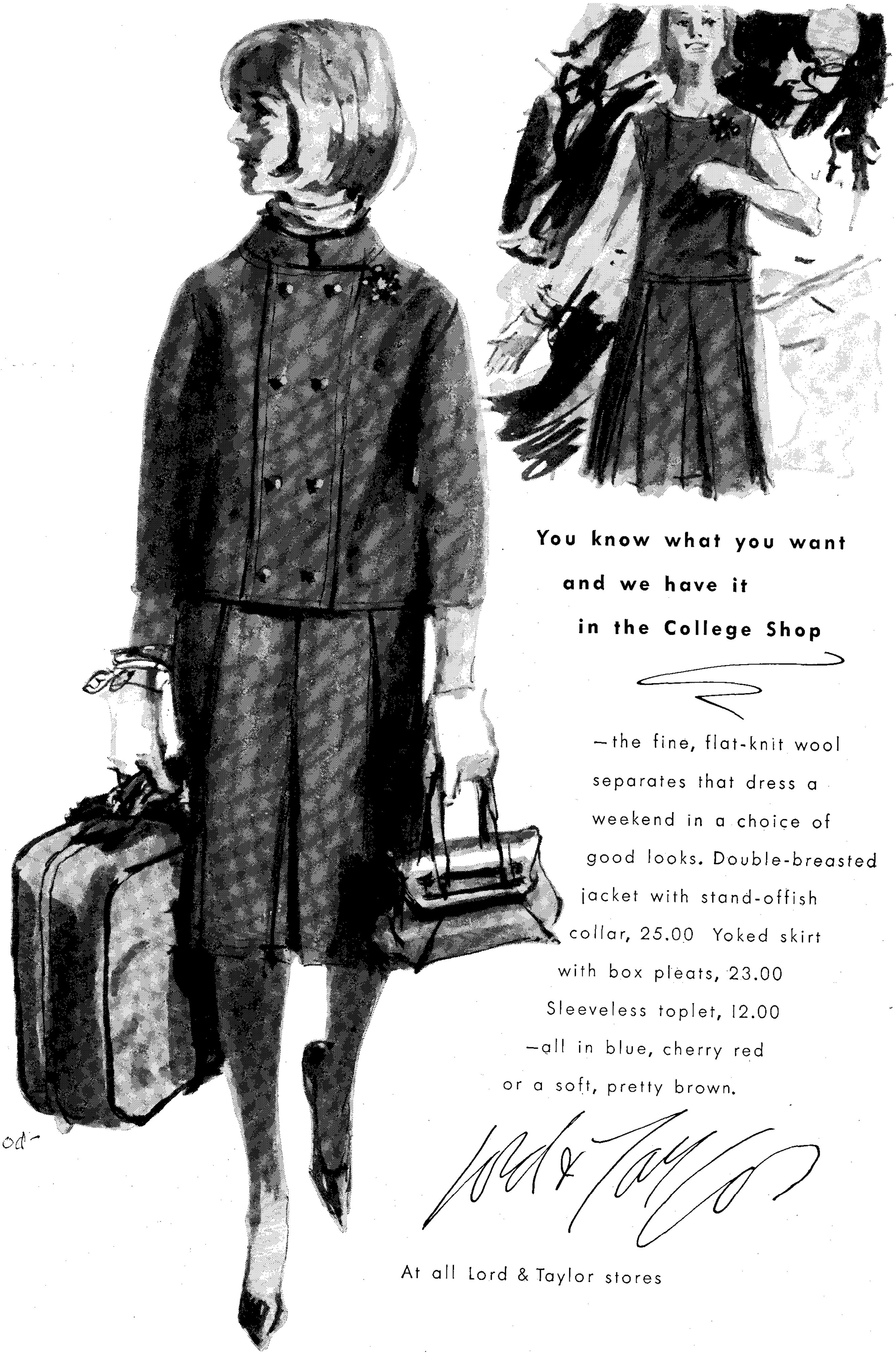

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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16	17	18	19	20	21	22

days, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Blood Knot—An obvious, tricky, but often effective drama about a pair of South African brothers, one a Negro and the other half-white. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dutchman and **The American Dream**—"Dutchman" is a nightmare tragicomedy about the encounter of a respectable young Negro and a mad and maddening blonde in a subway car. The author is a most promising dramatist named LeRoi Jones, whose language is often as brutal and tough as the occasion demands. As a companion piece, the management is reviving, for the fifth time, its knockout production of "The American Dream," Edward Albee's sardonic family portrait. No one under eighteen admitted. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsey is as thick as *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

In White America—A chronological arrangement of official and private documents recounting the history of the Negro in this country. It may not make a play, exactly, but, as recited and acted by six able performers, it certainly makes a dramatic and moving evening. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave., S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3 and Wednesday, Aug. 19, at 2. No performance Thursday, Aug. 20.)

The Knack—Ann Jellicoe's farce, which has been directed by the inventive Mike Nichols, is a British import, and so is half its cast. The theme is seduction, and the story, such as it is, concerns three young men and a girl on her way to the Y.W.C.A. The show has its ups and downs, many of the ups being provided by the fine comic acting of Brian Bedford. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Third Ear—A program of improvisation, directed by Elaine May. (Premise, 154 Bleecker St. GR 7-9260. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 9, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 11.)

The Trojan Women—This production of Euripides' tragedy of the aftermath of the Trojan War is always clear and visually satisfying. Michael Cacoyannis was the director, and the beautiful translation is the work of the late Edith Hamilton. The individual performances vary considerably in quality. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Folies-Bergère—The Parisian revue, with a cast of seventy headed by Patachou, Georges Ulmer, and Liliane Montevecchi. Presented by Stephen W. Sharmat and produced by Arthur Lesser. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Fialka's Prague Pantomime Theatre—Final performances of "Twenty-four Inventions," a sort of mime digest, will close out the engagement of this troupe from Czechoslovakia. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Thursday, Aug. 13, at 8:30, and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 14-15, at 7 and 10.)

Laterna Magika—A company of forty-five Czechoslovakian actors, singers, and dancers, appearing here for the first time, in a presentation of "The Tales of Hoffmann" and "Variations" that combines live stage action with films. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Through Saturday, Sept. 12.)

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of Sophocles' "Electra," with Lee Grant. The final production of the season. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly at 8:30. Through Saturday, Aug. 29.)

Jones Beach Marine Theatre—"Around the World in 80 Days," a musical with a cast of two hundred headed by David Atkinson, Robert Clary, and Jan McArt. Presented by Guy Lombardo, who also appears with his Royal Canadians. (Nightly at 8:30; through Sunday, Sept. 6. For tickets, call CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Fighting words hold a prominent place in the program of Phyllis Diller, a caster of grave doubts about a whole lot of things. Her humdinger conversation pieces, which occur at dinner and supper in the Royal Box, end on Saturday, Aug. 15. On Monday, Aug. 17, the band that has the rights to all the Tommy Dorsey orchestrations (and some Dorsey personnel, such as Helen Forrest and the Pied Pipers) will start parading these prizes, along with Frank Sinatra, Jr., whose father was another Dorsey prize. Closed Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The restaurant's wall flowers are vast enough to make anyone feel Lilliputian, but the music is just normal life-size. George Anaya's little band, which is Latin and American, does it menu style from eight to ten and prancing style from then until one. No music on Mondays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—A by no means secret society for the preservation of what used to be called society. The music to go with it comes from the orchestra of Freddie Jagels, who thoroughly understands the medium, and Freddy Alonso's rumba band. Closed Sundays.

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—If this really is Life on the Mississippi, it is not a bad way to live, especially for anyone fond of gilt and plush. On the veranda deck, Stan Rubin, his Tiger Town Five, and his Riverboat Ramblers play in-memoriam and up-to-the-minute music for dancing Mondays through Thursdays from seven to twelve and Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two. No music Sundays.

New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000)—The Seven Hills, a nice try at doing what the Romans do, improves its own effective scenery with I Cavalieri di Roma, a seven-man dance band (nearly all strings), which in turn improves its music with the all-for-love chanting of Dino Palermo. Eight to one every night but Sunday and Monday is the gamut.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Café Pierre, a dignified little duchy, a Ben Cutler band is in great good humor every night of the week.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The tricks of the trade that are played by American girl singers who can't sing have been mastered by Shani Wallis, a London girl singer who *can* sing, and the result is rich, amusing, and satisfying. Miss Wallis pipes down on Saturday, Aug. 15; Monday, Aug. 17, brings along the Barry Sisters, a brace of American girl singers. Weekdays at ten, at dinner and supper on Saturdays is the schedule in the Persian Room for the songbirds; the dance music, the best of which comes from Mark Monte's gadflies, goes on all evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano and violin play crumpets-and-scones music in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and *vin-rosé* music in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. They're off duty Mondays and the Edwardian Room is closed Fridays and Saturdays. . . . ¶ A luxurious dessert and any drink in the house await the visitor between eight and one (except Sundays) in the Palm Court, transformed by the magic of light into an esplanade in Lugano, with real Lugano violin by Gunnar Hansen.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Since the sky hereabouts is often the limit, the management has provided a pink protective cloud that is a triumph of the decorators' art, and beneath it Charles Turecamo's band and Quintero's Latins never pause for breath. Closed Sundays.

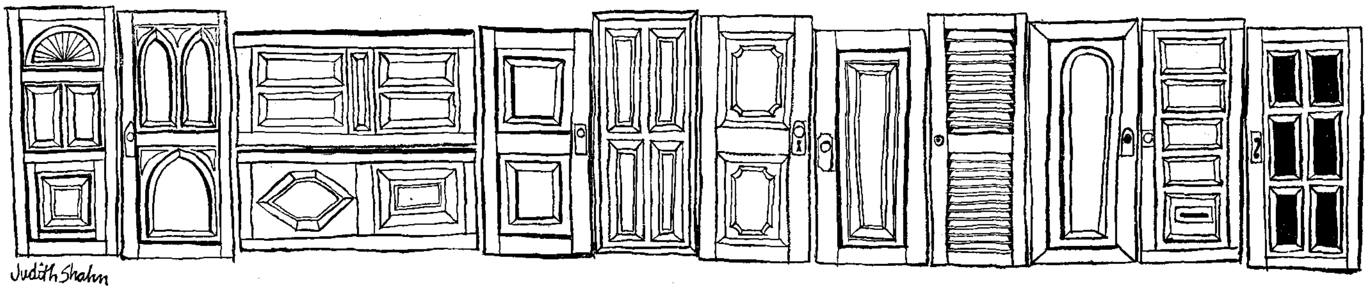
Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (PL 5-0600)—In this tongue-in-cheek restoration of Cairo's celebrated Shepheard's, the pharaohs could have lived like—well, kings. The dancing girls, though, and their partners have come from no farther away than Park Avenue, and their dances must have come from "West Side Story." The music is electronic but lacy, the hours are eight to four, and there are no days off.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200): Where God paints the scenery and only the fireflies are by Con Edison. Weatherman willing, Ted Auletta's sprightly band (harp and flute enhance its pastoral air) and a Latin contingent play alongside the open-air pavilion every evening from eight or so to one or so; an inner pavilion operates when things get splashy.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

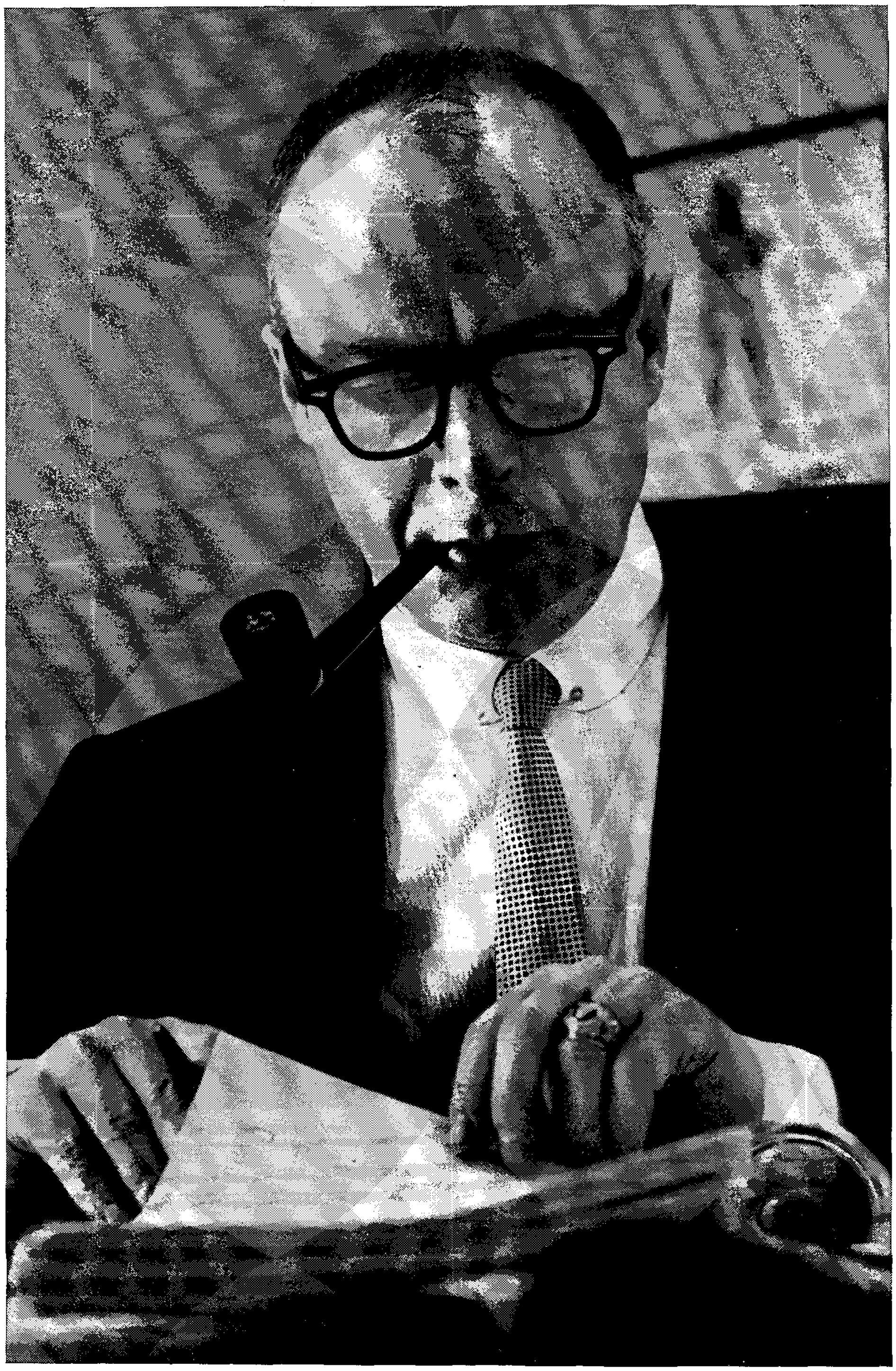
(No dancing, unless noted.)

Goldie's New York, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Open house, open forum for a whole lot of mutual friends. Another part of the sound department is as follows: Sam Hamilton is at the piano from five-thirty to eight; Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders perform thereafter as soloists until suppertime, when they converge as upbeat, double-deck pianists. Closed Fridays through Sundays. . . . **In Boboli**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Tenors and sopranos willing to sing for their supper in both Florentine and English keep showing up and being put to useful work, such as bits and pieces of "Kismet" right now, and of "Il



Judith Shahn

STOCKBROKER TO KNOW



Robert B. Johnson, 45, Paine, Webber's research partner, began his career teaching economics at Columbia. Then he joined one of the world's largest banks and rose to become a senior investment research executive. For several years before joining Paine, Webber, Jackson & Curtis he was research director for a leading West Coast investment banking firm. Keenly interested in raising the professional standards of securities research, he has worked to promote the Institute of Chartered Financial Analysts.

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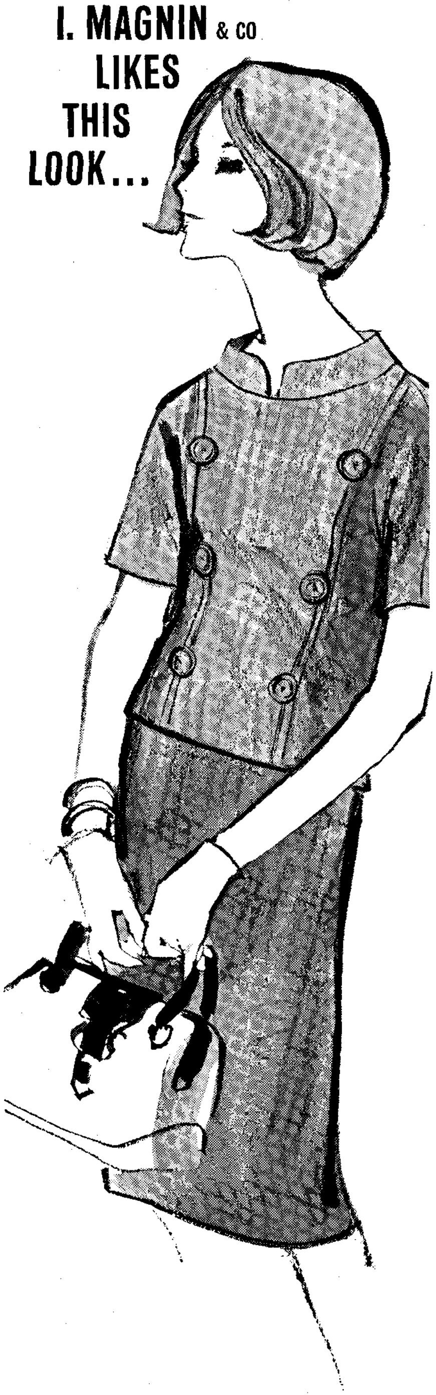

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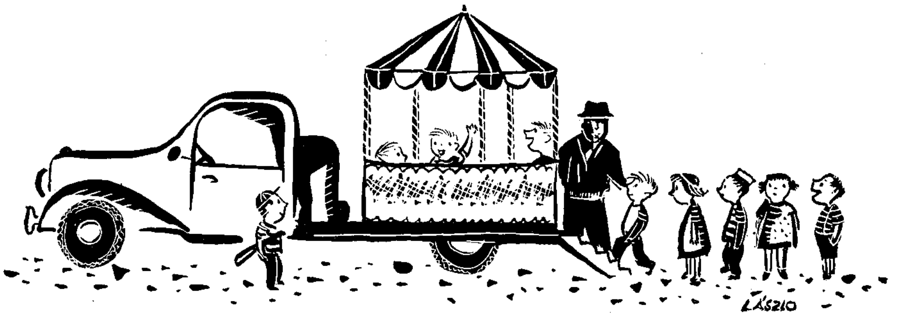
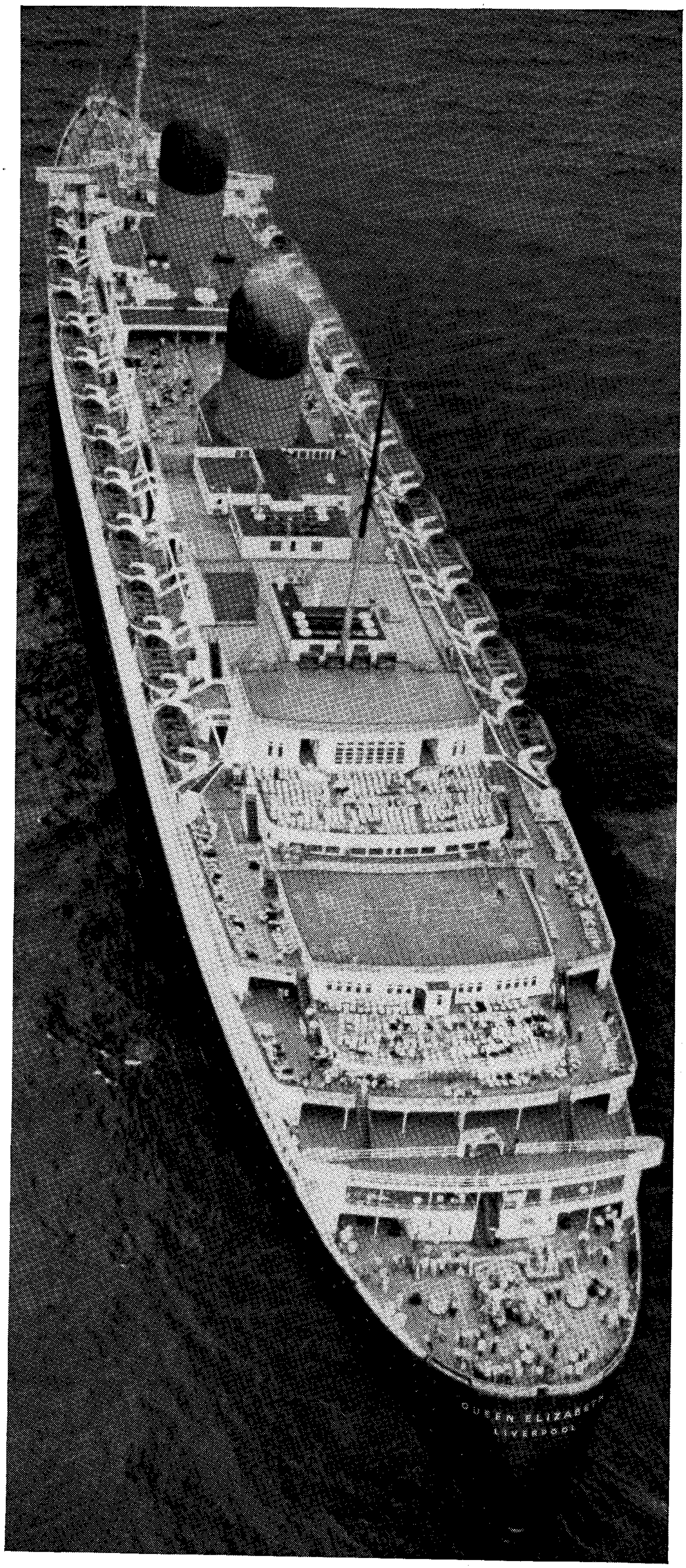
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Trovatore" beginning on Tuesday, Aug. 18. Thursday through Saturday, there is also casual dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . **LE CAPRICE,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Bobby Short is the life of the party that, starting at ten-thirty, centers on his piano, songs, and trio. Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan are his men-at-arms, and Otis Clements's piano fills in any blank spots. Jules Kuti opens the piano cover at five-thirty and plays until nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ AMBASSADOR,** in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): From seven to one, which is enough for the most lackadaisical diner, Ray Hartley uses his piano to transpose the tunes of the day into an idiom that is his alone. This takes place every night but Sunday. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): On Fridays and Saturdays, Mabel Mercer gives the world's very best arias the benefit of her years of experience in what touches the heart. Sam Hamilton, it must go without saying, is her pianist. Tee-off time is ten-thirty. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The divine right of a king to be as playful as he wishes has been fully exercised in this castle keep. Table-hopping violin is part of the scheme. The incumbent musician yields place, on Monday, Aug. 17, to Norbert Faconi, the dean of the genre. No sound on Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The optical illusion is that you have joined a royal Crusade to the Holy Land; it is *not* an illusion that the army involved travels on its stomach. George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin provide the marching music. No sound on Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Flamenco and fandango (Spanish of course) go hand in hand, foot in foot, forever and ever. There's dancing for the customers as well. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The S.P.Q.R. are thinking of holding their annual conventions here. Already among the population is a round of dulcet wandering minstrels. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): High life, but on its best behavior, to which Addison Bailey's piano contributes high-life but best-behaved tunes during cocktails, dinner, and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The Via Veneto in all its hustle and bustle. A squadron of violinists patrols the full length of the street. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The décor of the refectory is Renaissance with an unlimited expense account; the music—the calm but poignant guitar of Gustavo Lopez—is largely a love letter to Spain. No music Mondays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): A personable brigade of young career girls and boys who belong to television and the adjacent arts find surcease from their travail in this *art-moderne* apartment. They also find a robust jazz trio. No music Sundays. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Rack Godwin, who has always had designs on a piano, is demonstrating the choicest of his collection on the instrument in the Regency Room cocktail lounge. He's there from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): You expect the real Henry James to stand up at any moment in this dining-in-state and dining-in-the-nineties restaurant, part of which is open-air. In the bar, there's piano from five to seven-thirty and nine to two every evening but Sunday. . . . **MICHELANGELO,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): A scattering of musicians makes the sound that goes with the neat but not gaudy Italian school of cookery. A piano starts soliloquizing at five, and Joe Candullo's dance trio starts at nine-thirty. Fridays and Saturdays, a couple of voices join in. It's all family style, but with the greatest of dignity. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): A complete cast of characters, from Shubert Alley to Sutton Place, is in stock. At the south end of the pavilion, a dance trio gets to work at nine every night. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): A Budapest that was not built in a day is occupied by a hand-picked citizenry, such as Tibor Rakossy, who sings Hungarian sentimentalities, not to mention players of zimbalons and fiddles. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **NANDO'S MIRAMAR,** 38 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-4186): The piano, which (manned by two operators) goes quietly about its business from five-thirty to three, never tries to rewrite the nation's songs—rather a novelty these nights. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **PLACE LAUTREC,** in the New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): Small wonders are worked by Mario Peralta as he cows into submission a mile-wide bandonion, which is a giant, economy-size concertina of vast possibilities. He wanders about the dining tables from cocktails until ten. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **SHERATON MOTOR INN,** Twelfth Ave. at 42nd St. (OX 5-6500): Daphne Hellman, who knows that golden hair is the proper accompaniment for a golden harp, presents both commodities between seven and nine every evening but Saturday in the terraced Crown Restaurant, a fifth-floor project. Gerald Goodman is the Saturday harpist. . . . **LA FONDA DEL SOL,** 123 W. 50th St. (PL 7-8800): The bills of fare are printed in both North American and South American; the music—travelling guitarists and troubadors from five-thirty until eleven weekdays, dancers and troubadors from one to ten on Sundays—never ventures very far this side of the equator.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Not at all the sort of doll's house that Ibsen had in mind, for this one is occupied by vigorous young ladies whose sole mental problem is how few clothes they need wear for their extremely athletic evenings onstage. A wonderful pantomime act—the Carsony Brothers—as well as a turbulent Argentine corps de ballet and a funny and talkative fellow named Jackie Kahane are likewise on hand. Bedlam is supplied by the rocking-and-rolling Sandu Scott and her Scotties. Dancing for the guests is also permissible. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Fran Jeffries, a pretty child with a slender figure and a slender voice, is currently parading both. A certain amount of guileless floor show goes along with her act. Dancing. . . . ¶ Up in the lounge, Erskine Hawkins' quartet carries on as if we were living back in the Roaring Forties. It stands to and delivers from ten to four every night of the week. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Mort Sahl, who has occupied the current-events chair at old Hard Knox for years, blasts off for the last time on Saturday, Aug. 15. Nina Simone and her dream-world-of-her-own ballads, along with the bustling Ray Bryant trio, disappear the same night. On Monday, Aug. 17, Duke Ellington's nonpareil band moves in, and so





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

does Kaye Ballard, that gone-with-the-wind *diseuse*. Closed Sundays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): "Baker's Dozen," the Julius Monk revue, sheds its last crocodile tear on Saturday, Aug. 15, removing from the scene such nimble wits as Gerry Matthews and Barbara Cason. Twice a night is its stint.... **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): For Spain, the forecast is sunny and warmer whenever the glee club and marching band called Los Chavales de España enter the back room. Dinner and supper are their usual post times, but on Saturday night they add a 2 A.M. tempest, and on Sundays they rampage only at ten-thirty. Emilio Reyes' band, which also gives the customers a chance to unwind, can incite almost to riot. The Sunday afternoon-into-evening tea dances are just as tumultuous.... ¶ In the neighborly Flamenco Room, after ten, Juan de la Mata's *simpatico* guitar and Domingo Alvarado's arias serve the perfect stirrup cup.... **CAFÉ AU GO GO,** 152 Bleecker St. (SP 7-4530): A new variant on the game of Who's on First, called Who's on Stage? Nevertheless, it's even money that Vaughn Meader is manfully assuming the burdens that some of our political parties have sloughed off, and that Tobi Reynolds, whose dark good looks enhance her darkling arias, is singing. Otherwise, nothing more vigorous than coffee is available. Mondays, other amusement is offered.... **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): Another project about which guesswork is sometimes required. The prevailing revue is almost unfailingly spry, up-to-the-minute, and comic. A lot of the humor stems from Severn Darden, who gives all his lines an airy, ambivalent reading. This great *farceur* is nobly assisted by Alan Arkin and Barbara Dana. For as long as this cast remains intact, the glee should be giant. They get to work at eight-thirty every night but Monday.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Abbey Lincoln, whose ballads are rarely down by the run-of-the-millstream, gets able assistance for her able voice from the quartet dominated by Max Roach, which is of interest in its own right. Another group will fill in for the Roach contingent and Miss Lincoln at both the four-thirty matinée and the evening session on Sunday, Aug. 16. Closed Mondays.... **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Thelonious Monk and his squadron have agreed to show up every night but Sunday, Aug. 16, to put the art of progression through hi-fi diddle-diddles; Mongo Santamaria's septet is there, too. Gerry Mulligan's fiery foursome is added each Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. Mondays are outsiders' nights.... **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The Village's leading coffee *finca*. The standard accompaniment for the brew is folk music. It is given great latitude and humor by Jim, Jake & Joan, who are never too busy to write their own arias to suit an occasion. The Bitter End Singers are also on hand. The regulars are off duty Tuesdays.... **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): You can't tell the players without the program, which is always a crash one. Late afternoons, the music issues not from templed hills and rocks and rills but from rocks and rolls; evenings, Lionel Hampton's rumpus band and Red Allen's musketeers are the responsible parties. Sundays, other players have the use of the hall.... **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Through Sunday, Aug. 16, the biggest deal is the sixteen-man band in the hands of Slide Hampton. Les McCann's trio helps out. On Tuesday, Aug. 18, Stan Getz and quintet will arrive, bringing along Astrud Gilberto, that extraordinary Brazilian soprano, not to mention Horace Silver's fivesome. Jam sessions Mondays, when the standing army is out of action. ... **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Breaking new ground is the avowed purpose of this colony. The crops, nourished by latter-day chemicals, are odd but in general interesting. Art Farmer's group is the present tiller of the soil; on Friday, Aug. 14, the band headed by Zoot Sims and Al Cohn takes over the job. Closed Mondays.... **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): One is never quite sure what Charlie Mingus expects of himself and his co-workers, but enough of it comes through to make one sit up late and take notice. His sextet is in action every night but Monday, when a quartet headed by David Amram assumes command.... **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Lang syne, some of it auld and some of it more recent, is being attended to by Peanuts Hucko, Bob Haggart, Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, and Dave McKenna with befitting enthusiasm. Dancing. Closed Sundays.... **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the celebrated oval bar sits the supreme Mary Lou Williams, an intense, devout, sometimes demoniac, and always true-blue pianist. Her trio gets to work at ten, and is on the premises every night but Monday.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): During the week, Cliff Jackson holds down the piano in an enterprise designed to house displaced musicians from the midtown rifle ranges. Tony Parenti and Zutty Singleton are his lively aides. No music Sundays.... **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The boys with the banjos on their knees (there are three on the stand here, and they call themselves the Banjokers) are leading their Susannahs not to the wild frontier but back to the primitive beginnings of American jazz. Their plunking, which runs from nine to three or four every night, is complemented by beer, peanuts, and not especially ancient come-as-you-are devotees. ... **RED GARTER,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-5855): Another easy-life brewery, another set of junior citizens, another aggregation of clamorers (washboard, tuba, banjo, and such).... **PENTHOUSE CLUB,** 30 Central Park S. (PL 9-3561): Joe Mooney, weird, wild, and sort of wonderful, plays piano and organ, and sings, too, after ten o'clock. Closed Sundays.... **BROKEN DRUM,** 1544 Second Ave., at 80th St. (AG 9-9798): Wilbur de Paris's band, which involves Sidney de Paris and Garvin Bushell, plays many a restorative measure on behalf of the *ancien régime* in music. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

JOHN HELD, JR.—Linoleum-block prints; through Sept. 30. (Northwest Lobby, New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St.)

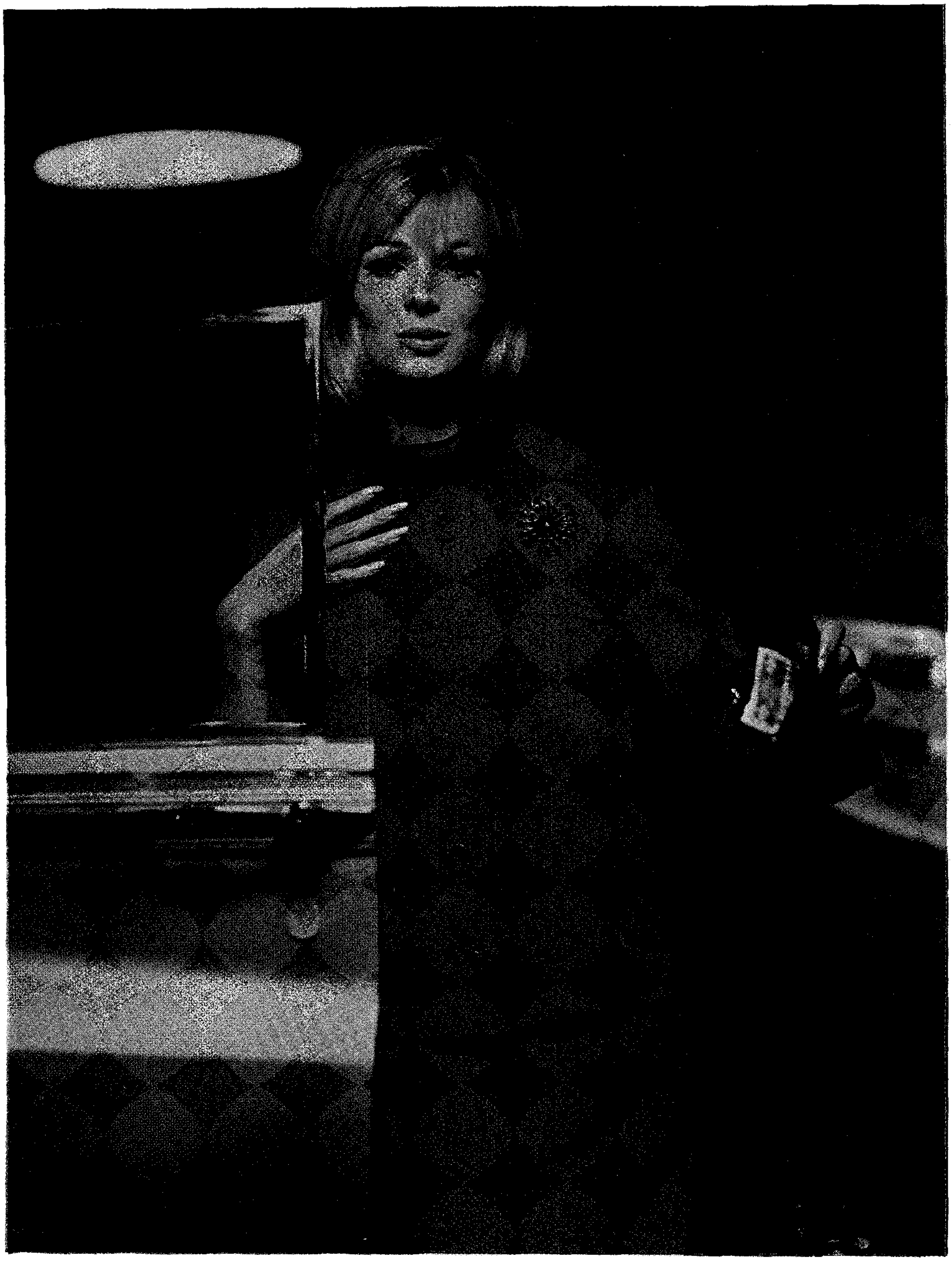
JACQUES LIPCHITZ—A retrospective (1912-64) of sculptures and drawings; through Oct. 3. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St.)

HENRY MOORE—Early and recent sculptures; through Aug. 28. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

REUBEN NAKIAN—Four large sculptures; through Aug. 28. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ART STUDENTS LEAGUE,** 215 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by twenty-five artists associated with the League make up an exhibition called "American Masters, from Eakins to Pollock;" through Aug. 26.... **GRAND CENTRAL,** 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: Still-lifes, landscapes, and seascapes by Bennett Bradbury, John Hilton, Eric Sloane, and others; through Aug. 31.... **GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS,** 8 W. 56th St.: Paintings and sculptures by (for instance) Kenneth Campbell, Lamar Dodd, and Victor Candell; through Aug. 31. (Closed mornings.) ... **IBM GALLERY,** 16 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures predominantly by American artists (ranging from Gilbert Stuart and Ralph Earl to Andrew Wyeth and Jack Levine) representing a cross-section of the collection of the International Business Machines Corporation; through Aug. 28.... **STAEMPFLI,** 47 E. 77th St.: California painters, among them David Park, Joan Brown, and Richard Diebenkorn; through Sept. 19.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

JACKSON, 32 E. 69th St.: Paintings from 1949 to the present by such artists as Jackson Pollock, Alberto Burri, and Larry Rivers; through Friday, Aug. 14. (Closed mornings.) . . . **SCHWEITZER,** 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: "Joys of Summer," a display of pictures by Emil Bernard, J. J. Tissot, and Thomas Moran (to name a few); through Aug. 31. . . . **WASHINGTON SQUARE GALLERIES,** 530 West Broadway: The opening exhibition is composed of works in a variety of mediums by, among others, Ben Nicholson, Jean Tinguely, and Jack Tworkov; through Sept. 30. (Daily, noon to midnight. Admission is $1.) . . . **WORLD HOUSE,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Hans Hofmann, Pierre Soulages, and Alberto Giacometti are three of the exhibitors in a painting-and-sculpture show; through Sept. 25.

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS,** 41 E. 65th St.: "The Spirit of New Berlin in Painting and Sculpture," a travelling exhibition of the works of fourteen artists, including Hans Jaenisch, Hann Trier, and Karl Hartung; through Friday, Aug. 21. (Saturday hours, 1 to 5.) . . . **WILDENSTEIN,** 19 E. 64th St.: An exhibit of paintings by sixteenth- to twentieth-century French masters, among them Charles Lebrun, Delacroix, and Gauguin; through Sept. 12.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—James McNeill Whistler's portrait, popularly known as "Whistler's Mother," on loan from the Louvre, is being shown in a return visit in the Great Hall; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Art in a Changing World: 1884-1964" is the theme of seven exhibitions marking the opening of the new galleries and enlarged sculpture garden. Twelve hundred works from the Museum's collections are on view, including American and European paintings and sculptures (Cézanne and Rodin to the present), drawings and prints (Seurat, Chagall, Leonard Baskin, and others), architecture and design, and photographs. . . . ¶ Temporary loan exhibitions include "The Photographer's Eye," through Aug. 23; "American Painters as New Lithographers," through Sept. 30; and "Twentieth-Century Engineering," through Sept. 13. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Post-Impressionist paintings and sculptures (by Renoir, Modigliani, Lipchitz, and others) from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pearlman; through Oct. 15. . . . ¶ Paintings and drawings from the period 1860 to 1950 (James McNeill Whistler to Edward Hopper and Morris Graves) from the collection of Daniel and Rita Fraad; through Sept. 20. . . . ¶ The fourteenth national print exhibition, consisting of a hundred and sixty-five examples by artists (among them Boris Margo, Sam Francis, and Seong Moy) from thirty states; through Sunday, Aug. 16. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—"The Art of Nepal," a showing of fifth- to early-nineteenth-century sculptures, paintings, and manuscripts; through Aug. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—French posters of the eighteen-nineties, including some by Toulouse-Lautrec, from the Huntington Hartford collection; through Sept. 13. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 8; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Van Gogh and Expressionism," an exhibition comparing about thirty paintings by van Gogh with the works of twenty-eight Expressionists, including Edvard Munch, Oskar Kokoschka, and Franz Kline; through Sept. 13. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Thou Shalt Have No Other Gods Before Me," an archaeological exhibition containing sculptures, reliefs, and artifacts of various peoples

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

who lived in the Near East in Biblical and pre-Biblical times; through Sept. 20. . . . ¶ A hundred contemporary prints produced at the Pratt Graphic Art Center by Cleve Gray, Enrico Donati, Antonio Frasconi, and others; through Sept. 20. (Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 5; Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"From Fair to Fair": An anthology of acquisitions since 1939—illuminated manuscripts, early printed books, master drawings, historic bookbindings, literary manuscripts, and autograph letters of authors and artists; through Sept. 4. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Masterpieces from the Americas," comprising pre-Columbian jewelry and other objects of gold, Eskimo masks, Mexican stone sculptures and ceramics, South American textiles, and the like; through Nov. 15. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Paintings, sculptures, graphic art, and architecture by newly elected members—Hans Hofmann, Louis I. Kahn, and Theodore Roszak (to mention a few); through Aug. 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Two displays commemorating the four-hundredth anniversary of Shakespeare's birth: "The Bard on the Boards," composed of photographs, illustrations, prints, and playbills, and "The Bard and the Book," composed of seventeenth-century editions of his poetry and plays; through Oct. 31. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—"Between the Fairs: Twenty-Five Years of American Art, 1939-64," an exhibition made up of works by a hundred and nineteen painters and sculptors, among them Milton Avery, Lyonel Feininger, and Richard Lippold; through Sept. 23. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

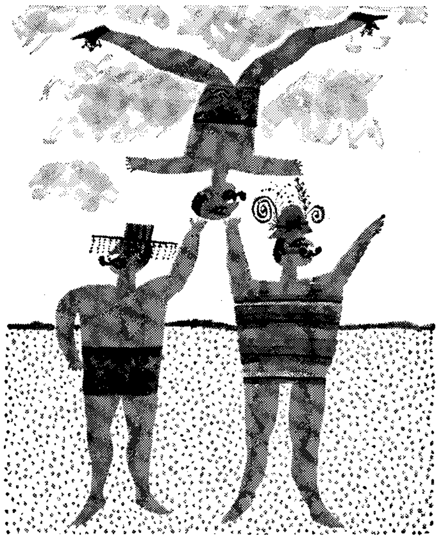
Orchestra of America—Leonard de Paur conducting a benefit concert of music by Negro composers, with Kermit Moore, cello. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Sunday, Aug. 16, at 8:30.)

Central Park Mall Concerts—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in the last in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Friday, Aug. 14, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Julius Grossman conducting the Municipal Concerts Orchestra, with Kermit Moore, cello. The third in a series of four weekly concerts. (Saturday, Aug. 15, at 8:30.)

Chamber Music in Washington Square—Igor Buketoff conducting an orchestra, with Veronica Tyler, soprano. The third in a series of five weekly concerts. (Monday, Aug. 17, at 9. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Final performances of the season—Friday, Aug. 14, at 8: Max Rudolf conducting the Boston Symphony; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 15, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf conducting, with Lorin Hollander, piano; Patricia Peardon, narrator; Helen Boatwright, soprano; June Genovese, mezzo-soprano; and the Tanglewood Choir. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 16, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting; no soloists. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 18, at 8: A song recital by Phyllis Curtin, soprano. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 19, at 4: The annual "Gala Evening," including offerings by the various student departments of the Berkshire Music Center and a joint concert by the Boston Symphony, the school orchestra, and the Festival Chorus, directed by Erich Leinsdorf and Leopold Stokowski. A benefit for the Music Center. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 21, at 8: Leopold Stokowski conducting the Boston Symphony; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 22, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf conducting a Wagner-Verdi program, with Lucine Amara,



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soprano; Lili Chookasian, mezzo-soprano; George Shirley, tenor; Ezio Flagello, bass; and the Chorus pro Musica. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 23, at 2:30: Erich Leinsdorf conducting a *Beethoven-Strauss program; no soloists.* (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass.)

BERKSHIRE MUSIC BARN—Saturday, Aug. 15, at 3:30: Odetta. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 16, at 8:30: Dizzy Gillespie. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 22, at 3:30: Ian and Sylvia. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 23, at 8:30: Duke Ellington. (Lenox, Mass.)

NOTE—**JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL:** Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 15: The Paul Taylor Dance Company and Carmen de Lavallade with Brother John Sellers. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 18-22: Marjorie Tallchief and George Skibine, Cilli Wang, Alonzo Rivera, and Edo and Tamara Sie. (Lee, Mass. Evenings at 8:40. Matinées Fridays and Saturdays at 3.) . . . **AMERICAN DANCE FESTIVAL** (final performances of the season): Thursday, Aug. 13, at 8:30: Erick Hawkins and his company. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 14, at 8:30: Pearl Lang and her company. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 15, at 8:30: José Limón and his company. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 16, at 3 and 8:30: Martha Graham and José Limón with their companies. (Palmer Auditorium, Connecticut College, New London, Conn.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

BASEBALL—At **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Chicago, Thursday, Aug. 13, at 6. . . . **SHEA STADIUM:** Mets vs. Philadelphia, Friday, Aug. 14, at 6 (twi-night doubleheader); Saturday, Aug. 15, at 8; and Sunday, Aug. 16, at 2. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Pittsburgh, Monday, Aug. 17, at 2; Tuesday, Aug. 18, at 8; and Wednesday, Aug. 19, at 2. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Chicago, Friday, Aug. 21, at 8, and Saturday, Aug. 22, at 2.

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Aug. 14: Doug Jones vs. Tony Alongi, heavyweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 21: Johnny Persol vs. Henry Hank, light heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

POLO—At Blind Brook Polo Club, Purchase: Sundays at 3:30.

RACING—At **SARATOGA:** Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 29. The Alabama, Saturday, Aug. 15; the Saratoga Special, Monday, Aug. 17; and the Travers, Saturday, Aug. 22. . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Oct. 10. (A train leaves Penn Station at 9:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia. Buses to the track leave the terminal at 201 W. 41st St. between 8:30 and 11:30.)

TENNIS—Men's Invitation Tournament. (Newport Casino Lawn Tennis Club, Newport, R. I. Through Sunday, Aug. 16.) . . . ¶ U.S.L.T.A. Doubles Championships. (Longwood Cricket Club, Chestnut Hill, Mass. Sunday, Aug. 16, through Sunday, Aug. 23.)

TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Monday, Sept. 28. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.) . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 24.

YACHTING—America's Cup semifinal trials, British yachts. (Newport, R. I. Through Monday, Aug. 17.) . . . ¶ America's Cup final trials, American yachts. (Newport, R. I. Monday, Aug. 17, through Sunday, Sept. 6.) . . . ¶ Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Race Week. (Manhasset. Wednesday through Sunday, Aug. 19-23.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so Mondays through Fridays from 9 to 8:45, and Saturdays and Sundays from 9 to 4:45.

Help stamp out sibling rivalry

An armistice is declared when Merry Mites and Gay Sprites are teamed in this Cone Striped Corduroy series. The gentleman's attire (Merry Mites): Reversible zipper jacket, about $10.95. Slim slacks, about $6.95. Eton cap. Durene cotton knit shirt, about $4. The young lady's apparel (Gay Sprites): Pleated prettyfore, about $4. Durene cotton knit blouse, about $4. Sizes: Toddler and regular. Jacket, cap and prettyfore in camel/steel, red/sapphire. Slacks in steel. Shirt and blouse in white.

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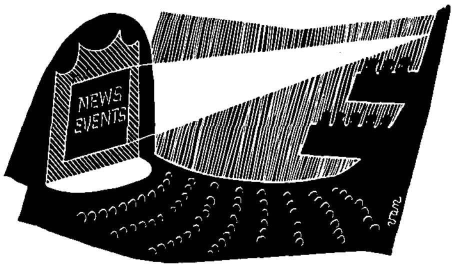
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Becket—Unlikely as it sounds, this is a highly colored spectacular with wit and charm. Taken from Anouilh's famous reworking of history and starring Richard Burton and Peter O'Toole. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Best Man—The well-known Presidential aspirant, Gore Vidal, has written a rousing melodrama about a Presidential convention. On hand are Henry Fonda, Lee Tracy, and Cliff Robertson, ably directed by Franklin Schaffner. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014....¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Aug. 18.)

Cartouche—A French take-off on romantic costume films that quite early on becomes one. The picture, which was directed by Philippe de Broca, is often good to look at and occasionally funny, in a broad kind of way. Jean-Paul Belmondo plays the chief of a band of robbers in eighteenth-century Paris. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

The Chalk Garden—A romantic melodrama, played out in the prettiest English country house you ever saw, with among others, Dame Edith Evans, Hayley Mills, John Mills, Deborah Kerr, and Felix Aylmer. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; and R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; starting Aug. 14.)

Cleopatra—The celebrated epic, which looks like "Aïda" raised to the tenth power and would be better off if it sounded like it. Still, you might as well go. Starring, of course, Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Rex Harrison, Roddy McDowall, etc., etc. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th. CI 7-1633. Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

From Russia with Love—As the Duke of Wellington came close to saying on another occasion, if you believe this, you'll believe anything. Sean Connery is splendid as the indestructible James Bond. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. BU 8-9304; through Aug. 18, tentative.)

Good Neighbor Sam—A two-hour stretch of merry and not so merry pranks, in which the impeccable Jack Lemmon plays an advertising man who is forced to pose as the husband of a woman living next door. Romy Schneider is delightful as the woman. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through Aug. 18....¶ Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; starting Aug. 19....¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Aug. 19, tentative.)

It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World—The first Cinerama comedy, bursting with actors and scary camera stunts but far too long and too flat. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays through Fridays at 2, and Saturdays at 1 and 4:45. Reserved seats only.)

One Potato, Two Potato—This movie, about the courtship and marriage of a young Negro and a white divorcée with a child, is almost spoiled by a weak, sentimental script, but it has its appealing moments all the same. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

The Servant—Dirk Bogarde is brilliant as the wicked man of all work in the home of an upper-class young man who begins as a master and ends as a slave. Also in the cast are James Fox, Wendy Craig, and Sarah Miles. Directed by Joseph Losey. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

A Shot in the Dark—Peter Sellers being very droll as a French police inspector more incompetent than most. The movie was made under the skilled direction of Blake Edwards, who also collaborated on the script. Everybody involved should be warmly congratulated. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; 34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Aug. 19.)

The Silence—Ingmar Bergman's latest study of the human condition is also his gloomiest, though Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom are fascinating to watch. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200.)

The World of Henry Orient—Two attractive junior misses race about New York discomfiting a pianistic poseur. The girls are played by Tippy Walker and Merrie Spaeth and the poseur by Peter Sellers, and they're all splendid. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Aug. 18....¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Aug. 19, tentative.)

Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow—A three-part comedy designed to show off the acting skills of Marcello Mastroianni and Sophia Loren. The settings pretend to be Naples, Milan, and Rome. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626; and R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; starting Aug. 19.)

REVIVALS

Alexander Nevsky (1938)—Eisenstein's view of medieval warfare. In Russian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 14-17.)

An American in Paris (1951)—Gershwin's tunes and plenty of dancing. With Gene Kelly and Leslie Caron. (57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; starting Aug. 14.)

L'Avventura (1961)—An Italian film that records a joyless affair between a young man and woman searching for a girl who has disappeared from a volcanic island. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 14.)

The Balcony (1963)—Taken from the savage comedy by Jean Genet and acted by Peter Falk, Shelley Winters, and Lee Grant. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-4130; Aug. 16-18.)

Ballad of a Soldier (1960)—A Soviet film about the war that is less a drama than a collection of memorable photographic essays. Directed by Grigori Chukhrai, and with Vladimir Ivashov and Shanna Prokhorenko. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 16.)

The Battle of the Sexes (1960)—Peter Sellers, Robert Morley, and Constance Cummings enacting a comedy about the introduction of modern American methods into a staid firm in Edinburgh. A British film, derived from a story by James Thurber. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; Aug. 15-16.)

The Bicycle Thief (1949)—An Italian film, made by Vittorio De Sica, about a search for a stolen bicycle. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Aug. 14-15.)

The Blue Angel (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. A German film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 15.)

The Conjugal Bed (1963)—An account of what happens to a forty-two-year-old Don Juan when a chaste virgin consents to marry him. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Aug. 18, tentative....¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Aug. 19, tentative.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—A French film, directed by François Truffaut, that reviews the short, unhappy career of a twelve-year-old boy. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 16.)

The Gold Rush (1925)—Charlie Chaplin's classic, stepped up with narrative and music. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—A German military prison during the First World War. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (Thalia, B'way at 95th. AC 2-3370; Aug. 13.)

The Green Man (1957)—Alastair Sim as a whimsical chap who is crazy about blowing people up. An English picture. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; Aug. 17-18.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—A French study of an unprincipled and desirable woman and how she rewards the men who love her. With Jeanne Moreau, Henri Serre, and Oskar Werner, and directed by François Truffaut. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; Aug. 14-17. No afternoon performances Monday through Friday.)

Major Barbara (1941)—The English screen version of Shaw's Salvation Army comedy. With Wendy Hiller. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Mayerling (1937)—Danielle Darrieux and Charles Boyer in this famous royal romance. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 15.)

Meet Me in St. Louis (1944)—Sally Benson's stories of childhood in the golden Middle West. With Judy Garland and Margaret O'Brien. (57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; starting Aug. 14.)

Le Million (1931)—A René Clair farce. In French, with Annabella. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; starting Aug. 14.)

Miracle in Milan (1951)—An Italian comedy about a boy who turns the local shantytown into a popular residential area. Directed by Vittorio De Sica. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Aug. 14-15.)

Modern Times (1936)—Chaplin again. Consequential, educational, essential. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189.)

Monsieur Verdoux (1947)—Charlie Chaplin's interpretation of the career of M. Landru, the French Bluebeard. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Los Olvidados (1952)—Luis Buñuel's examination of juvenile delinquency. A Mexican film, with a cast of amateurs. Formerly called "The Young and the Damned." (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 13.)

Port of Shadows (1939)—Jean Gabin on the waterfront at Le Havre. In French. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; starting Aug. 14.)

Potemkin (1925)—The famous Russian job directed by Eisenstein. In its original (silent) version. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 14-17.)

Rocco and His Brothers (1961)—A portrait of a poor Italian family that comes to Milan to make good. Directed by Luchino Visconti. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; Aug. 13. No afternoon performances.)

Rosemary (1960)—A sardonic view of some get-rich-quick operators in post-Nazi Frankfurt. A German film, based on a true story and starring Nadja Tiller. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 19.)

The Seven Samurai (1956)—A kind of Oriental Western, directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 17.)

Some Like It Hot (1959)—Slapstick in the Mack Sennett manner, with Jack Lemmon, Tony Curtis, and Marilyn Monroe. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-4130; starting Aug. 19.)

Two-Way Stretch (1961)—An unserious study of British penology. Peter Sellers is the chief jailbird. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; Aug. 17-18.)

Umberto D. (1955)—Vittorio De Sica's sad account of the twilight of an aged government pensioner. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 17.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Aug. 15: "Westfront 1918" (1930), in German, with a few English subtitles....¶ Aug. 16-19: "À Nous la Liberté" (1932), directed by René Clair. (Showings at 3 and 5:30, and on Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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16	17	18	19			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through Aug. 19 (tentative): "A Hard Day's Night," the Beatles.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"What a Way to Go!," Shirley MacLaine.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"The Night of the Iguana," Richard Burton, Ava Gardner, Deborah Kerr.

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Through Aug. 18: "How the West Was Won," revival.
From Aug. 19: "The NEW Interns," Michael Callan, Dean Jones.

LOEW'S CINERAMA, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Circus World," John Wayne, Claudia Cardinale. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Unsinkable Molly Brown," Debbie Reynolds, Harve Presnell.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through Aug. 18: "Robin and the 7 Hoods," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin; and "Summer Holiday," Cliff Richard.
From Aug. 19: **YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW**; and "Master Spy," Stephen Murray.

RIALTO, B'way at 42nd. (LO 5-9795)
"Sweet Ecstasy" (in French), Elke Sommer.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
CLEOPATRA.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
BECKET.

TOHO CINEMA, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
"Harakiri" (in Japanese).

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
From Aug. 13, at 8: "Behold a Pale Horse," Gregory Peck, Anthony Quinn. (Opening night by invitation only.)

WARNER CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
IT S A MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD WORLD.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
THE BEST MAN; and "The Pink Panther," David Niven, Peter Sellers.

NEW CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210; no afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)
Aug. 13: **ROCCO AND HIS BROTHERS** (in Italian), revival; and "The Leopard," revival, Burt Lancaster, Alain Delon.
Aug. 14-17: ***JULES AND JIM*** (*in French*), revival; and "Yojimbo" (in Japanese), revival.
From Aug. 18: To be announced.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Aug. 13: "Ensign Pulver," Robert Walker, Burl Ives; and "Goliath and the Vampires," Gordon Scott.
From Aug. 14: **THE CHALK GARDEN**; and "McLintock!," revival, John Wayne, Maureen O'Hara.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Aug. 18: **GOOD NEIGHBOR SAM.**
From Aug. 19: **A SHOT IN THE DARK.**

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Aug. 19 (tentative): **THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT**; and **THE CONJUGAL BED**, revival.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through Aug. 14: "Expresso Bongo," revival, Laurence Harvey, Sylvia Syms; and "Brothers in Law," revival, Richard Attenborough, Ian Carmichael.
Aug. 15-16: **THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES**, revival; and "Man in a Cocked Hat," revival, Peter Sellers, Terry-Thomas.
Aug. 17-18: **TWO-WAY STRETCH**, revival; and **THE GREEN MAN**, revival.
From Aug. 19: **A SHOT IN THE DARK.**

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
Through Aug. 17: "Perri," revival, a Walt Disney nature film; plus two Disney shorts.
From Aug. 18: "Jungle Cat," revival, a Walt Disney nature film; plus two Disney shorts.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Aug. 13: "What a Way to Go!," Shirley MacLaine.
From Aug. 14: "Behold a Pale Horse," Gregory Peck, Anthony Quinn.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"A Hard Day's Night," the Beatles.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Aug. 18: "Robin and the 7 Hoods," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin; and "Summer Holiday," Cliff Richard.
From Aug. 19: **YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW**; and "Master Spy," Stephen Murray.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Girl with Green Eyes," Peter Finch, Rita Tushingham.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
MONSIEUR VERDOUX, revival.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
Through Aug. 18: **GOOD NEIGHBOR SAM.**
From Aug. 19: "The NEW Interns," Michael Callan, Dean Jones.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
"Seduced and Abandoned" (in Italian).

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Nothing but the Best," Alan Bates, Denholm Elliott.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Los Tarantos" (in Spanish), Carmen Amaya.

YORK CINEMA, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-4130)
Through Aug. 15: "Spartacus," revival, Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier.
Aug. 16-18: **THE BALCONY**, revival.
From Aug. 19: **SOME LIKE IT HOT**, revival.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
MAJOR BARBARA, revival; and "Twelfth Night" (in Russian), revival.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Aug. 18: "The Carpetbaggers," George Peppard, Carroll Baker.
From Aug. 19: **A SHOT IN THE DARK.**

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"The Night of the Iguana," Richard Burton, Ava Gardner, Deborah Kerr.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Aug. 18 (tentative): **FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE**; and **THE CONJUGAL BED**, revival.
From Aug. 19 (tentative): **GOOD NEIGHBOR SAM.**

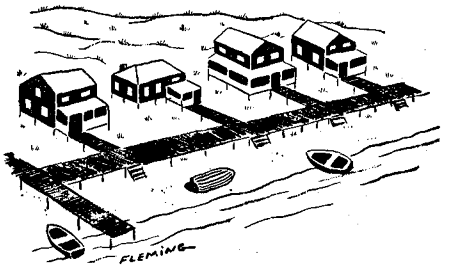
TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
THE SILENCE (in Swedish).

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Aug. 13: "Ensign Pulver," Robert Walker, Burl Ives; and "Goliath and the Vampires," Gordon Scott.
From Aug. 14: **THE CHALK GARDEN**; and "Act One," George Hamilton, Jason Robards, Jr.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Aug. 18: "The Patsy," Jerry Lewis; and "The Son of Captain Blood," Sean Flynn.
From Aug. 19: **GOOD NEIGHBOR SAM**; and "The Devil-Ship Pirates," Christopher Lee.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Aug. 13: **LOS OLVIDADOS** (in Spanish; formerly called "The Young and the Damned"), revival; and "Les Enfants Terribles" (in French; formerly called "The Strange Ones"), revival, a Jean Cocteau film.
Aug. 14-17: **POTEMKIN** (silent); and **ALEXANDER NEVSKY** (in Russian), revival.
From Aug. 18: "Vertigo," revival, James Stewart, Kim Novak; and "The Trouble with Harry," revival, Edmund Gwenn, John Forsythe.



WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Aug. 13: "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn; and "Love and Larceny" (in Italian), revival, Vittorio Gassman, Anna Maria Ferrero.
Aug. 14-15: **MIRACLE IN MILAN** and **THE BICYCLE THIEF** (both in Italian and both revivals).
Aug. 16-18: "Marnie," Tippi Hedren, Sean Connery; and "The Brass Bottle," Tony Randall, Burl Ives.
From Aug. 19: "The Carpetbaggers," George Peppard, Carroll Baker.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Aug. 18: "The Cardinal," Tom Tryon, Romy Schneider.
From Aug. 19: **A SHOT IN THE DARK.**

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Lovers" *(in French), revival, Jeanne* Moreau.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Aug. 18: **GOOD NEIGHBOR SAM**; and "The Devil-Ship Pirates," Christopher Lee.
From Aug. 19: "The Patsy," Jerry Lewis; *and "The Son of Captain Blood,"* Sean Flynn.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
THE SILENCE (in Swedish).

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Aug. 18: "The Killers," Lee Marvin, Angie Dickinson; and "The Private Lives of Adam & Eve," Mickey Rooney, Mamie Van Doren.
From Aug. 19: "Ensign Pulver," Robert Walker, Burl Ives; and "Goliath and the Vampires," Gordon Scott.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Aug. 18: "The Carpetbaggers," George Peppard, Carroll Baker.
From Aug. 19: "The NEW Interns," Michael Callan, Dean Jones.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Aug. 13: "The Crime of Monsieur Lange" and "Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne" (both in French).
From Aug. 14: **LE MILLION** and **PORT OF SHADOWS** (both in French and both revivals).

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
CARTOUCHE (in French).

57TH ST. NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Aug. 13: "Show Boat," revival, Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel; and "The Great Caruso," revival, Mario Lanza, Dorothy Kirsten.
From Aug. 14: **AN AMERICAN IN PARIS**, revival; and **MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS**, revival.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
THE SERVANT.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"The Devil's Trap," a Czechoslovakian film.

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
CARTOUCHE (in French).

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
MODERN TIMES, revival; and **THE GOLD RUSH**, revival.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Aug. 18: **THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT**; and **THE BEST MAN.**
From Aug. 19: **A SHOT IN THE DARK**; and another feature, to be announced.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Aug. 13: **GRAND ILLUSION** (in French), revival; and "The Bridge" (in German), revival.
Aug. 14: **L'AVVENTURA** (in Italian), revival.
Aug. 15: **THE BLUE ANGEL** (in German), revival; and **MAYERLING** (in French), revival.
Aug. 16: **THE 400 BLOWS** (in French), revival; and **BALLAD OF A SOLDIER** (in Russian), revival.
Aug. 17: **UMBERTO D.** (in Italian), revival; and **THE SEVEN SAMURAI** (in Japanese), revival.
Aug. 18: "Tosca" (in Italian), revival; plus five films on the dance.
Aug. 19: **ROSEMARY** (in German), revival; and "The Goddess," revival, Kim Stanley, Lloyd Bridges.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
THE SILENCE (in Swedish).

THE WORLD'S FAIR

GENERAL INFORMATION

Hours—Grounds open daily at 9 A.M.; individual exhibits from *10* A.M. to at least *10* P.M. Depending on the weather and the number of people still around, some exhibits stay open later; the Fair gates are closed at 2 A.M. . . . ¶ Nightly fireworks-water-music mixture at Fountain of Planets at about 9 P.M.

Admission—Adults $2, children (2-12) $1.

Children—Up to eight years old may be left in the Protestant and Orthodox Center's Children's Center ($1 per hour, from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.); up to twelve years old in the Danish Pavilion's Tivoli Garden Playground (twenty-five cents an hour; fifty cents minimum).

Music—Guy Lombardo provides music for dancing at the Tiparillo Band Pavilion every night except Monday from 9:30 to 12:30.

Advice—Recently, more than two hundred thousand people a day have been going to the Fair, which means that it is always crowded, though the crowds are smaller after 7 P.M. Industrial exhibits such as General Motors, Ford, General Electric, Johnson's Wax, and I.B.M. are free, vary in quality, and are usually impossible to get into except at dinnertime, when the Fair's restaurants are impossible to get into. The exhibits in the Amusement Area are always possible to get into, but they cost money and are the least interesting at the Fair.

The best plan is to go to only one impossible exhibit a day, between six and nine in the evening. If that is impractical, arrive at nine in the morning in order to have a good place in line by the time the exhibit opens at 10.

There are twenty-five-cent buses and Glide-a-ride trains that move slowly around the Fairgrounds; the fastest way to get from one place to another is to walk.

Most of the restaurants are relatively expensive. Some accept reservations, but otherwise the best time to try to get lunch is before twelve or after two, and dinner after nine.

A particularly good way to get to the Fair is on the Long Island Rail Road.

There isn't any good reason for going to the Fair on a Saturday.

Children like everything at the Fair.

TRANSPORTATION

Automobile—There are three Fair parking lots, with room for twenty thousand cars; $1.50 a day, with free bus shuttle to nearest Fair gate.

Trains—L.I.R.R. trains from Pennsylvania Station direct to Fair, 9 A.M. to 2 A.M. daily, leaving as soon as they're full (five to fifteen minutes) from Tracks 15 and 16. Twelve-minute trip; fifty cents each way.

Subways—Only the I.R.T. Flushing line goes directly to the Fair; frequent express trains from Times Square, Fifth Avenue, and Grand Central Station.

Buses—Gray Line buses direct to the Fair every fifteen minutes between 8:45 A.M. and 9 P.M.; from the Fair (Gate 4), on the half hour between 11 A.M. and 2 A.M. They leave from 42nd Street and Tenth Avenue; 40th Street and Eleventh Avenue; Gimbels, 32nd Street, west of Sixth Avenue; Hotel Manhattan, 45th Street and Eighth Avenue; parking lot, 50th Street between Broadway and Eighth Avenue; and Hotel Lexington, 48th Street and Lexington. $1 each way.

Boats—Hydrofoils leave from the dock at the foot of East 26th Street every twenty minutes between 9 A.M. and 9 P.M. Fare $6 round trip; the run takes about twenty-five minutes, and a fifteen-cent bus ride to the Fairgrounds is necessary.

Helicopter—New York Airways helicopters leave Kennedy International Airport for the Fair approximately every hour between 10 A.M. and 10 P.M. Adults $6, children $3.

At the Fair—Motorized lounge chairs, driven by guides, seat four. Fares are $9 an hour for two people, $10 for three, $11 for four; minimum, $3 for twenty minutes. There is also a special deal: $70 for eight hours. . . . ¶ Baby strollers $2 a day. Wheelchairs $4.50 a day. . . . ¶ Helicopters taking off from the Port Authority Heliport provide six-minute sightseeing tours of the Fair, adults $6.50, children $3.50.

ATTRACTIONS OF NOTE

(Some aspects of a few of the Fair's more than a hundred exhibits.)

CULTURE AND ENLIGHTENMENT

African Pavilion—Twenty-four African countries are represented by displays of art and information, a short documentary film, frequent performances of music and dancing, and a small zoo. Adults $1.50; children fifty cents.

Automobile Companies—Both Ford and General Motors provide free rides into the future, and the Chrysler exhibits include a show about a talking carburetor, which children might enjoy.

Picturesque Belgium—A replica of a sixteenth-century Belgian village, which includes a soft-drink stand, a shop selling "imported original oil paintings," and a Hungarian restaurant, and which costs a dollar to get into (fifty cents for children).

Better Living Center—Among the pitchmen on the third floor is an excellent small exhibit of paintings and sculptures called "Four Centuries of American Masterpieces." Admission fifty cents.

Christian Science—At the back of the Christian Science Pavilion, there is a pretty park that is more secluded than the Garden of Meditation, across the way.

Eastman Kodak—One of the features of the Kodak Pavilion is a short film called "The Seeing Eye," supposedly showing the world through a boy's eyes, but actually presenting a less exclusive view.

Greece—The first twenty-seven lines of the Odyssey are inscribed on one of the walls of the Greek Pavilion, and there is also an attractive display of Greek tobacco.

Republic of Guinea—The small display here includes bows and arrows, wood carvings, musical instruments, and two books on political philosophy by President Sekou Touré.

I.B.M.—The I.B.M. Pavilion is the most beautiful structure at the Fair, and the two puppet shows in the center of the main plaza, which illustrate the nature of computers, are among the best shows at the Fair.

Illinois—Drums, trumpets, and a choral recitation of the Preamble to the Constitution loudly proclaim the appearance of Walt Disney's mechanical reincarnation of Abraham Lincoln, who stands up and makes a short speech in a groaning voice.

Johnson Wax—A short non-commercial film called "To Be Alive!" is shown every half hour or so in the Golden Rondelle theatre, and is an excellent reason to go to the Fair.

Pavilion of Paris—A French bookstore has been set up in the pavilion, which wasn't expected to open this year.

Time Capsule—Visitors to the site of the 1939 Westinghouse time capsule may sign their names in a book in order to have their signatures microfilmed and buried in the 1965 capsule. Neither capsule is going to be opened for a long time, though.

Tower of Light—The audience is carried on a turntable floor through a long show having to do with electricity and starring an animated light bulb made to look like Benjamin Franklin, and three mechanical hens who sing an incomprehensible song.

Travelers Insurance—A series of life-size, three-dimensional scenes depicting triumphs of man or the objects of man's triumphs, and bearing some resemblance to the Ford and General Motors exhibits but easier to get into.

PERHAPS LESS ENLIGHTENING

Circus—Adjoining the one-ring circus in the Amusement Area is a display of two gorillas, one advertised as the largest and the other as the oldest in captivity. Twenty-five cents.

Coca-Cola—There are almost always large crowds walking through, or waiting to walk through, Hong Kong, Cambodia, Rio de Janeiro and other places, re-created with supposedly authentic smells and bottles of Coke in typical settings.

Pepsi-Cola-UNICEF Small World—A delightful boat ride past Disney-animated dolls dressed in native costumes and singing, dancing, and playing musical instruments. Adults ninety-five cents; children sixty cents.

R.C.A.—There are always many people standing in line outside this pavilion, and, no doubt, there is a very interesting exhibit inside.

RESTAURANTS

(Most of the foreign pavilions and several of the state exhibits include at least one eating place of some kind. There are some outdoor cafés in the Amusement Area that are not necessarily good but are often not crowded.)

African Pavilion—The Tree House Restaurant is a very pleasant place for a long lunch on a weekday. For reservations, call AR 1-3440.

Brass Rail Refreshment Stands—Unfortunately, these stands, though numerous, are designed for complete chaos and discomfort.

Caribbean Pavilion—Fairly expensive food and drink, and a more or less continuous, more or less Caribbean stage show. For reservations, call Mr. Baez, AR 1-2712.

Danish Pavilion—The Kattegat Inn serves open-face sandwiches or any one of almost thirty other entrées for about three dollars. The Restaurant of Denmark serves a $6.50 "grand cold table," and also has a large à-la-carte menu. The service is excellent.

Festival of Gas—A good, expensive restaurant run by Restaurant Associates. For reservations, call AR 1-5070.

Republic of Guinea—A medium-priced restaurant serving lamb, chicken, and shrimp dishes, and not doing as much business as it deserves. It is therefore a good place to go for a meal and a stage show featuring Guinean music and dancing.

Hilton Café International—A large, moderately priced restaurant in the Better Living Center. There is buffet service from five open kitchens labelled North American, South American, European, Mediterranean, and Oriental, and some of the tables are out on a terrace with a good view of the Fair. Open from noon to 10 P.M.

Indian Pavilion—Good, fairly expensive Indian food for lunch and dinner. Call AR 1-4123 for reservations.

Indonesian Pavilion—An Indonesian lunch costs about $5, dinner about $7.75. There are shows featuring Balinese and Sumatran music and/or dancing at 12:30, 2:30, 7, and 9:30. The restaurant closes at 10 P.M. For reservations, call AR 1-8106-7-8-9.

Lebanese Pavilion—In the courtyard is a café serving interesting, inexpensive food.

Malaysian Pavilion—A small restaurant with a limited menu, moderate prices, good food, and imperfect service. Some outdoor tables.

Mexican Pavilion—The Focolare restaurant serves expensive Mexican food in luxurious surroundings, and the Café Alameda serves moderately priced Mexican dishes in less luxurious surroundings. There is also an attractive, comfortable bar. For reservations, call AR 1-0022 and AR 1-0023, respectively.

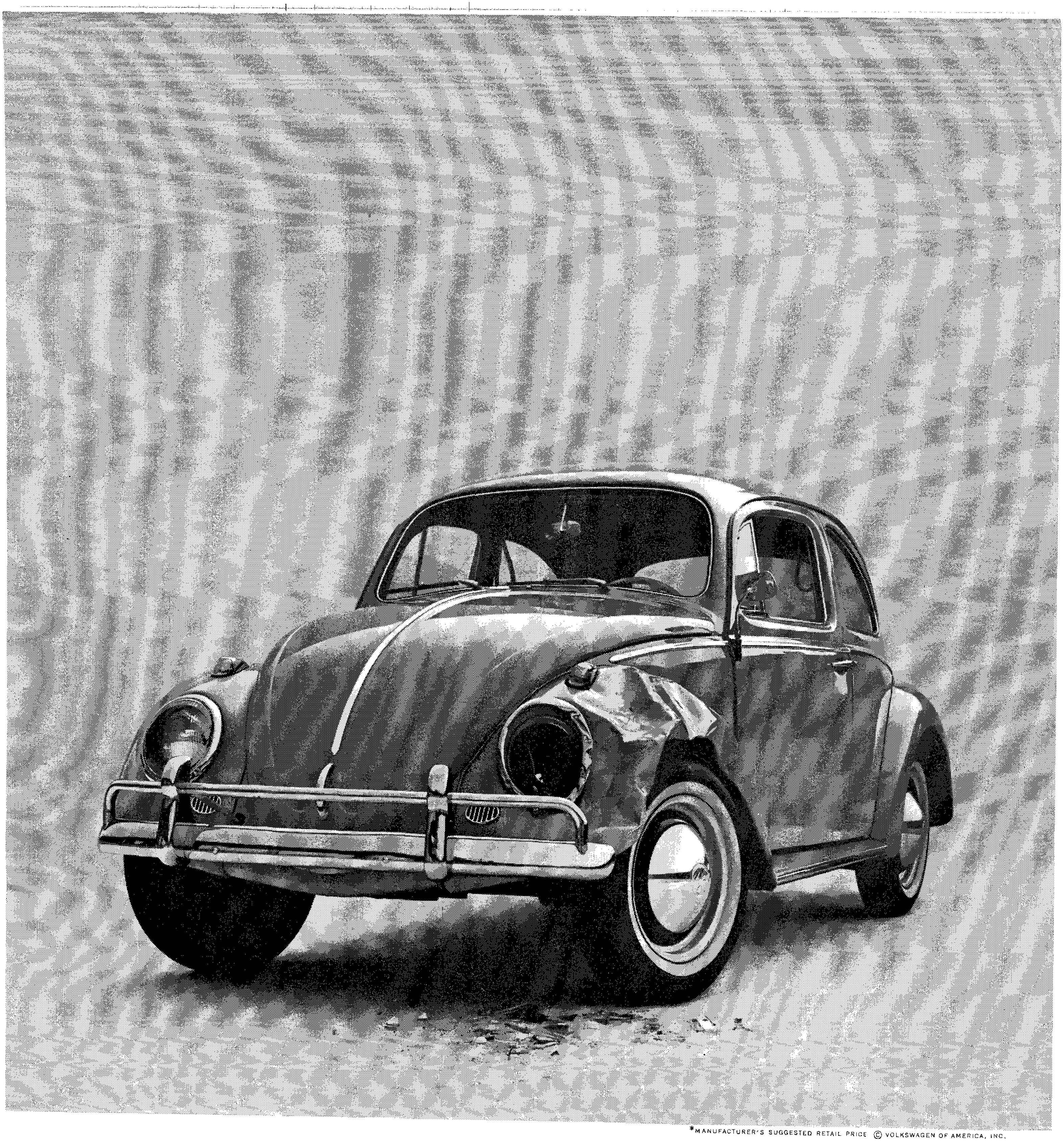
Moroccan Pavilion—The entrance to the restaurant is hidden in a corner of the outdoor bazaar. Prices are moderate, the chicken Dejaj is especially good, and the meal is accompanied by Moroccan music and nightclub acts.

Pakistan—The food is plentiful, delicious, and fairly expensive, and the best tables are outdoors, overlooking the Avenue of the United Nations.

Spanish Pavilion—The Granada serves good, fairly expensive Spanish food. The Toledo serves good, more expensive French and Spanish food (although they do have a Spanish omelet for two dollars). The service at both is efficient, and the dinner conversation is about the prices. No reservations.

Swedish Pavilion—A delicious and abundant smörgåsbord is available for six dollars at both lunch and dinner. Reservations taken for lunch only (until 4 P.M.). AR 1-5303.

Top of the Fair—A large, expensive restaurant with a good view of the Fair from some tables. Reservations accepted for "sittings" at 12, 2, 4, 6, 8, and 9:30. Call 888-5500.



*MANUFACTURER'S SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICE © VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.

Sooner or later, your wife will drive home one of the best reasons for owning a Volkswagen.

Women are soft and gentle, but they hit things.

If your wife hits something in a Volkswagen, it doesn't hurt you very much.

VW parts are easy to replace. And cheap. A fender comes off without dismantling half the car. A new one goes on with just ten bolts. For $24.95,* plus labor.

And a VW dealer always has the kind of fender you need. Because that's the one kind he has.

Most other VW parts are interchangeable too. Inside and out. Which means your wife isn't limited to fender smashing.

She can jab the hood. Graze the door. Or bump off the bumper.

It may make you furious, but it won't make you poor.

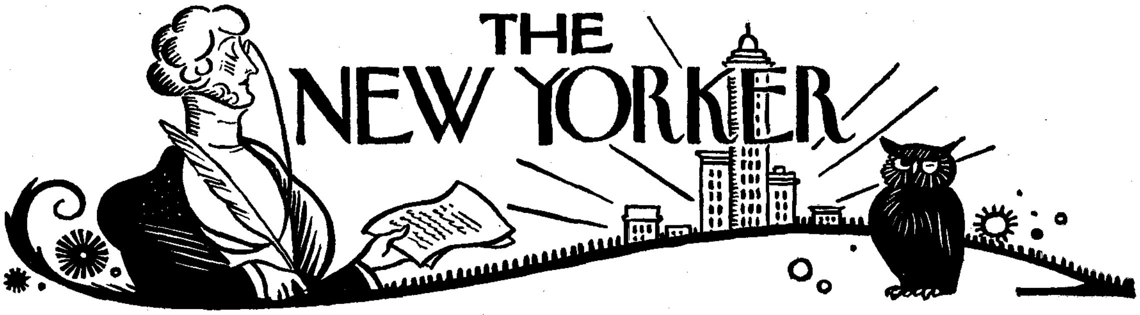
So when your wife goes window-shopping in a Volkswagen, don't worry.

You can conveniently replace anything she uses to stop the car.

Even the brakes.

Germaine Monteil

on smart lips everywhere—because it is the best!



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE are indebted to Miss Duncan MacDonald, the sibyl of radio station WQXR, for half an hour of pleasure recently. Listeners to her program on that particular day, of whom we happened to be one, learned that she prophesied wide acceptance of some stunning ready-made draperies to be found in a nook at Lord & Taylor called the Curtain Cafeteria. We were incredulous for a moment, and then our heart sang. Here was a new move to bring nomenclatural sparkle to the drab world of commerce. The Cafeteria's semantical parent, of course, is the department-store bar—the "hat bar" and the "scarf bar," for examples. But, with the introduction of the Curtain Cafeteria, Lord & Taylor has scored a clean breakthrough. It has penetrated the reality barrier and soared off into free but far from unpleasant association. Merchandise can now be linked to the whole galaxy of food dispensaries, with all their comforting connotations. Furthermore, by proper selection of the dispensary, the merchandise can be emotionally colored to the precise shade of hauteur or intimacy, virility or languor, efficiency or frivolity that the vender desires. Among the numberless possibilities are: the Jewel Buffet at Tiffany's, a niche near the front of the store where the hurried buyer can pick up medium-sized diamonds and rubies; the Hammacher-Schlemmer Accessories Mess Hall, the site of bric-a-brac and oddments from all over; and that breath of the Old West in midtown Manhattan, the Neckwear Chuck Wagon at Bronzini. We salute Lord & Taylor. In language, flexibility is strength.

The Table

LAST Friday, we went over to the United Nations, arriving at 6:15 P.M., forty-five minutes after the adjournment of the hastily called 1,141st urgent meeting of the Security Council (requested by Adlai Stevenson, the Permanent Representative of the United States) and twenty-six hours before the even more hastily called 1,142nd urgent meeting of the Security Council (requested by Orhan Eralp and Zenon Rossides, the Permanent Representatives of Turkey and Cyprus). The evening was unseasonably cool, and a high wind from the east was blowing prematurely brown, dry leaves in swirls around "Single Form," the twenty-one-foot-high bronze sculpture in front of the Secretariat. Nobody was in sight as we headed for the Security Council Chamber.

The delegates' anteroom was completely deserted, the only immediate evidence of the meeting being the smell of tobacco smoke. Just inside, on the floor of the Chamber, to the left of the entrance, the Conference Officer's desk had a white note pad pushed to one side, a standard yellow pencil lying diagonally across the scribbled notation:

QUANG BINH
HON NGU and HON ME
KHANH HO

At the Council's horseshoe table, we made a quick inventory of the places of the Security Council delegates. From left to right, facing the gallery, were Brazil, one half-filled glass water pitcher and an empty glass; Bolivia, one half-smoked L & M cigarette butt in a glass ashtray; United States, two cigarette butts in an ashtray, smoked thriftily down to a quarter of an inch, and a mimeographed document headed "Provisional Agenda for the 1,141st Meeting of the Security Council (to be held in the Security Council Chamber at Headquarters, New York, on Friday, 7 August 1964, at 3 P.M. 1. Adoption of the agenda. 2. Letter dated 4 August 1964 from the Permanent Representative of the United States addressed to the President of the Security Council [S/5849]);" United Kingdom, one white note pad with standard yellow pencil, the point still sharp, the eraser pink and unused, and a mimeographed copy of Security Council Document Number S/5849, entitled "Letter Dated 4 August 1964 from the Permanent Representative of the United States Addressed to the President of the Security Council" and continuing "On behalf of the United States, I request that you convene an urgent meeting of the Security Council to consider the serious situation created by deliberate attacks of the Hanoi Regime on United States naval vessels in international waters. Accept, etc. [*Signed*] Adlai E. Stevenson;" Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, an ashtray filled with ten L & Ms very well crushed and a TASS wire-service news-ticker report, baby-blue type on a two-foot-long sheet of paper, the top bulletin starting out, "Statement One: Moscow August 5 TASS Follows the Text of TASS Statement: On the order of President Johnson, the United States naval forces increased the other day the number of their ships in the Gulf of Tonkin . . ." (Statement Four, at the bottom of the page—"Competent Soviet circles resolutely denounce the aggressive actions of the United States in the Gulf of Tonkin which lead to a dangerous exacerbation of the situation in Southeast Asia, tense as it is"—had been marked for emphasis with a bracket in pencil); Under-Secretary, one

water glass, half filled, and a mimeographed agenda in Russian; Norway, one water glass, quarter filled, one white note pad and yellow pencil, unused, and presidential wooden gavel, the pounding side pock-marked and worn; Secretary-General, two cigar butts, each an inch long, ditched in the tray; Morocco, three note-pad sheets torn neatly into quarters, the top quarter with the tantalizing pencilled notation "*Monsieur le Président, c'est avec beaucoup* . . . ," and a mimeographed agenda in French—"*Ordre du jour provisoire de la 1141ème séance du Conseil de sécurité* (*qui se tiendra dans la salle du Conseil de sécurité au Siège, à New York, le vendredi 7 août 1964, à 15 heures. 1. Adoption de l'ordre du jour. 2. Lettre adressée au Président du Conseil de sécurité, le 4 août 1964, par le représentant permanent des États-Unis d'Amérique* [*S/5849*])"—Ivory Coast, one cigar butt half an inch in length, alone in an ashtray; France, two sheets from a pad, half torn, the words "*délégation j'assume*" running crookedly around the crumpled paper, and a copy of Document S/5849 in French ("*Lettre adressée au Président du Conseil de sécurité, le 4 août 1964, par le représentant permanent des États-Unis d'Amérique: 'Au nom des États-Unis d'Amérique, j'ai l'honneur de vous demander de convoquer d'urgence le Conseil de sécurité pour qu'il examine la situation grave créée par les attaques délibérées du régime de Hanoi contre des navires de guerre des États-Unis dans des eaux internationales. Veuillez agréer, etc.* [Signé] *Adlai Stevenson*' "); Czechoslovakia, one empty water pitcher and one empty glass; China, one note pad and an unused yellow pencil.

There was a stir at the rear of the gallery, and a group of twenty visitors trooped in, led by one of the U.N. girl guides, who directed them to take seats and started the usual description and explanation of what the Security Council is. The guide was tall, stately, and beautiful, and one we recognized as being from Sierra Leone. She wore a blue linen native robe and headdress and gold earrings, and as she talked she waved her hands, the fingers long, tapered, and with long, lacquered fingernails, at the horseshoe table, where we stood. "What they do here is maintain international peace and security," she told the visitors, in a soft accent that sounded to us like a soothing blend of Jamaican and French. "The members of Security Council must be ready to meet at any time." The visitors turned their faces to her with hypnotic attention. We, too, stood transfixed. The guide from Sierra Leone waved gracefully at the horseshoe table. "If you count the chairs around the table, you will count twenty. We have eleven members in Security Council, but other countries are invited to sit here and present their views in disputes. Security Council is empowered to send United Nations troops and to take enforcement measures by members' decision. These actions are taken only when everything has been done to keep the people from fighting."

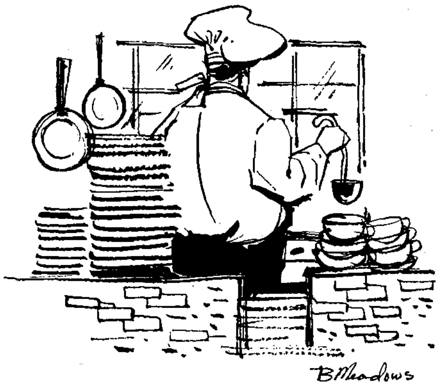
The girl's matter-of-fact tone sounded strong and highly confident. The visitors looked from her to the horseshoe table and seemed satisfied.

Floral Tribute

WE'VE just heard about a Midwestern physician with an impish sense of the macabre. In the waiting room of his office is a large but tasteful bowl of imitation greenery. Only on close inspection does the admiring patient discover that the plants are lifelike plastic clusters of poison ivy, poison sumac, and poison oak. The doctor, of course, is a dermatologist.

Tally

SKEPTICAL as we are of polls, we've been unable to resist taking one ourself—a small, sturdy poll of all the Goldwaters who happen to be listed in the latest Manhattan Telephone Directory. Omitting a couple of business firms and a hospital and arbitrarily dropping the one Goldwater who turned out to be not an American citizen and who therefore wouldn't be voting in November, we talked to a grand total of seventeen cognominals of the Senator. Our poll was conducted on a strictly alphabetical basis, and the first Goldwater we interviewed was Berton, a lawyer in his thirties, who has an office on Liberty Street and lives in Woodmere. "I'm a rock-ribbed Democrat, so I've taken a lot of kidding lately," he told us. "My father has been a Democratic politician in Brooklyn for the past forty-five years. We trace our family back to a great-great-grandfather who emigrated from Germany to London in the eighteen-forties. We still keep in touch with the branch in London, which runs a well-known catering firm there. The Senator wrote to them years ago, trying to get more facts about *his* grandfather, who passed through London in the eighteen-forties on his way from Poland to California. Oddly enough, the Senator's grandfather and my grandfather had the same name—Mitchel, or Michel—but I don't know whether we're related. I'll be working and voting for Johnson, but I admit I find the Senator a fascinating personality. He's a real political pro."



Next on our list was Miss Edna Goldwater, public-information director for the United Negro College Fund. A tall, attractive woman with blond hair going gray, a high, sloping forehead, and blue eyes, Miss Goldwater said that people often comment on her resemblance to the Senator but that she doesn't believe it exists. "I was out in California the week before the Republican Convention, and everywhere I went I was taken for a member of the Senator's family, even for his wife," she said. "In fact, people tend to become indignant if I deny it. My family's name was originally Goldwasser, and we came from Ostroleka, in Poland. There's a tradition in the family that our ancestors were dealers in oil—that is, in gold water. I'm a reform Democrat and will vote for Johnson. Barry's charming, but I don't believe he's qualified for the Presidency. Every time he opens his mouth he frightens me."

Mrs. Gertrude Butler Goldwater told us that she found people's instant reaction to her name amusing. "Tellers in banks, clerks in department stores, stewardesses on airlines—these days, the name makes them all jump. Nevertheless, I don't find the Senator himself amusing. No doubt he's likable from a social point of view, but as a candidate he is definitely lightweight, and his followers frighten me. Politically, I'm an independent. I voted for Nixon in 1960, but this time I'm voting for Johnson."

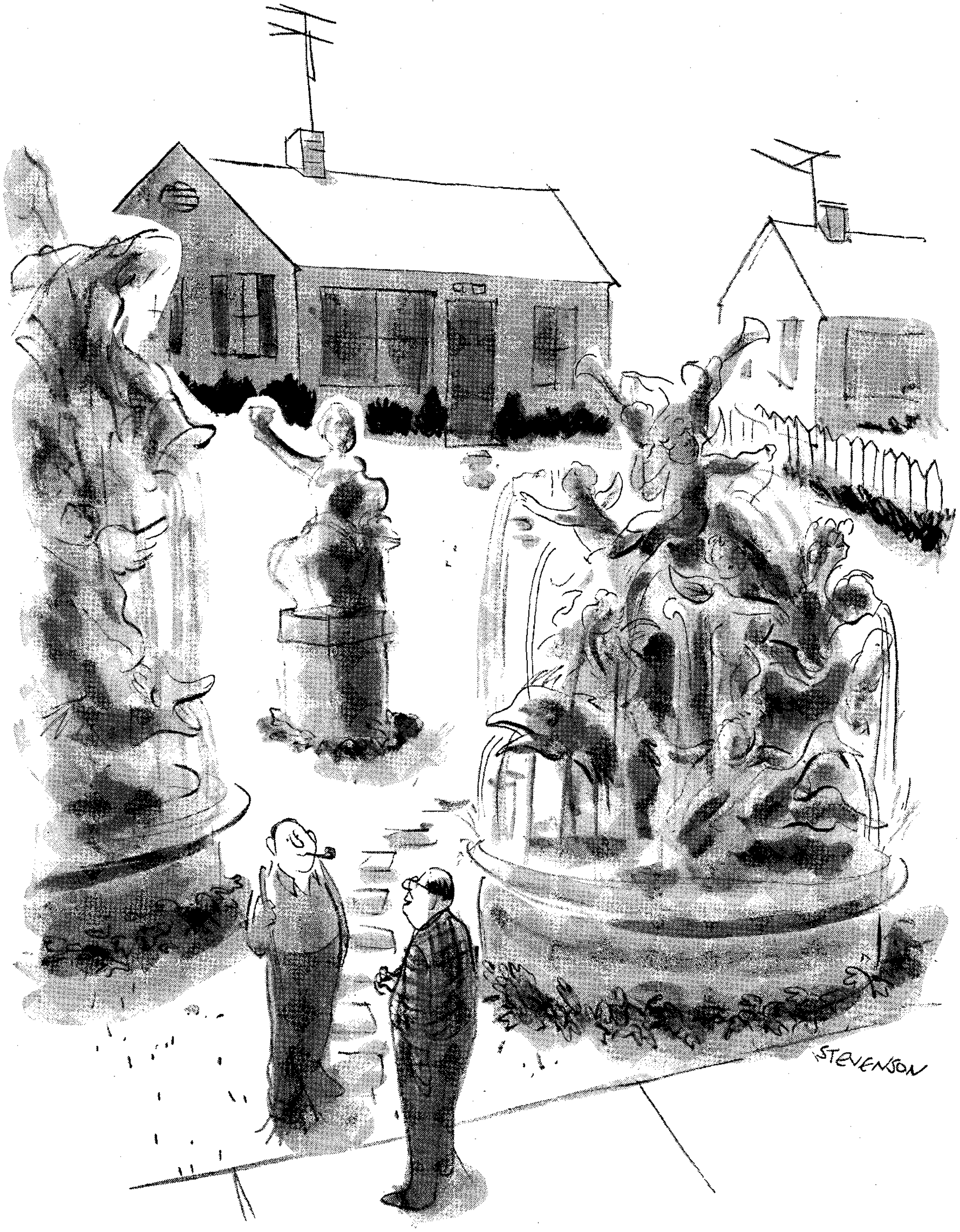
Gilda Goldwater has been married to Richard Goldwater for a scant six months, and far be it from us to let the alphabet keep newlyweds apart, even in print. An extremely good-looking young couple, they spoke with considerable reserve about the votes they intend to cast in November. Richard, who is twenty-eight and works for his father, John L. Goldwater, in a publishing house profitably devoted to teenage comics, said that he hadn't made up his mind yet what to do. "Last time, I voted for Kennedy for President and Rockefeller for Governor," he said. "I believe in voting the man and not the party." Gilda, who is twenty-one and will be voting for the first time, said that she is every bit as much of an independent as her husband and would not commit herself yet.

"Everybody thinks we must be related to Barry—though as far as I know we're not—and this supposed relationship gets us into a lot of political discussions that we'd just as soon avoid," Richard said. "Strangers hear our name and seem to feel obliged to come up and tell us point-blank that they wouldn't vote for Goldwater under any circumstances. It gives us an odd feeling."

Jack Goldwater, a salesman for the Arrow Shirt Company, is an affable middle-aged man with graying hair, a deep tan, and a voice that would carry miles at sea. "I'm a registered Republican, but I vote independent," he said. "The Senator is no known connection of mine. I agree with him on a lot of national issues, like featherbedding in Washington, and on some of his foreign issues, like our being too soft on Communism and Cuba. While I don't agree with him on the civil-rights bill, I admire a man who has the guts to stand up and say what he really thinks. Still and all, I didn't like his acceptance speech, and I'm afraid he may be a man who talks too fast and doesn't weigh his decisions carefully enough. At the moment, I wouldn't vote for him, but a lot can happen between now and November."

James L. Goldwater is a partner in the well-known law firm Goldwater & Flynn. (The "Flynn" stands for the late Edward J. Flynn, for twenty-five years the Democratic boss of the Bronx and a close political friend of F.D.R.) Mr. Goldwater, who has been a Democratic district leader in Mount Pleasant, New York, for the past few years, was succinctness itself on the subject of B.G. "I don't agree with his policies or ideas," he said. "In fact, I'm opposed to everything he stands for."

By a coincidence that we found aesthetically refreshing, our next pollee proved as ardently pro-Goldwater as the previous one had been anti. John L. Goldwater, father of the recently married Richard and founder and head of Archie Comic Publications, identified himself to us as "one of those die-hard guys." "I'm a great admirer and friend of John Lindsay, and I'm on good terms with Senator Keating," he said, "and while I appreciate that they're both in a difficult position, I'm not going to have any trouble voting for Barry come November. He's the underdog at the moment, but I think he deserves a chance to develop his ideas, and he's bound to do this



"In my opinion, you and Anne have done more with your place than anyone else in this neighborhood."

once he locks horns with Johnson."

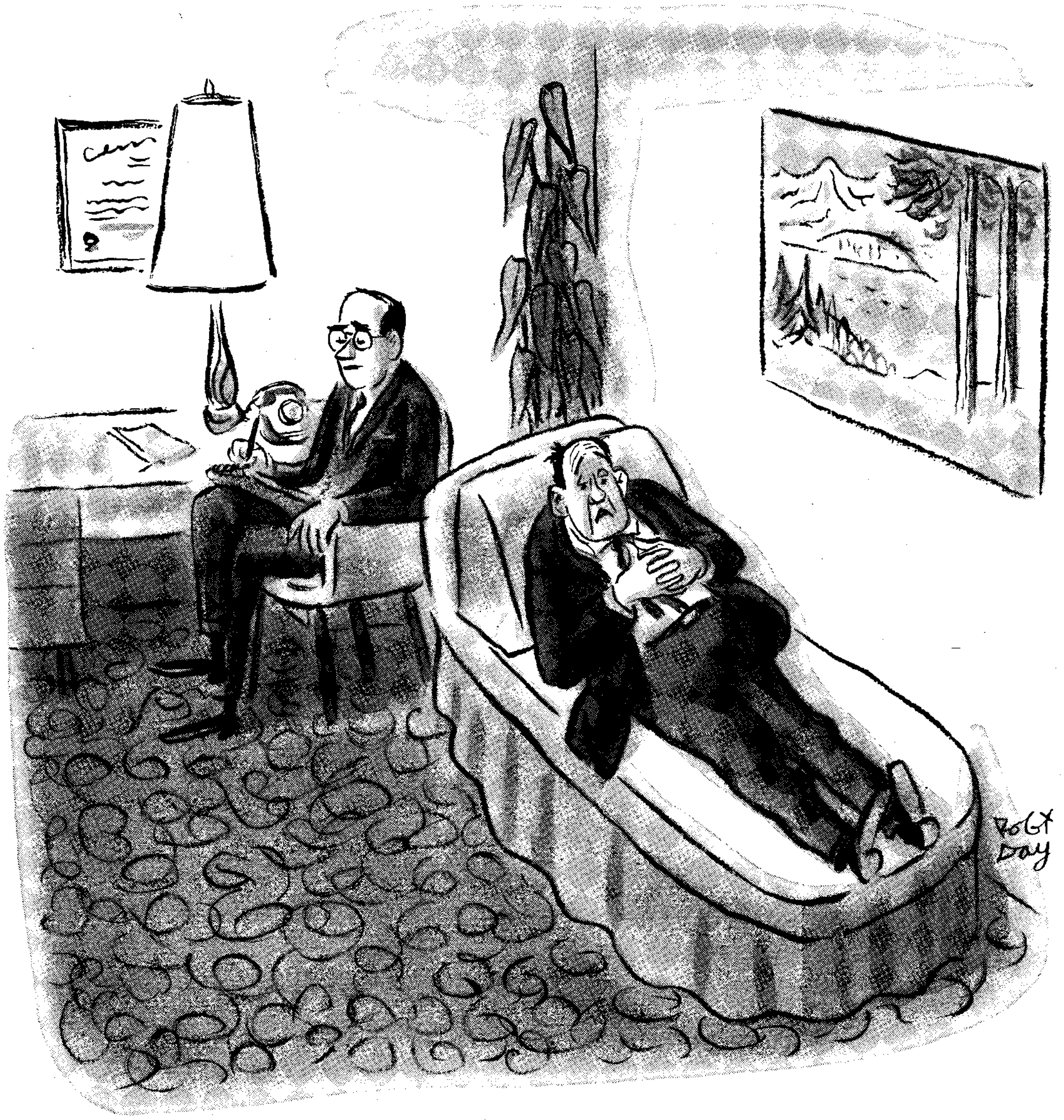
Leo J. Goldwater, the husband (separated) of Gertrude Butler Goldwater and a senior partner in the stockbrokerage firm of L. J. Goldwater & Co., is a compact, superbly tailored man with whitening hair and an unmistakable aura of success. Mr. Goldwater was born in New York and attended N.Y.U. in the late twenties, and if there's a family relationship with Barry he thinks it must be a very remote one. "My father came from England in the eighteen-seventies, settled on the lower East Side, and became a certified public accountant," he said. "He was very active in politics during the great days of Tammany Hall, and since he was a Republican, he never got very far. Nationally, I'm a Republican; locally, I'm an independent. This time, I intend to vote for Johnson as a protest against the Republican Party's choice of a candidate. I consider not voting at all a big mistake—that's what defeated Dewey in '48. I've met Barry a couple of times in Phoenix, and, like everybody else, I find him personable enough, but I consider him a dangerous man. His election would have a profoundly adverse effect on our economy."

Leonard F. Goldwater is a senior economist with the New York State Department of Labor. A dark-haired man of thirty-nine, he considers himself an independent voter but looks forward to voting for President Johnson. "Fact is, I think Goldwater could be dangerous," he said. "I think he'll lose heavily—by an even greater margin than Landon did in '36." Mr. Goldwater's parents came from Poland, but he doubts whether he and Barry are related. He is also, it appears, no kin to the next pollee we spoke to, Dr. Leonard J. Goldwater, professor of occupational medicine on the Faculty of Medicine at Columbia. Dr. Goldwater, a toxicologist, is a son of the late Dr. Abraham Lincoln Goldwater and a nephew of the late Sigismund S. Goldwater, after whom the Goldwater Memorial Hospital, on Welfare Island, is named. He gave short shrift to B.G. "I regard his candidacy as a grave threat to the country," he said. "I've read his book 'The Conscience of a Conservative,' and to me it represents the sort of thinking that would set this country back a hundred years. I'm an internationalist—I've been a consultant to the World Health Organization on several occasions—and while foreign aid may not always be properly administered, I'm convinced that it's essential. I'm not a down-the-line Democrat and have voted a split ticket many times; I just *hate* to admit the possibility of Goldwater's being elected. I'm frightened by the extremist groups of the radical right that are giving *him their support.* I *haven't* forgotten 'It Can't Happen Here.'"

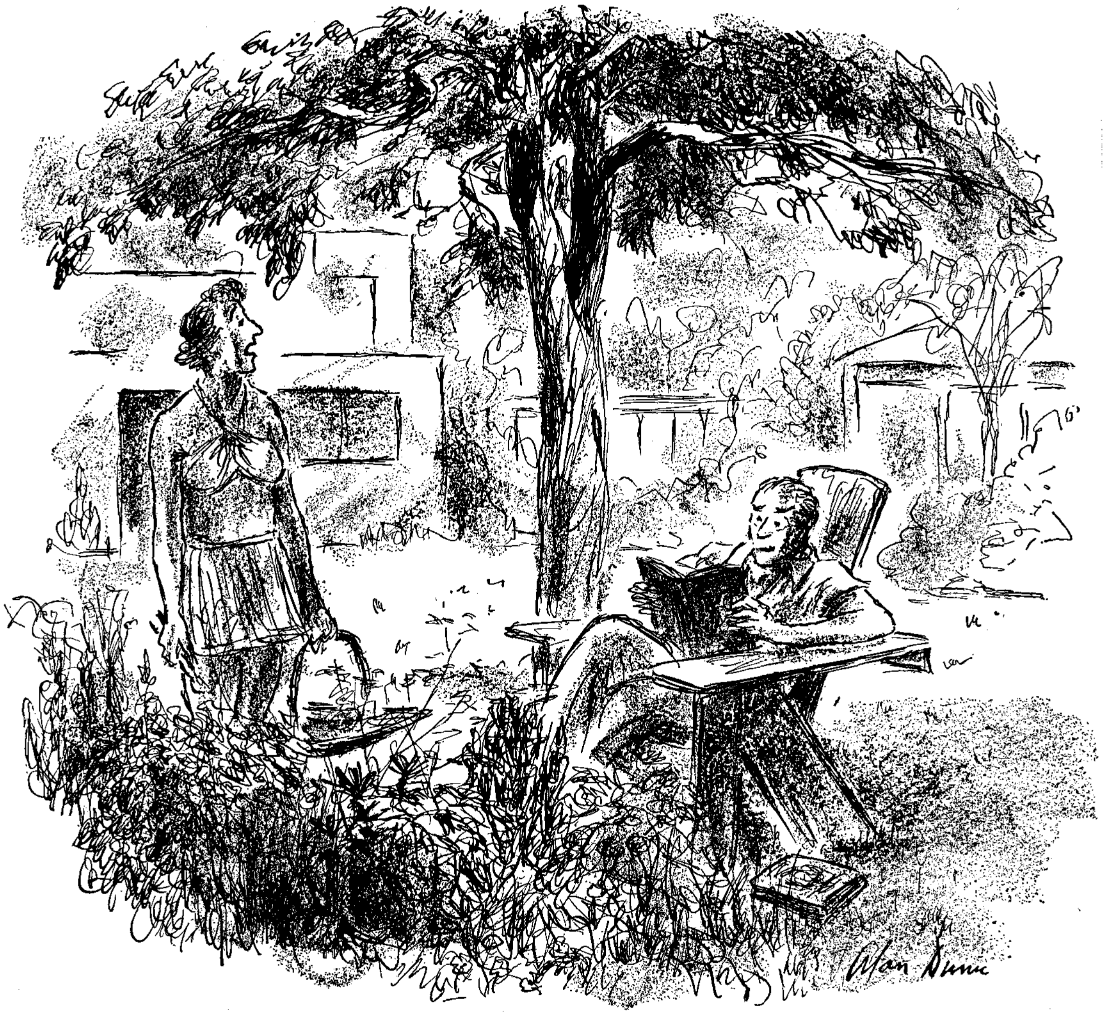
Mr. Lester Goldwater, a bachelor in his middle fifties, lives on University Place and runs a ladies' apparel shop in Hackensack. His opinion of the Senator had more to do, he told us, with the Senator's business acumen than with his politics. "As a retailer, I have great admiration for Goldwater the retailer," he said. "I'm still trying to figure out what kind of a man he is otherwise. Normally, I'm a Democrat, but I voted for Eisenhower. Frankly, I haven't made up my mind."

Mrs. Mary Goldwater, formerly the wife of Dr. Leonard J. Goldwater, *has* made up her mind. "I'm a Democrat, and I plan to vote for Johnson," she said. "Of course, I'm not really a relation of any kind, but when people put the question to me, as nowadays they nearly always do, I answer, 'If I were, I wouldn't admit it.'"

Monroe Goldwater, senior partner in the firm of Goldwater & Flynn, brother of the late Abraham Lincoln Goldwater and the late Sigismund S. Goldwater, and father of the previously mentioned James L. Goldwater and the about-to-be-mentioned Richard M. Goldwater, is a youthful-looking man of seventy-



"For instance, I go to Shea Stadium. I start yelling 'Let's go, Mets!' Nobody joins in. Someone else starts yelling 'Let's go, Mets!' Everybody joins in."



“But the Supreme Court didn’t say you had to read them!”

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eight; he has been counsel to the New York State Democratic Committee for the past eight years and was a member of the Electoral College in 1960. “I met Barry Goldwater three or four years ago,” he told us. “I found him cordial and very eager to establish some link between our families. We had no success at that. At the time, I respected his sincerity, but I suspect that over the past few months he has begun to shape his views toward what might seem most appealing to the hard-core, far-right element in the country. If he ever had shining armor, I’m afraid it’s got pretty rusty.”

We told Monroe Goldwater that we were anxious to poll his son Richard, who is also a partner in Goldwater & Flynn, and he said he doubted if we could manage it. “Richard is on vacation and can’t be reached,” he said. “He’s out on a boat somewhere on Long Island Sound with my youngest grandson, Harry Truman Goldwater.”

Leaving Richard M.’s vote untallied, but having a pretty shrewd notion of what it was likely to be, we proceeded posthaste to Robert Goldwater, professor of art history at the Institute of Fine Arts of N.Y.U. and chairman of the administrative committee of the Museum of Primitive Art, of which he resigned the directorship a couple of years ago. Mr. Goldwater, who, like the candidate, is in his fifties, lives in a pleasant house in Chelsea and is married to the sculptress Louise Bourgeois. His father was the late Sigismund Goldwater, and he is thus—But we’re taking a poll, not playing Proust, and we pass from Mr. Goldwater’s antecedents to his vote in November, which will be cast for Johnson. “I usually vote Democratic or Liberal, so it’s easy to do,” he said. “I’ve never met Barry and I don’t think we’re cousins. I only became aware of his existence a couple of years ago.”

From Goldwater, Robert, on we went to Goldwater, Stanford J., who says he doubts whether he’s related to the Senator, or, indeed, to any of the other Goldwaters in our poll. “The name Goldwater goes back in my family to around the eighteen-sixties,” he said. “The family story is that some of our ancestors were fishermen and got the name from the golden—that is, the lucky—waters they fished in. I first heard of Barry Goldwater in the line of business. My dad manufactured pillowcases and blanket covers, and one of the department stores we sold to was Goldwater’s, in Phoenix. I’m in the real-estate business myself. I belong to an association of property owners in East Harlem called ERASE, which is trying to eliminate slums in that area. I’m a registered Republican, but I’m more anti-Goldwater than I am pro-Republican, so I’ll probably have to vote for Johnson.”

The last Goldwater in the Manhattan directory is Walter, who runs a bookshop on University Place. Fulfilling the dream of most booksellers, he has just become the author of a book of his own—a bibliography entitled “Radical Periodicals in America, 1890-1950.” “I’ve been specializing in radical literature for thirty years,” he said. “My father, Abraham Lincoln Goldwater, was a doctor by profession but an anarchist by persuasion. Besides my Uncle Monroe, I’ve an Uncle Arnold, who’s a retired dentist and amateur painter. He has an unlisted number, so he must have slipped right through your fingers. Uncle Arnold’s a Democrat, and it’s a pretty safe bet he’s voting for Johnson. I’m not voting for Goldwater, but I wouldn’t want to say I was voting for Johnson, either. I’m anti-Republican and anti-Democratic, and if I have to give myself a name, I say I’m a Socialist. Barry has made our name a nuisance. Every time people hear it, they think they have to say something about it. When my son Gene recently got a new roommate at Harvard and the roommate heard Gene’s last name, he said, ‘Gee, that’s too bad.’ To my mind, this whole Goldwater-for-President business is funny, but only in the sense that ‘Dr. Strangelove’ is funny.”

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CHALKED inscription on the tailboard of a truck meandering down Second Avenue the other day: “*Te seguí donde tu vayas, Amor*,” which—unless, God forbid, Berlitz has failed us utterly—adds up to “Whither thou goest I follow, Love.”

THE LEONARDO DA VINCI TRAFFIC JAM

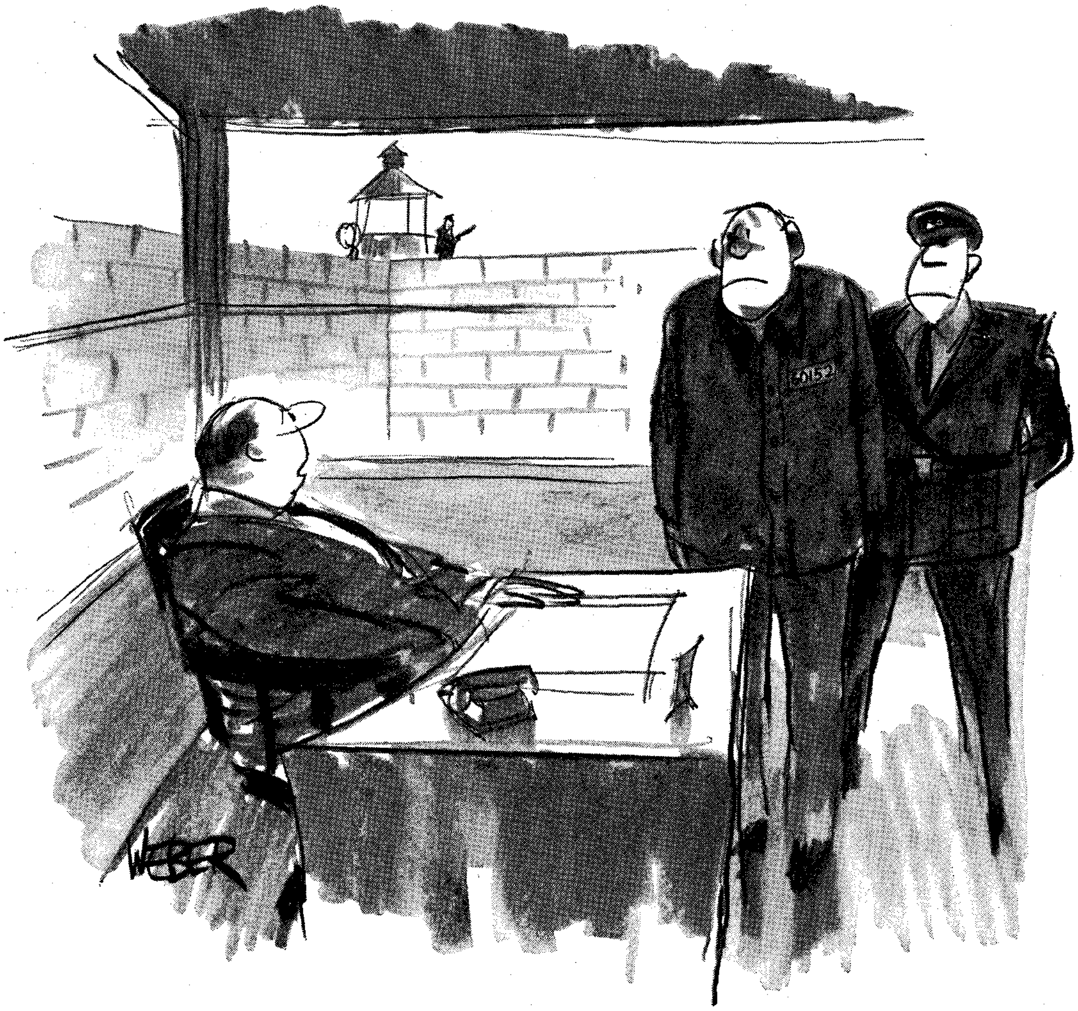
"'WHO loves a garden still his Eden keeps,'" I told myself, adding balefully, "Amos Bronson Alcott." I had been leafing through some of the cool old New England writers after breakfast that hot Sunday, after the *Times*, postponing, while I could, having to work on my own garden. Now I was for it; with stakes and watering can and trowel, I had begun. The garden is only the roof above my apartment, and I do not often go there when I can see it. I sit in it after dark, sometimes, but by and large I keep my Eden in the air-conditioning below. Still, I do garden, after a fashion, year after year. Morning glories, geraniums, petunias; a little tree of some sort; a lovesome bush or two—I have set them out and tended them, I never quite know why. This year, I also grew some sunflowers—ditto. Well, now (I told myself, pinching a yellow leaf off a geranium), I work on the roof because it is there, like Everest, and because, in New York, you just do. If you have an inch of outdoor space, you grow something on it like everybody else. "Whoso would be a man must be a nonconformist," said a calm New England voice from the bookshelf downstairs, and the idea that here I had been all but flying in the face of Ralph Waldo Emerson pulled me up short.

In plain fact, I was nervous enough about conformity already. Why not? Walter Lippmann gives it fits in the morning and Max Lerner takes over after lunch. Brains are watched, as we know, persuaders are subliminal, and Groupthink blows around us all like pollen. From my roof, I could see four or five neighbor roofs and a scatter of fire escapes. Morning glories, geraniums, or petunias were on them all. How could you win? On the other hand, I reflected, a man tries to get along. When in Rome, which I seldom am, I may not always do as the Romans do, but I certainly want to. I like to be liked. And I did have, after all, in one corner of my garden, the sunflowers in three large pots. Birds had already pecked some of the seeds out of the oldest clump, but the next one was full of blazing heads, and the third was preparing to explode. I looked around the neighborhood again, carefully, and saw no other sunflowers. I felt easier about Emerson. Just the same, I wasn't likely to stop worrying over conformity just because I happened to have a few sunflowers on my roof. (Do I conform or don't I? Shill-I, shall-I?—it had been going on for months.) And suddenly I remembered a winter night on a train, when the gray seeds the flowers were going to grow from were in my pocket. I had stolen them from some cardinals and titmice in Illinois. (The seeds had been on a feeder, maintained for the birds by my hosts, and, forehandedly thinking of summer, I had scooped up a few.)

"Watch this!"

What I recalled chiefly about that night on the train was the look of all the cold, green highway lights strung across the country, on and on. I hadn't travelled much lately, and they were new to me. I sat in my darkened room, watching them and noticing that the same pale glare kept turning up in single pools as well. Every so often, it would light a driveway or a barnyard, always making the space it fell on desolate—empty, somehow, even with figures in it. And of course, every so often, yellow light also would shine on the snow of a minor street, and, for a moment, the night would seem familiar and habitable again. Lived in. But lived in by whom? (I had begun, even then, to brood about conformity.) Who *did* live in the passing houses? Team Players? Engineered Personalities? Packaged folks?

Code Area 219, formerly Indiana, had dropped away to the west—zip!—and now the train was racing past the white fields of 419. I once knew a girl—a brunette, a very nice package—who came from what she spoke of as Northern Ohio. Now I eagerly tried to conjure her outside the window but found I couldn't, for that was long ago, and besides,



"What you need is a good spanking."

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she was inner-directed. She drove an old magenta Model A that she kept tuned up herself, and brand loyalty was nowhere in her. More of the green lights marched by, discoloring the snow. The other lights, inside the houses, were growing scarce, winking out, and I guessed I had better go on to bed myself. I didn't think I would care to see *just* the green ones.

TO be sure (I thought, in my garden, in midtown 212), green lights do not a desert make, necessarily. They had only seemed to. But in the months since, I had gone on watching, and the impression that there *was* one—out there and all around—had stuck and grown. The lights were part of it, all right, but so were corporate profiles. So were electric toothbrushes and carving knives. So were built-in senescence and poems written by digital computers. (One such poet's name is RPC 4000, and its garret, or greensward, is General Precision, Inc., in Glendale, California.) So—to go on—were blue detergents foaming at the river's brink, and blue exhaust fumes dancing in the streets. I gave a pep pill to a petunia and tranquillized it with a splash of water, thinking that I could go on adding up that desert all day, though I didn't want to. I was hot enough as it was.

A block or so below where I live is a building made—apparently—of just the kind of slippery white tile that lines my bathroom. There is no ladder of little balconies running up my shower wall, but otherwise it and the building look much the same. Indoors over there, up and down the levels of the ladder, identical refrigerators and identical Disposall units occupy identical space in identical kitchens. Super-tough polyester film (invisible) laminates the panelled lower half of each dining area. The breeze blows forever south from each air-conditioner. And (sitting down for a while, looking across at the big, smooth, white contrivance) it seemed to me to follow that the people walking around inside it must also be alike. Peas in a ceramic pod. A woman came out, as I watched, and cleaned a smoke smudge from her balcony tiles. (On all, or almost all, the little balconies are little rotary broilers, for roughing it.) A man stepped out, with a drink in his hand, and watched her. They stepped back in together, and the distance between us made them appear to move in concert, like tiny Swiss weather prophets on a clock.

They are to blame, I decided—people like that—and they are everywhere. All over town, and in Chicago and Denver. They go and live in an intricate white toy much bigger than a clock—in fact, more like an F. A. O. Schwarz railroad. They scoot in here and pop out there on tracks. Around and around. Lights go on, lights go off, to start and stop them. Bells ring. Whistles blow. I could see where this was leading me, but I went ahead anyway, well-known words and phrases hurrying to mind. Materialism, I thought sternly. Bad manners. Mindlessness. Mechanical sheep in a wilderness of sameness. Why, a couple of years ago I got caught for an hour in a traffic jam in Central Park because every last family in New York had to spend three seconds in front of the Mona Lisa. Conformity. . . . It went on for quite a while. And then the (surely automatic) chimes of the light-and-gas company's tower a few blocks south sounded three o'clock. They have always seemed remote and cool, to me, as if they were ringing in a town full of elms and clapboards, and not on Fourteenth Street. They recommend detachment, and if a person has been mistaking himself for the prophet Jeremiah, they can steady him down.

I went back to work, chastened already, remembering how I used to go doggedly to the country—to elms and chiggers—each week, like half the population. In time I rebelled—I thought I rebelled. Now I stay in town with the other half. I cross on the green and not in between, like a regular mechanical sheep. When I want to go up or down, I press a mindless button. I scoot and pop around, like fellow-thousands, heart in mouth and chin on knees, in taxicabs built for elves. I mail early. I keep off the grass. Now I picked up a mutinous morning-glory vine and tucked it in with the rest, showing it how it ought to have climbed in the first place. And then I apologized silently to the man and woman over the way, though by now I couldn't be quite sure which balcony was theirs. They were part of a newfangled wilderness, no doubt about it, but so was I.

Perhaps, then, it wasn't a question of just conforming or not conforming, pick and choose. You would have to run off to the *old*-style wilderness to avoid it, and that one was getting hard to find. It was back of billboards. A wasp buzzed me. It seemed annoyed. I had once read that wasps become fighting mad when exposed to alternating electrical fields. Well, here was a wasp in the ever-growing middle East Side. Buildings were going up, the streets were open trenches, fuses were probably blowing on all sides. God knew what the wasp had been through! Indeed (I reflected, batting at it warily), there is no telling what invisible fields envelop us all, but nowadays only the wasps get really mad. Emerson would surely have seen it their way; the rest of us put up with whatever comes.

OR do we—do *all* the rest of us—I wondered, looking for the rainbow, bucking up. Because, when a wilderness is *there* (like Everest), some people are sure to be unable to let it alone. They have to try to subdue it; they have to get to the other side. I thought of Kit Carson and Crockett and Daniel Boone. *They* had been nonconformists. They had walked on the grass as they pleased. Well, then, where were their up-to-date successors—the ones who would perforce tackle the desert of Ascendance-Submission Reaction Studies and dry soups? I could think of a few odd sorts who at least had faced it. There was the owner of a little fruit stand, lately engulfed by the white building. He was a shrunken, courteous man with few teeth, who objected to the city sales tax because he had to collect it from his friends and neighbors. Other taxes were all right with him, but he figured that in this case the Mayor was out to use him as a cat's-paw. He must have had to pay up finally, himself, but he would always take the money, and then—winking, shaking with pleasure—return the city's share. If you refused it, he put it into a jar, saving it for what he called "the multiple sclerosis." And I thought of the Long Island mailman who simply didn't deliver ten years' worth—two tons—of junk mail; of a secret society I have read about, whose members punch extra holes in I.B.M. cards; of a lady I know who bends them. I remembered a man I met a while back who insists on being given his trading stamps in stores, then throws them away; he is a bachelor and cranky, but nonconformists can easily be both.

Still, though people like these might mean well—might be *gazing* West, so to speak—they weren't exactly what I'd had in mind. They weren't going to blaze a wilderness trail. I had finished staking and weeding, and I thought I might just clean the shed where I keep my tools—tools and whatever else lands there. I took out some flowerpots and folding chairs, a box of leftover seeds, and a good many things besides, until, from far back, I lifted a small, brown Christmas tree. It was only a trunk, really. I had lopped the branches off and kept it for firewood. But on one of the stumps was a thin silver ribbon of tinsel, as bright as on Christmas Eve. It shivered in the hot breeze, and, once again, I went back to last winter—to the first week of January.

A night or so after that train trip, I had gone out and walked through the neighborhood on some errand. Along all the curbs were Christmas trees lying on their sides, waiting to be taken away, and with silver strips left on them. They shook and glittered faithfully, under the street lights and the moon, block after block—ghosts (disowned, now, ready to vanish) of a Christmas recently past. Or, rather, Christmases (I had to concede), each one like only itself.

Of course. True enough. There had been trees—and of varied sizes and shapes, too—outside even the big white building. And now I found myself trying to imagine in how many ways the day had been observed—or passed—on all those identical levels. I gave up at once. People were too contrary for that; there was no telling *what* they had done. I went over and looked at the sunflowers again. One was tall; another, planted late, was dwarfed; most were medium-sized. Some of these were dark bronze at the center, others were light gold. One was facing the sun, another was hanging its head. Still others had never even sprouted. I had caught up a handful of seeds at random on a January afternoon in Illinois, and, acting for Nature, had changed their course. The ones I had left had gone into the making of birds—feathers, beaks, the small machinery of song. The ones I had taken had travelled through a thousand miles of pale-green-dappled desert to become a batch of variegated sunflowers on my roof. But the seeds had all looked alike.

So did people, at a distance. So did peas in a pod, though their futures were far from predictable. In fact, I was getting to feel as if conformity—*real* conformity—might even be impossible to come by. Nature certainly seemed to have little truck with it, once she got past the seed stage, and sometimes even in that.

I swept the shed and put its contents back neatly, including the festooned tree, thinking that quite possibly the trail blazers of the new wilderness were simply tucked away inside us all. You could fairly say that the covered wagons had never really stopped rolling. Only the type of wilderness had changed. For uniqueness was also planted in there—in roof gardeners, in apartment dwellers, and in people who pack the kids in the car to go look at the Mona Lisa—and there is never any telling what can happen with seeds.

—Robert Henderson

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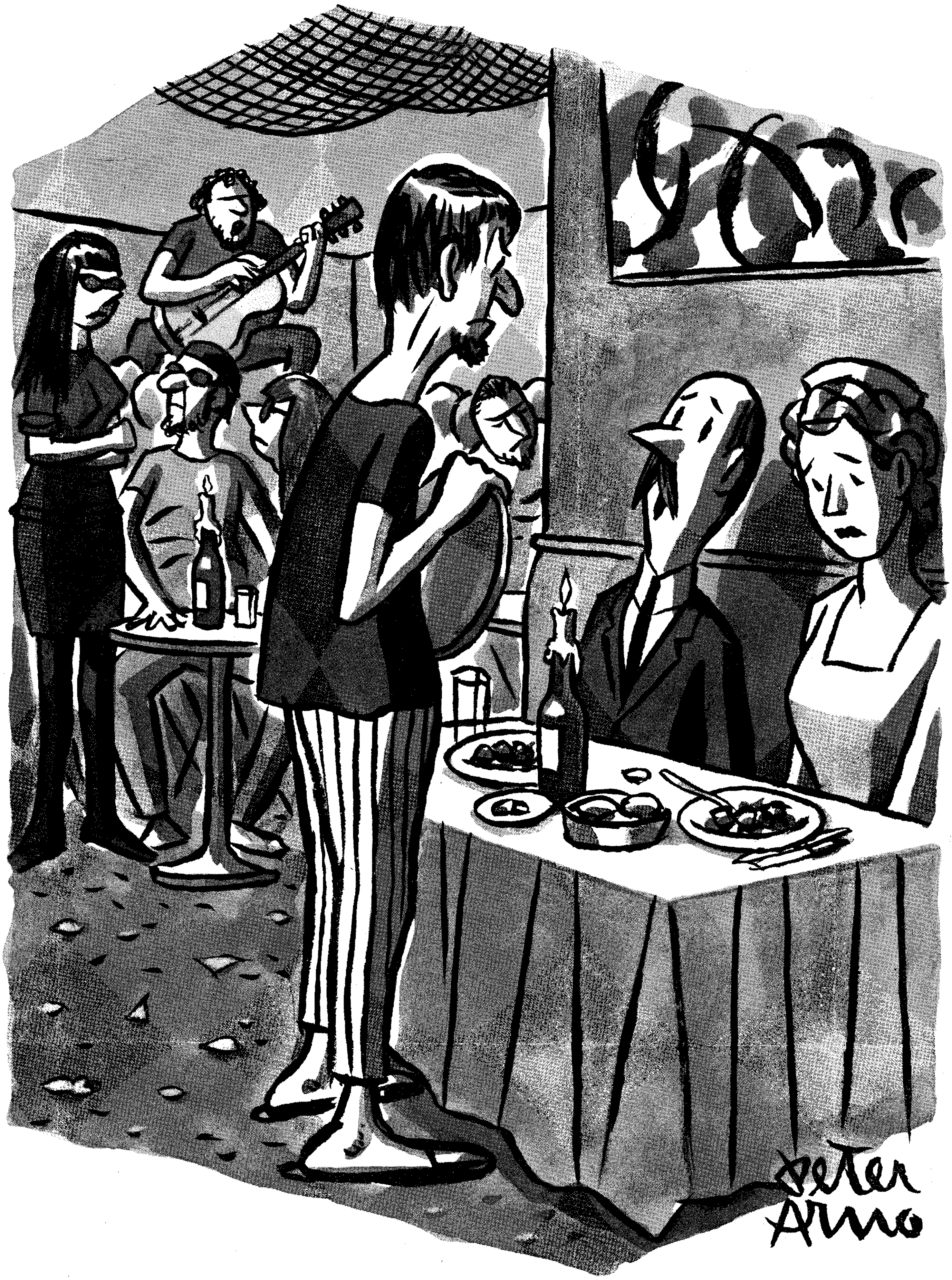
SQUARING THE CIRCLE

A bear cub, chained and tethered to a stake,
Prowled in a Humble service-station yard
In a rubble of popcorn, apple cores, dumped cars,
And tourists giving him 7-Up to drink.
He swept in a centrifuge, arc over arc
Like a windshield wiper, and his chain and collar clanked,
Four paces left—does freedom die that hard?—
Four paces right, till the center wound him back.

Beyond the dump, meadow and swamp meet trees
Grown dark as they crawl the Appalachian chain;
Ahead, the freeway flumes the traffic east,
Scatters sunlight, and dips to the Gulf of Maine,
Where the lobsterman prowls the hundred-fathom curve
And the yacht swings on her mooring like a slave.

—Louis Coxe



"May we have a doggie-bag?"

AT LAKE LUGANO

I AM sitting on the edge of the landing, my feet dangling, the sun hot on my back, and I am pretending to fish. But I am really doing what everybody else does; I am watching the German family and their bright-red motorboat. The father—they call him Vatti—is now taking everything out of the boat and throwing it to the girl, whom they call Karina. She stands about three steps to the left of me, and what a catcher she is! She hasn't dropped a single item so far. They are obviously planning to clean the whole thing today. But first they must empty it. Any idiot can see that. It can't be done any other way.

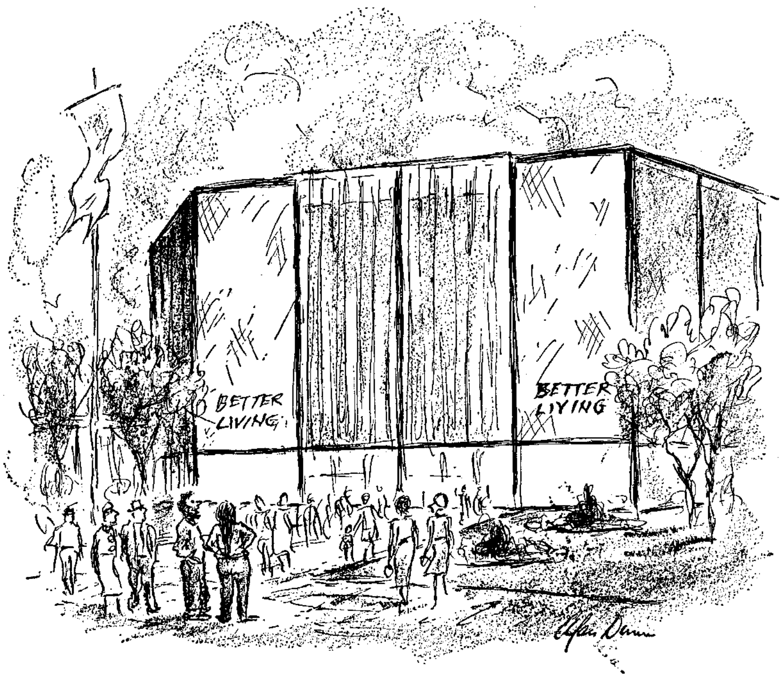
They are a family of four, and the stuff they keep in that boat! Pairs and pairs of flippers, masks, snorkels, sneakers, extra bathing suits and towels, rubber cushions, inflatable mattresses, as well as books—heavy, well-bound volumes. No paperbacks for them. Now he throws her a large picnic basket. Will she catch it? Of course she will. She is a big, strong girl, with good if slightly heavy legs. She is fifteen, or maybe only fourteen; it is hard to tell with that figure. Her hair is ash blond and short, and she wears a one-piece swim suit—sensible, with strong shoulder straps to keep her bosom in place—and she stands there, legs slightly apart, like a goalkeeper waiting for the ball. Vatti is a good pitcher. Vatti is obviously her *Vatti*, no doubt about that. They look very much alike, and they know it and are fond of each other. They are silent and concentrated upon their task, and they smile only from time to time. A pair of gloves, two pairs of sunglasses, a plastic bag half full of grapes—all that flies through the air. For God's sake, when will they stop? I think that's all now. Vatti is heaving out the water skis. They all water-ski: Vatti, Mutti, Karina, and the boy.

The boy's name is Wiktor. They must have named him after Stalingrad—some joke. Nonsense, he is too old for that. Maybe they named him after their victory in Poland. That would make him twenty-five. Or Czechoslovakia. That would make him exactly my age. I am twenty-six, and half the size of Karina. Skinny, very little bosom, very narrow hips. They tell me I was underfed during the Occupation. It's a miracle my legs are straight, with the rickets I must have had. But straight they are, thank God, and not bad at all. Karina has jumped into the boat now; she and Vatti are taking the seats out, and they begin to mop with sponges. Where the hell is Wiktor—couldn't he help?

It is getting hotter, and they are both perspiring. So am I, with the scorching sun on my bare back. I should do something about my godforsaken fishing rod. The bait has long ago disappeared. Those Swiss fishes, they have a way of nimbly nibbling that is infuriating—like their compatriots. I hate the worms I am using for bait. It took me an hour to find out what they call worms in Italian. Strange country, Switzerland. In Geneva, they speak nothing but French, and here on the Lake of Lugano, nothing but Italian. Anyway, the word for worms is "*cagnoti*," and they are expensive. They are imported from some faraway place, and sold by the dozen. I have three left, and not a fish in the can. I got the tin can from the hotel cook. It contained ice cream, and I had to wait two days till the can was finally empty, and then he took two francs for it, the jerk. I watched all the tables carefully at mealtimes to see if people were ordering ice cream for dessert, and naturally, just because I wanted that can so badly, everybody suddenly wanted *frutta fresca* or *crème caramel*, but not *gelati*.

Mutti has shown up. She never shows up before eleven. Looks after herself. Mutti is slim and not bad-looking at all, with dark hair and an olive complexion. She doesn't look German. She looks French or Italian or Jewish. That would be funny—a Jewish *Mutti*. In Poland, during the Occupation, she would have been in plenty of trouble. With a face like that, you could have been as Aryan as Adolf's own mother and still be in trouble. But then, they live in a small Bavarian town where everybody probably knows who is who. I know; I looked at their registration plate. They drive a Mercedes 300. Red. Mutti carries an enormous beach bag—loaded with cosmetics, I bet. And books. They are big readers. Vatti sees her now, and jumps to the landing. A good jump; the whole structure shakes. Vatti is a fine specimen of a *Vatti*. Tall and strong, not an ounce of fat on him, not a gray hair in his blond crew cut. He gets one of those folding chaise longues for Mutti, and carries it to the edge of the lake just by the boat. Mutti stretches herself full length on her tummy, and Vatti covers her back with sun lotion from a big, brown plastic bottle. The long, jagged scar on his back stands out as he bends over. No operation scar this but a fine, distinguished battle scar, to be sure. It's a pity it's on the back, though; the scars of cowards are on the back. Who in heaven's name said that? I can never remember who has said what. That comes from reading all the phrase books. One reads the quotations and skips the names of the authors. That's my trouble. I am not thorough enough. I shall remain cabin interpreter in the U.N. Geneva office until I shrivel up and get my old-age pension—or until I slip up one day, probably on one of those new African delegates, the underdeveloped ones, who are really touchy.

Vatti goes back to his beautiful red boat, where Karina is now scrubbing the floor like a good and true *Hausfrau*. He nearly tripped over my big ice-cream can, and said, "*Verzeihen Sie, bitte*," looked at me, quickly added, "*Excusez-moi*," and smiled. I said "*Pas de quoi*," and smiled back. If he only knew how well I know his sweet mother tongue, and where and how I learned it. As a kid,



of course. Kids learn quickly, *nicht wahr*? I used to talk to the guards. They sometimes threw me a potato or two, and sometimes a kick. I learned more quickly after they took Mother away, because while she could still stand on her feet she wouldn't let me run around. Every child should learn foreign languages; that would bring the world closer together, they say. Languages are a treasure. Treasure or not, that is all I know, and so far it has come in handy: French, German, and English. English I learned even faster than German. That was when the Americans took the camp over. I also know my own language, Polish, but I don't get a chance to use it very often—sometimes, when a Polish delegation arrives for some conference and they assign me to it.

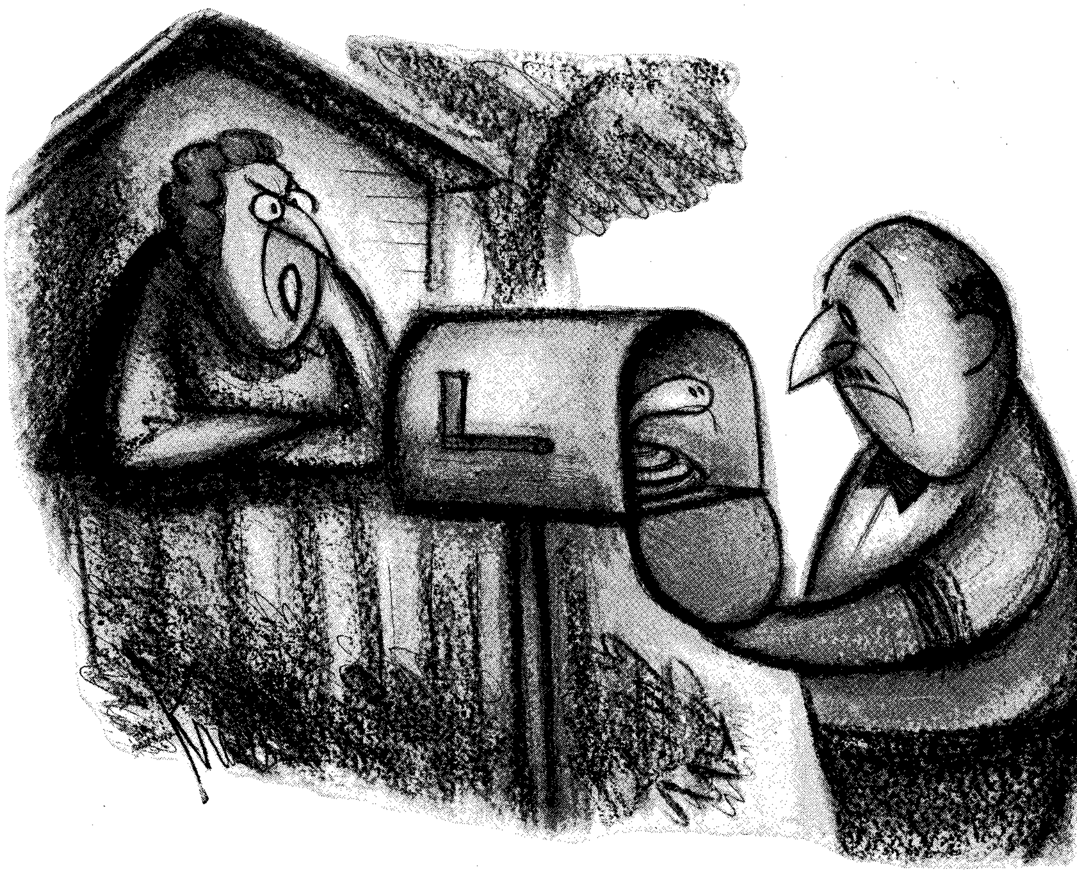
Look who is here—Wiktor, the son and heir. He walks down the beach in his G string, his muscles rolling under his tanned skin. He looks like an advertisement for a virility medicine. Small head, strong neck. Everybody is watching him now. Men, women; only children and dogs ignore him. He flashes Mutti a broad smile and comes and stands over me and makes remarks to Vatti and Karina.

I have to pull out my fishing line and put a fresh *cagnoti* on the hook. Even if I seriously wanted to fish, there isn't a chance now, with all the mess Vatti and Karina are making in the water. They are rinsing out their sponges and brushes, and the water is filthy and full of soap bubbles. The French ladies sitting in their deck chairs take notice and get angry. This hotel has mostly French and Belgian families, with their children and their poodles. My Germans are the only Germans, and they have the only private motorboat in the place. Hell, they are making a mess! Somebody should tell them they haven't won the war, after all. Maybe I am the one who should tell them. Maybe I, Hanna Kowalska, should appoint myself a Delegation of One, and tell them very diplomatically that they haven't won the war.

Wiktor is now looking down at me while I fumble with my *cagnoti*, or perhaps it is "*cagnoto*" in the singular, I don't know; I haven't had a chance to learn Italian. This *cagnoto* is an especially wriggly and stubborn one. Wiktor asks me—in English, of course—if I need help. They all speak English these days; French is out as an international language, I understand. I thank him. I tell him I think I can manage, and I do, and the hook goes straight into my thumb. But I'll be damned if I make a face. The *cagnoto* is on the hook all right, and before I can make up my mind how to shove Wiktor off, and before I get a chance to throw the line into the soapy water of Lago di Lugano, there is a fine beginning of a fine scene.

A Frenchman in bathing trunks, bowlegged, with a huge belly sticking out in front of him, is telling Vatti in an excited voice that Vatti is messing up the whole lake, that he doesn't own the whole place, that it's bad for the children—and a few other things. Everybody is looking openly now from his deck chair. No need to pretend to be reading or sleeping now. Vatti draws himself up. The two men stand for a moment facing each other. They must be more or less the same age—forty-five or six. Vatti, lean and muscular and tanned all over, with that fine, jagged scar on his strong back, and the Frenchman, the Committee of One, bowlegged, with his belly like a drum. Hell, a scene in bathing costumes is bound to peter out. Vatti is polite; he apologizes and promises never again to make a mess of the Swiss lakes. The Frenchman is red in the face and furious, because Vatti doesn't give him an argument. He is deflated and walks slowly and indignantly back to his chair, his wife, and his child, murmuring under his breath about Boches and Lago Tedesco and the fact that it is impossible to spend a holiday anywhere in Europe without having it messed up by Boches.

All the while, Wiktor hasn't stopped looking down at me and my fishing rod. My skin begins to crawl. I look quickly at my left forearm to see that the heavy Moroccan silver bracelet I wear is covering the number tattooed there. It is. Karina has stopped working during the short exchange of opinions between her papa and the Frenchman, and now Vatti is saying something quickly in clipped, military tones. Wiktor is ordered on deck, and they start putting everything into place, with Karina throwing this time and Wiktor catching and Vatti ranging. Fine teamwork. All the people on the beach are watching, the same as I. Whether they are making conversation or pretending to read books or knitting or leafing through magazines,



"Maybe if you laid off the sauce, you wouldn't be seeing snakes in the mailbox."

• •

ANGINA

That one who is the dreamer lies mostly in her left arm,
Where the pain shows first,
Tuned in on the inmost heart,
Never escaping. On the blue, bodied mound of chenille,
That limb lies still.
Death in the heart must be calm,

Must not look suddenly, but catch the window-framed squirrel
In a mild blue corner
Of an eye staring straight at the ceiling
And hold him there.
Cornered also, the oak tree moves
All the ruffled green way toward itself

Around the squirrel thinking of the sun,
As small boys and girls tiptoe in
Overawed by their own existence,
For courtly doctors long dead
Have told her that to bear children
Was to die, and they are the healthy issue

Of four of those. Oh, beside that room the oak leaves
Burn out their green in an instant, renew it all
From the roots when the wind stops.
All afternoon she dreams of letters
To disc jockeys, requesting the "old songs,"
The songs of the nineties, when she married, and caught

With her first child rheumatic fever.
Existence is family: sometime,
Inadequate ghosts round the bed,
But mostly voices, low voices of serious drunkards
Coming in with the night light on
And the pink radio turned down;

She hears them ruin themselves
On the rain-weeping wires, the bearing-everything poles,
Then dozes, not knowing sleeping from dying—
It is day. Limbs stiffen when the heart beats
Wrongly. Her left arm tingles,
The squirrel's eye blazes up, the telephone rings,

Her children and her children's children fail
In school, marriage, abstinence, business.
But when I think of love
With the best of myself—that odd power—
I think of riding, by chairlift,
Up a staircase burning with dust

In the afternoon sun, slanted also
Like stairs without steps,
To a room where an old woman lies
Who can stand on her own two feet
Only six strange hours every month,
Where such a still one lies smiling

And takes her appalling risks
In absolute calm, helped only by the most
Helplessly bad music in the world, where death,
A chastened, respectful presence
Forced by years of excessive quiet
To be stiller than wallpaper roses,

Waits, twined in those roses, saying slowly
To itself, as sprier and sprier
Generations of disc jockeys chatter,
I must be still and not worry,
Not worry, not worry, to hold
My peace, my poor place, my own.

—James Dickey

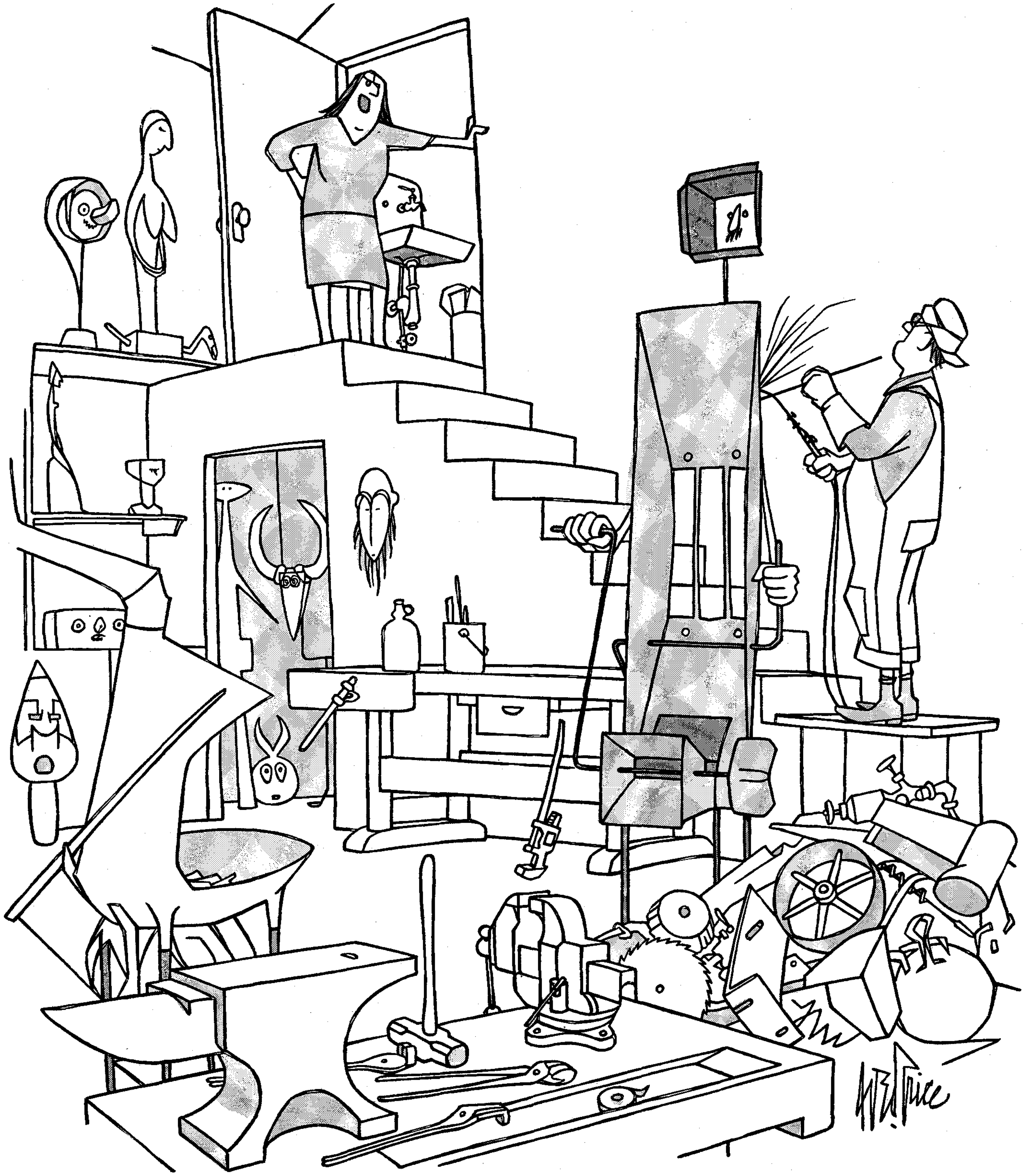
• •

they are really watching the Germans, day in and day out.

I get up, put together my fishing paraphernalia, and go to my chair. My thumb is sore, and I am dying to suck it in peace. I open my copy of "The Forsyte Saga"—which I reread every year on my holiday—settle down with it, and shove my thumb into my mouth. I read a few sentences about Soames' speculations in gilt edges and peer over the pages to see what is going on. They are now piling some folding chairs and a huge picnic into the boat, and soon the whole family, all four of them, climb in and zoom off. They must have discovered an island, the bastards, where they can be alone and unobserved, where they probably bathe in the nude, bask in the sun, and talk out loud in German as much as they like. They stop the boat in the middle of the lake, and go water-skiing in turn, showing a fine style, especially Vatti and Karina. Then they disappear from sight.

The hotel beach changes immediately. People make loud conversation in French, begin to play ping-pong, admonish their children, let their dogs off their leashes, and go into the water, to swim.

THE Germans don't show up again until the hour of the apéritif. It is an unusually hot afternoon, muggy and oppressive. The French and Belgian families sit limply around the little tables in the hotel garden, sipping their Pernods and their *fines à l'eau*, letting their children have a sip or two, their dogs panting under their chairs. I descend, refreshed by a nap in my room, my Galsworthy under my arm, and clad in my new, white Irish-linen dress. The Germans have, as usual, occupied the only swinging settee, have carried over a table and two comfortable chairs, and are drinking tall glasses of beer. They are all dressed up, and they don't seem to suffer from the heat. Vatti is in gray flannels and blue blazer, with a white shirt, and a gray-and-white polka-dot ascot around his neck. Mutti is in printed silk, Karina in *broderie anglaise* and looking suddenly outsize, and Wiktor in short white shorts and blue polo shirt. They are looking at illustrated magazines, talking, laughing, and listening to Viennese waltzes from a transistor radio. I sit at a small table, order a Campari, and disappear behind my sunglasses. They must be rolling in money; that's how they look—all wrapped up in good, solid Deutsche Mark. They look so much more prosperous than, for instance, my Committee-of-One Frenchman, M. Carnot, who runs a prosperous furniture business in Rouen. I know him and his wife from last year's stay, and only last night Mme. Carnot, who does her own cooking, has very graciously given me the great secret of her famous sauce vinaigrette. You add one tablespoonful of dry red wine, and beat the whole thing with a silver fork for five minutes. I must remember to



"Let me put it this way. Exhibited behind bullet-proof glass it'll never be."

• •

beat mine with a silver fork the next time Tom comes to dinner, and we shall see if he will stop discussing Proust and Kafka and making passes at me long enough to praise it.

Mutti is pulling an American cigarette from a full pack now, and Vatti is bending over to light it for her. They have a better and deeper tan than anybody else. That's the motorboat. Everybody has already said so. Everybody would have liked to take a ride in that boat, or at least let the children have a whirl or two. It is good for the circulation. The wind does it. Wind on your skin, that's the secret. One can, of course, take the car and go down to Lugano and hire a motorboat for an hour or two. But it's too much trouble. Not the same thing at all. People are mopping their brows, finishing their drinks, and finding fault with their children. The dogs keep quietly out of sight.

Wiktor is getting restless, and is looking around. He looks at me. I read. He can't possibly know that I am watching him from behind my glasses. It is a trick I learned from some of the delegates in Geneva; they do all sorts of things under the protection of dark glasses, which they wear under the pretext of sheltering their eyes from the glaring lights of the Assembly Hall. They watch other delegates unobserved, and often they go quietly to sleep. Wiktor looks me up and down. Thank heaven Tom is coming tomorrow. I might ask him to take me to Ascona for the rest of the holiday. This place is definitely too hot. Wiktor has got up now. He stretches himself like a lazy dog. He passes by my table, and bows from the waist, while looking me over carefully. I feel that he wants to ask me to go to the village with him. I quickly turn the page and submerge myself in Soames' troubles with Irene. He has passed by. He will probably get more magazines from the local *tabac*.

An hour later, everybody goes up to his room to get ready for dinner, which is at seven. The heat is worse than ever, and the shirts of the men cling to their backs. When we all come down to the dining room again, nobody has changed except our friends the Germans. Vatti is in navy-blue serge, Wiktor in Prince de Gaulle, and the ladies in pastel crêpes. Vatti motions to Mario, the Italian wine waiter, whom Tom called "old bean" all last summer, which flattered the dope no end until he took the trouble to have it translated into Italian. Translated literally, it certainly doesn't have the affectionate connotation of the English version. When we left, we had to give him an outsize tip to be forgiven. Now, at the Germans' table, he waves his arms, speaks at length in pidgin German, and to everybody's silent astonishment goes off and quickly returns with a bottle in a silver bucket. Champagne. The Germans are obviously celebrating something. All around them, the Belgians and the French sit, hot and silent, and sip their Swiss table wines. I hear thunder. And now a gust of wind bangs the big door shut. Mario opens the champagne. We watch; it is expensive French champagne. The cork lands in Mme. Carnot's plate. She is hardly amused. Lightning now, and a big crack of thunder again. Mario pours out the champagne. They drink. I am having difficulties with my steak; it is hard and leathery—the hell has been cooked out of it. They drink some more. Vatti laughs, Mutti smiles, Karina looks enchanted. Wiktor looks at me, to see if I see. I do *not*.

There is a stronger gust of wind, and a window slams shut. The Swiss hotel management has now wakened to the realization that a storm is coming up. A real Swiss commotion breaks out, with the whole hotel staff running around in circles, securing windows and doors. Vatti looks up from his champagne. Wiktor looks up from his. The boat. It is moored loosely to the landing of the hotel beach, and it will most certainly be dragged out into the lake if the wind gets any stronger. They will have to move it to the small port in the bay. There is a great silence among the guests in the dining room. The children have been fed earlier; everybody is having steak problems. There is a short conference among the Germans, and the men get up, leaving their glasses half full. The waitresses struggle with the windows; the janitor brings the deck chairs from the beach into the hall. It is blowing like all hell now, and the canopies on the windows make a terrible noise. There is more lightning, and the thunder follows at shorter and shorter intervals. Mutti and Karina sip their champagne and chat amiably. Their celebration has been interrupted, but one can plainly see that they are secure in the certainty that they can have more champagne whenever they please. Through the window I catch a glimpse of Vatti and Wiktor running toward the beach. They have put on heavy oilskins, hats, and rubber boots. I should like to see their luggage. How they manage to squeeze all that junk into their Mercedes, I should like to know. Well, there is always the boat. It is so big one could put two full-size wardrobe trunks into it. They probably do just that.

I wish I could go out now. I love a storm. But it would look as if I were following them. Everything rattles, lightning opens the skies, children scream, a dog howls. It's fun. Several mothers have gone upstairs to see their offspring and their animals. "No, no dessert for me—brandy and an *espresso*, please, Mario." Mentally, I add, "old bean." People begin to talk again, having slowly recovered from the impact of the Germans' French champagne. With most of the women gone, the men talk from table to table. There is plenty of conversation material. The weather, of course. Will it get cooler after the storm, will it now rain tomorrow, is it good for the crops, bad for the vineyards? The waitresses are taking the tablecloths off and are emptying the ashtrays. People draw up their chairs and form groups. Sudden friendships are springing up; solidarities abound. Only the two German ladies sit by themselves now. And I, with good old Galsworthy. I ask for another coffee. M. Carnot suddenly orders a whole bottle of Rémy Martin, and passes it around. He comes to me with it, and I accept—only a drop, of course. But he pours me a whole glass. He is in a generous mood.

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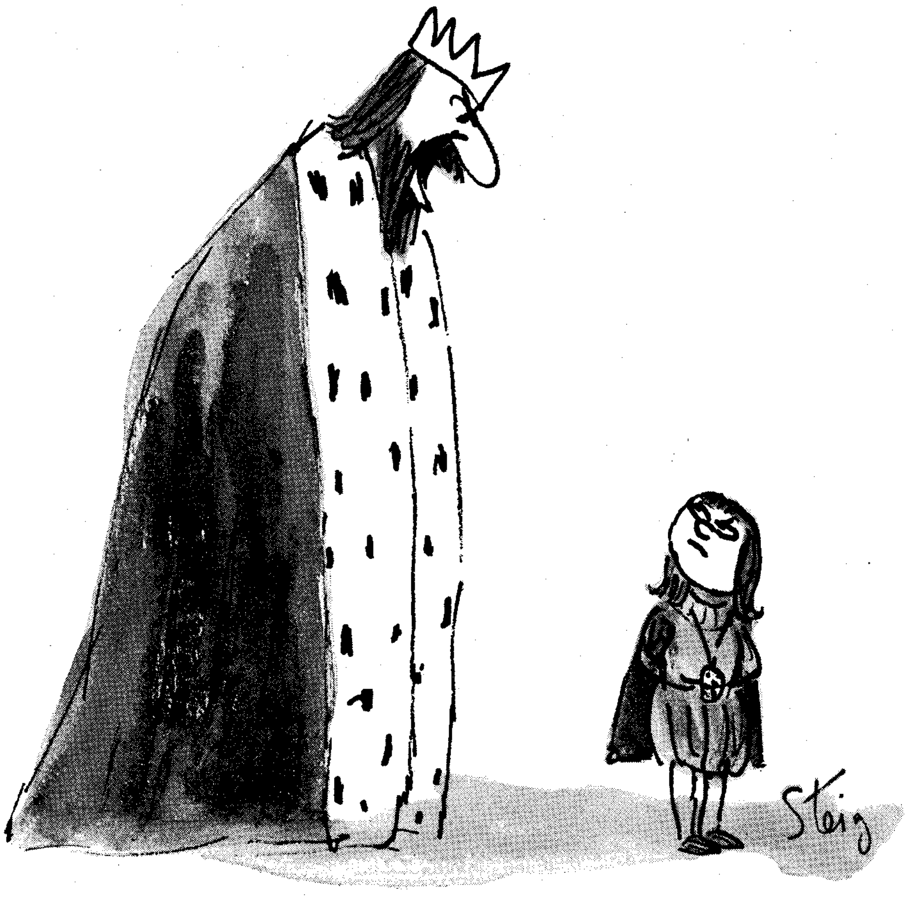


"Because I say so, that's why!"

• •

The storm has become fantastic. Branches are flying around and banging against the windows. The whole building rattles. The German ladies look worried at last. The proprietor has come in, and announces no television until the storm abates, please, and no radio, either. It is a fair stretch of water from our beach to the small port in the bay. Why should I worry—let Mutti worry. Mutti has her own way of worrying. She has pulled out a piece of gray canvas, and is carefully and patiently embroidering a flower design in petit point. Very pretty. Probably a set of twelve armchairs for her salon, like those I saw in Voltaire's house in Ferney, made by his miserable niece during the long winter evenings when the old man and his companions were running down their enemies. I must be getting slightly tipsy on M. Carnot's brandy. I had my own before, and a half bottle of red wine with my steak, and two Camparis before that. My hearing is sharper than usual when I drink, and I can hear that bald Belgian telling his elderly daughter that the krauts have probably drowned. I can't hear what the others are talking about, but I bet they are all on the same subject. Mutti is still embroidering, but looking more and more often at the dark windows, and Karina is sitting very still, occasionally putting a grape into her round mouth.

The storm is slowly dying down. It still pours with rain, but the thunder and lightning have gone. The men should be here by now, unless they were unable to find a car to drive them back from the port. The general conversation is very loud. A few men have organized a card game. Everybody is relieved that it's over. M. Carnot turns on the radio. There is dance music—a samba. Very formally, he asks Mme. Carnot to dance. She gets up graciously, and they are dancing now. They are rather big people, but they dance surprisingly well. Two more couples get up and dance. Tables are being pushed aside. The Belgian doctor asks me to dance with him, and his wife nods at me so encouragingly that it is impossible for me to refuse. We traipse around for a full two minutes, then the tune changes to a Twist and the good doctor gives up reluctantly and takes me back to my table.

Where the hell are Vatti and Wiktor—the least they could do is telephone if they can't get transportation. Just then they enter the dining room. For God's sake, they have changed their clothes again. They look fresh and healthy and as dry as bones. Mutti and Karina beam at them, and they begin to talk. Mario shows up, all smiles and expectancy, and, sure enough, they order more French champagne. The room is full of talk and laughter, and everybody is staring now unashamedly and enviously. Hostility mounts like a tide. New dance music comes out of the loudspeaker. The champagne cork pops once more, and this time hits the ceiling. The word "*Prost*" can be heard repeated several times, and a number of couples begin to dance contemptuously.

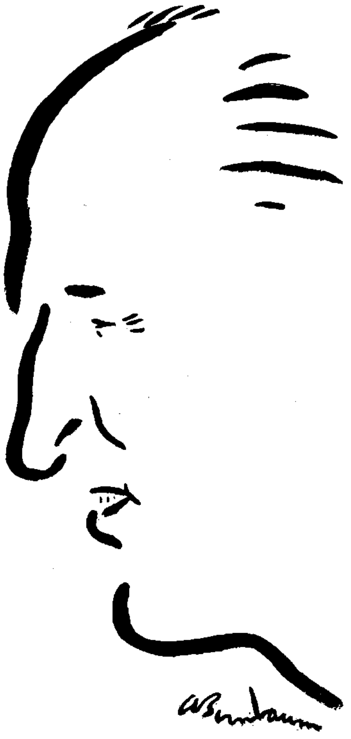
Wiktor quickly drains his glass. Vatti asks Mutti to rumba with him. Wiktor gets up, probably to ask Karina. No, he is coming toward me. He stops. Will I dance? Yes, I will. He is relieved; he bows, he murmurs his name—which I know anyway from the luggage labels—he puts his arm around my waist loosely. He smells of Carven for Men. We mingle with the other couples. Vatti and Mutti smile at us; everybody else stares. Their tongues will start wagging in a moment. We dance very nicely. He is all right—has an ear for rhythm and is quick on his feet. I can do anything he can, and more. I love to dance. We glide and turn, he lets me go, he lets me fly, swirls me around. There is a pause; the speaker interrupts the music and announces a tango—an old-fashioned, Argentine tango. Wiktor hesitates for a moment, then draws me closer; I can feel the muscles of his broad chest against mine. We make two long, lovely sliding steps, then I shake my arm—my left arm—and I let my bracelet slip down to my wrist. The two inches of untanned skin stand out like a strange scar, and on that white band of skin my tattooed number. It is a long number, five figures beginning with an eight, which means that I wasn't taken to the camp until 1943—rather late, considering that two years later everything was over. The chic numbers are, of course, the short ones, because they are so scarce. I wonder who had No. 1. Dr. May wants to cut my number out and graft on skin from my thigh, but I haven't made up my mind. Maybe now I will let him do it.

Wiktor stares at my arm, trips slightly over my right foot, excuses himself, and executes a very complicated tango step skillfully. We dance on beautifully. The next to notice is Mme. Carnot; she never misses a thing. She nudges M. Carnot. And as we glide slowly around the dance floor, they finally all see it in turn—all of them except Vatti and Mutti, who dance blissfully, cheek to cheek, eyes closed, deep in memories, humming the familiar, corny, old-fashioned, prewar tango. —MIRA MICHAL

❋ PROFILES ❋

GOOD MANNERS AND COMMON SENSE

AT six o'clock in the morning of a raw winter day last January, a Coast Guard cutter left the Battery to go out and meet the S.S. United States, which had Queen Frederika of Greece and her daughter, Princess Irene, on board. On the cutter were the usual health, immigration, and customs men, some reporters and photographers, and a party of official greeters. The temperature was icy, a thirty-mile wind was blowing, the harbor waters were choppy, and most of the small boat's passengers, shivering on the open deck and enviously sniffing the aroma of coffee that wafted up from the cutter's snug but overcrowded cabin, looked glum. None of them had better reason to feel sorry for himself than the head of the welcoming delegation, Ambassador Angier Biddle Duke, the urbane, indefatigable Chief of Protocol of the United States, who had had only three hours' sleep the night before—having attended a memorial concert for his late friend Jacques Fray, the pianist and radio commentator—and had missed breakfast. But Duke, a forty-eight-year-old grandfather who keeps in shape by furiously pedalling on an Exercycle, appeared fit and fresh in his well-tailored topcoat and ambassadorial homburg, and looked as cheerful as a Chief of Protocol is always, in public, supposed to look. He was accompanied by two members of his Office of Protocol staff and by his wife, Robin, an equally tireless and glowingly attractive woman who, having once been chief of international public relations for the Pepsi-Cola Company, is never overawed by foreign dignitaries. When the small boat reached the large one, Duke hopped aboard and bade Her Majesty a gracious welcome to America. He helped her get ready for a press conference. He saw to all the arrangements for her debarkation and for the handling of her luggage. He smiled at her toy poodle. Later, after the liner was berthed, he and his wife escorted the royal ladies off the pier and, in one of the Carey limousines that our government hires on such occasions, to the Waldorf-Astoria, where he made sure that everything was to the Queen's taste. All went smoothly, and Her Majesty thanked him warmly for his attentiveness. It was accordingly with wry amusement that Duke read the opening sentence of the *Times*' account of the royal arrival the following morning. It said, “Queen Frederika of Greece shunned protocol yesterday with ease and dignity.”



Angier Biddle Duke

Duke has been Chief of Protocol since the start of the Kennedy administration, and he has functioned as both impresario and performer in a hundred and twenty-six official visits to this country. He is the by now familiar fellow with the aquiline, aristocratic nose and the thinning hair who appears in newspaper photographs presenting an arriving potentate to our President, standing slightly behind and to one side of the eminent principals in ceremonial formations, or striding a rank or two to the rear in state processions, his hands clasped solemnly behind him in an American variation of what protocol buffs have come to call the Prince Philip walk. Though technically attached to the Department of State, Duke spends so much time at the White House that Elizabeth Carpenter, Mrs. Lyndon Johnson's press secretary, has called it “Angie's second home.” It is the responsibility of the Office of Protocol to greet a high-placed visitor; to cosset him and soothe him and indulge his every whim; to convince him that Americans believe *him* to be not only every bit as important as, in his own nation, he has understandably come to think he is but every bit as important as the head of any other outlying sovereign state, regardless of size or influence; and, at his leave-taking, to make sure that he carries off pleasant memories and hasn't lost any of his baggage. Duke is often the first consequential representative of our government that a foreign chieftain sees when he reaches the United States, the last one he sees when he departs, and the one he sees most of in between. The impression the visitor forms of this country is very likely to be conditioned by his impression of Angier Biddle Duke.

“Protocol” stems from the Greek “*prōtokollon*,” which was a sheet of paper glued to the front of a notarial document, giving the document its authenticity. Stanley Woodward, President Truman's Chief of Protocol, defined the word in its modern connotation as “the science and art of handling people, usually official people or people in official life.” Truman himself once wrote to the Foreign Service officer and author Charles W. Thayer, “Protocol and striped pants give me a pain in the neck.” The word “protocol” pains Duke, too. Many people, he is achingly aware, consider him a governmental Emily Post; actually, in the more than three years he has spent in Washington he has worn striped pants only twice—at President Kennedy's inauguration and at his funeral. Duke is a stylish dresser, though. He is one of those slim, straight men who, like Prince Philip and like Duke's favorite uncle, the late Ambassador Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, Jr., looks good in a double-breasted suit. Striped pants aside, Duke's job does require him to dress up a good deal. White-tie affairs are less frequent in Washington now than they used to be, so he can get by with a single tailcoat, but to take in all the evening functions that a conscientious Chief of Protocol must attend he has to keep four dinner jackets in circulation.

In one costume or another, Duke covers a lot of social territory. Today, a hundred and fourteen political entities have permanent diplomatic missions in Washington. There has never before been such a concentration of ambassadors, ministers, and chargés d'affaires in a single national capital. The dean of the Washington diplomatic corps, Dr. Guillermo Sevilla-Sacasa, the Ambassador from Nicaragua, said not long ago, “A whole new day starts for me after six. I never feel or look tired after six, because I am circulating, and when I am circulating I am happily working." Duke circulates, too. When in Washington, he averages a dozen cocktail parties—or receptions, as they are called—a week, and also fits in half a dozen dinners and two or three luncheons. He is so often out on the town that he sometimes has to forgo sleep in order to get in his daily workout on his Exercycle. On such occasions, he is apt to become despondent about his job. "I'm lost," he said in a recent moment of despair. "Everybody thinks I'm dealing only with the externals of life. I'm lost and of no importance." Then he brightened. "But there are compensations," he went on. "It's satisfying to be as close as I've been to the sources of world power."

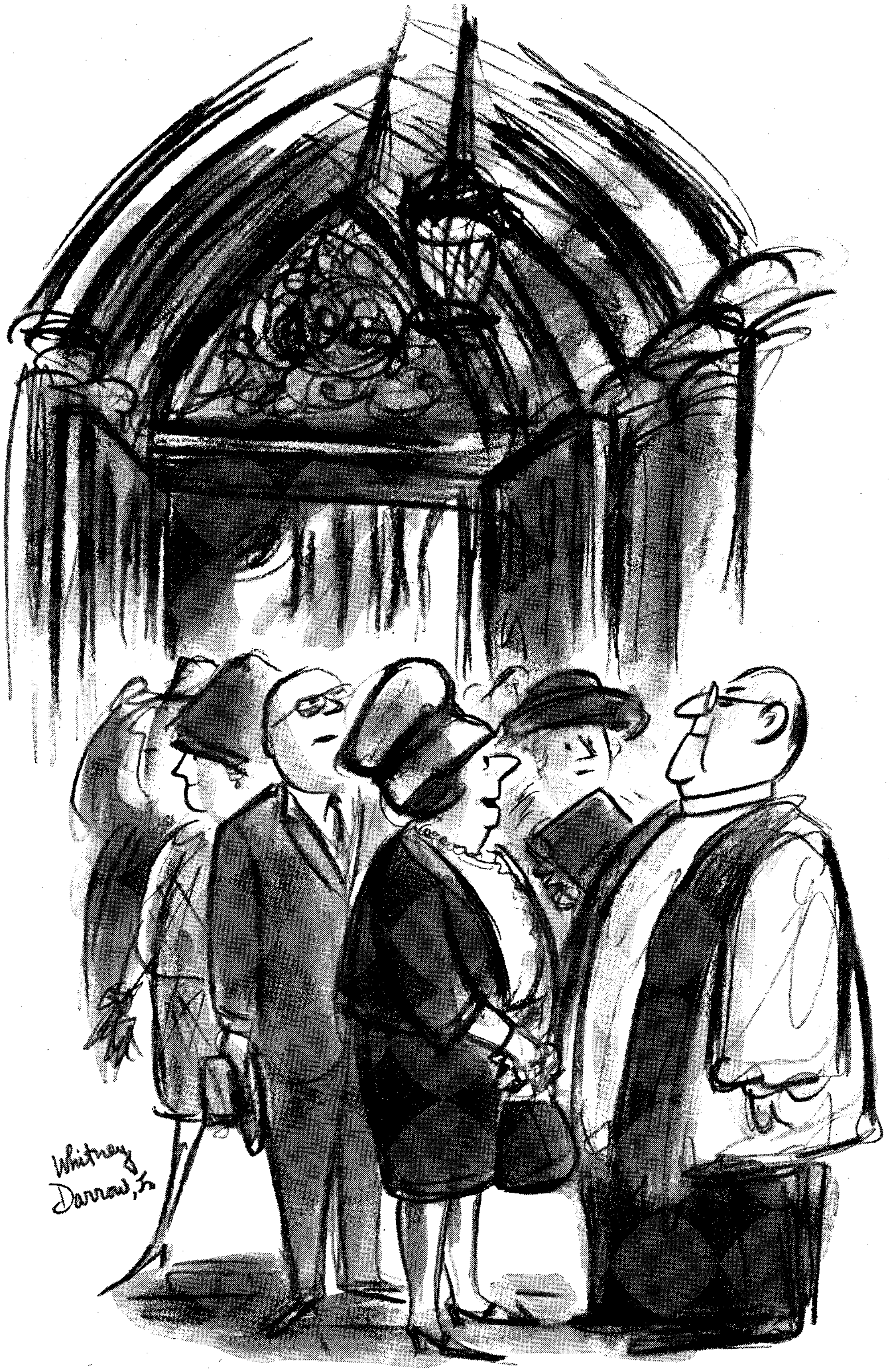
FOR the sources of power that preside over most of the non-Communist parts of the world, and over a few Communist ones, a trip to Washington is usually a pleasant and instructive experience, and often—in an era of foreign-aid appropriations—a rewarding one. During the Eisenhower years, an average of eight chiefs of state visited this country annually. Since 1961, the average has nearly tripled, as the number of independent nations has steadily mounted. The ceremonial aspects of Duke's life involve different kinds of visits. There are all-stops-out state visits, with round upon round of formal dinners and receptions and pilgrimages to the Lincoln Memorial and the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier and President Kennedy's grave at Arlington National Cemetery (where Duke's office keeps a green plastic wreath, in case a pilgrim forgets to bring his own). The high points of any state visit, of course, are the visitor's meetings with our President. These sessions—some business, some social—used to run on for three days, but President Kennedy, worried about his stamina and that of his visitors, too, mercifully imposed a two-day limit. President Johnson has retained it. Then, there are official working visits (slightly shorter in duration and conducted with less fanfare than state visits, but hardly austere even so), unofficial visits (the Queen of Greece's January trip), and private visits (the admission to a Boston hospital of King Saud of Saudi Arabia for an eye operation). Every kind of visit presents problems to Protocol, and a state visit, being the fanciest, presents the most. The United States prefers that the official members of a touring party number no more than ten (and it is only for official members that our government pays the bill), but the unofficial membership is unlimited; when the King of Morocco was here last year, he had an entourage of fifty-seven. Some rulers arrive, moreover, with a flock of journalists in tow, and they need looking after, too; when João Goulart was President of Brazil, he set the record in that category, with ninety-three. Our government suggests a maximum of ten days for a visit (the two days in Washington and eight elsewhere), and Duke is forever urging the ambassadors he treats with to expose their chiefs to a variety of American experiences. Would the honored visitor care to see a steel mill, or have a conference with the Secretary of Agriculture? Would he care to take in a paratroop demonstration at Fort Bragg, like the President of Pakistan, or look over nuclear submarines at Norfolk, like the President of Italy, or visit Niagara Falls, like the President of Togoland, or visit a Lockheed plant in California, like the Shah of Iran, who pilots his own jets? It can be arranged.

Two years ago, trying to be helpful, Duke drew up and had widely circulated what he called "A Diplomat's Tour" of the United States—an annotated list of ten places that he thought were first-rate when it came to giving visitors to this country "a new look at its traditions and a clearer insight into the minds and hearts of its people." The select ten were Williamsburg (". . . reflects the greatest tradition of the United States: political liberty"), Los Ange-

les and its environs ("Disneyland . . . represents the American people's ebullience and sense of fun [and] also demonstrates that our enormous energy and imagination are not only applied to military and industrial works but to projects that add to the joy of the world"), Colorado Springs (". . . you get a feeling for the infinite variety of the U.S."), Charleston (". . . this country's past gives us a deep understanding and sympathy for any nation's desire for internal peace and unity of purpose"), the Tennessee River Valley (". . . especially fascinating to Socialist-oriented diplomats"), Boston (". . . closely identified with our rise from colonial status"), Seattle (". . . almost every family has a boat"), Detroit ("American cars made on assembly lines are symbolic of this country's industrial genius"), West Point (". . . visitors here are reminded of America's revolutionary past"), and Washington (the Lincoln Memorial "has the most marvellous effect on all visitors, American or foreign, especially those from the new nations of Africa"). Duke was not trying to say that these were the *only* ten places worth going to—indeed, he omitted New York City, which practically every foreigner makes a port of call—but he hadn't reckoned with the reaction of some of the communities he left out. Several congressmen and state governors told the White House that they considered Duke's diplomatic tour a most undiplomatically restrictive itinerary, and Duke had to spend a couple of days reassuring spokesmen for one peeved area or another.

A chief of state or prime minister coming here as a guest can have considerable to say about how and where he would like to meet his host. It is customary in Saudi Arabia, for instance, for a state guest to receive his host before he visits his host. Accordingly, when King Saud was here on a non-private visit, President Kennedy made the first move, dropping in at a Palm Beach house the King was occupying. Prime Minister Lester Pearson of Canada likes informal conferences; to accommodate *him*, Kennedy skipped Washington entirely and had a clubby tête-à-tête at Hyannis Port, with a minimum of fuss and only a half-dozen aides in each man's retinue. It is more difficult to handle state visitors outside of Washington than in it. Institutionally, the White House is wherever the President is, but the permanent White House building is a sturdier showcase than any temporary one, and the guardians of the principals—the Secret Service for our President and, for his guest, the State Department's security force, usually augmented by the guest's own bodyguards—always breathe easier when the big men are sequestered there. (During each visit, the State Department security people, to facilitate quick identification of safe persons, issues distinctive lapel insignia to the participants. These buttons or pins usually sport the colors of the visitor's national flag. As a gift for Duke, his wife has had a lot of them mounted and framed. At first glance, they resemble a collection of decorations for heroism in action, which in a sense they are.)

One of Duke's most self-satisfying innovations, achieved in an area where change is resisted, has been to arrange for incoming visitors to be conveyed directly to the White House lawn by helicopter. It has always been the custom for the President to personally greet his peers from abroad when they reach the capital, and Presidents had


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

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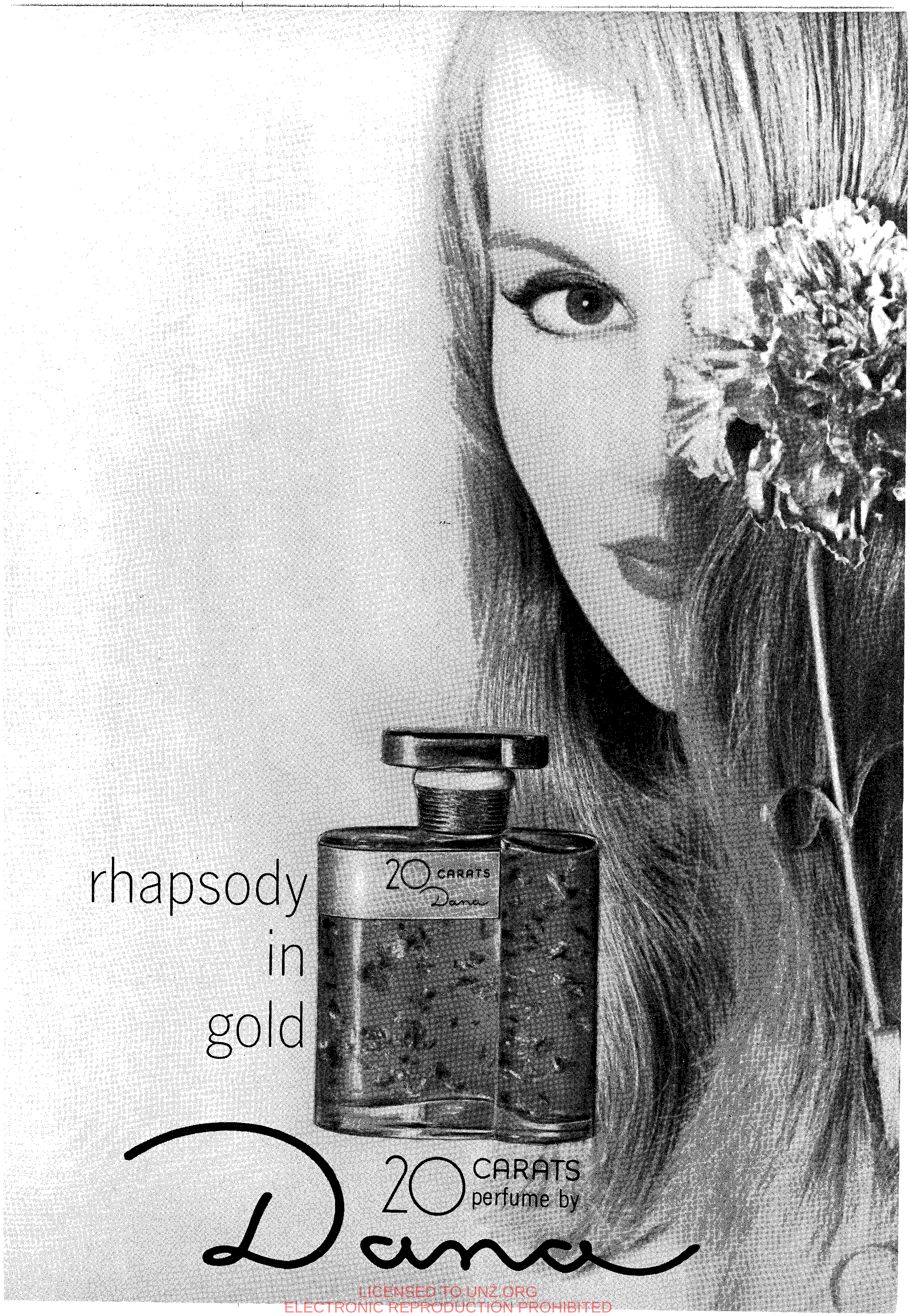
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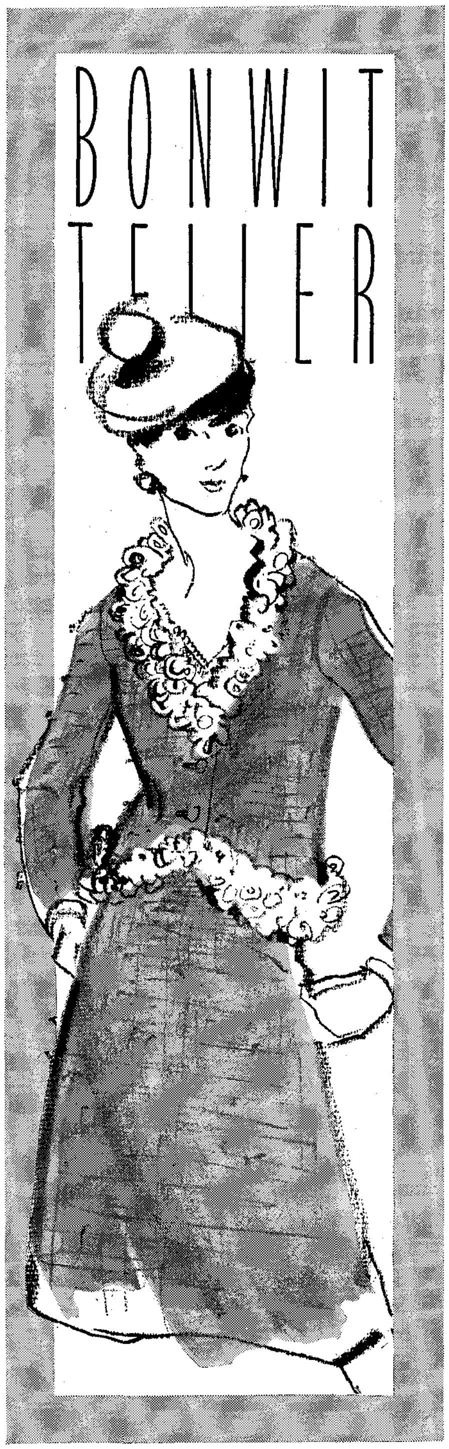

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been doing so for years at Union Station, if the visitors came by train, or at one of the airports outside Washington, if they came by plane. It took a lot of time, and it was a headache for the Secret Service, the District of Columbia police, and others involved in security. Duke persuaded President Kennedy that an arrival at the White House by helicopter—either from a Washington airport or from a nearby city like Philadelphia or Williamsburg—would save time and could be staged with suitable pomp and dignity. Persuading the diplomatic corps was another matter. When Duke broached the idea to several ambassadors who had chiefs of state coming over, they all said that it sounded dandy but let somebody else try it first; they didn't want their chiefs treated differently from any previous visitors. Duke's chance came in September, 1962, when President Ben Bella of Algeria visited the United States. He had been in office so briefly that he didn't have an accredited ambassador. Duke was able to negotiate directly with Algiers, and his novel scheme was approved there. Once Ben Bella had arrived by helicopter and set a precedent, other chiefs of state fell amiably into line; they could do so without blazing trails or losing face. There were holdouts, inevitably. Emperor Haile Selassie is very conscious of his prerogatives. It is an Ethiopian tradition, moreover, that the farther a host travels to receive a guest, the greater homage he pays him. Duke heard through the diplomatic grapevine that some of the senior advisors of the Lion of Judah thought that for a President merely to take a few steps from his front door to his lawn was unacceptably effortless. President Eisenhower had once gone to Union Station for the Emperor, and President Kennedy was expected to do no less. Duke sent a Protocol man to Addis Ababa to show Haile Selassie some movies of Ben Bella's arrival, in all its ceremonial glory. The Emperor admired the pictures but stuck to the train. President Kennedy met it.

Occasionally, it is expedient to hold a state visit outside the capital. When President López-Mateos of Mexico was invited to confer with President Johnson last February, the White House thought that Palm Springs, California, would make a pleasant setting. The weather was sure to be better out there than in Washington; in an election year, a President always finds it helpful to pay his respects to a state with a big electoral vote; and Palm Springs is only a short helicopter ride from Los

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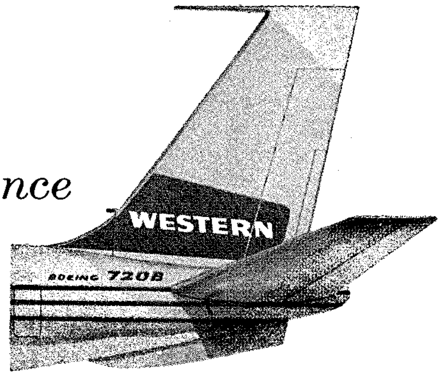
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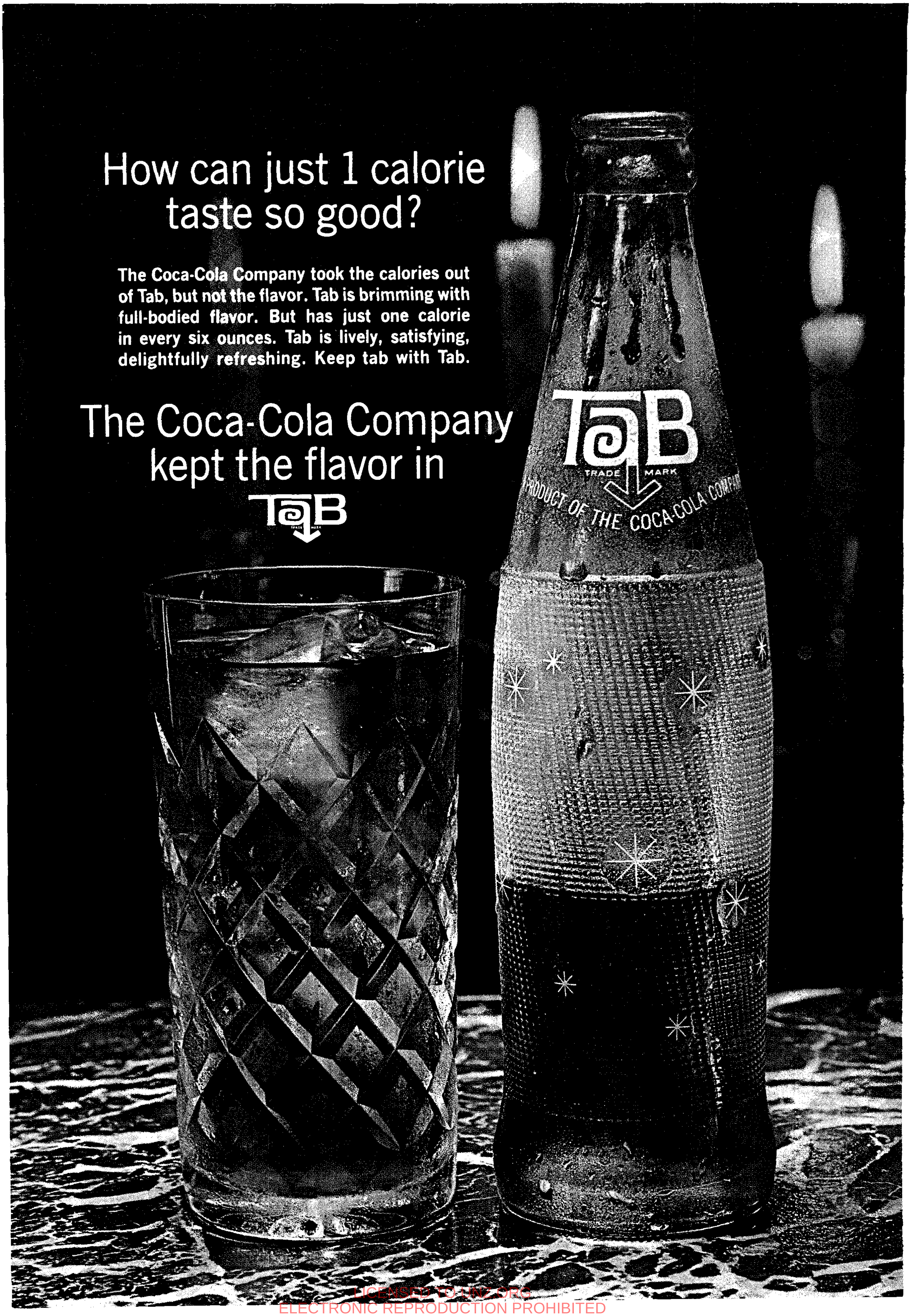
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Angeles, which has a larger Mexican population than any settlement except Mexico City. Along with Secret Service men, communications experts, White House social secretaries, and other advance planners, Duke was in Palm Springs long before the two Presidents arrived (he inspected and approved the private house that the Secret Service and the White House social staff had selected for Mr. Johnson to occupy), and he was on hand throughout the visit. He is a perfectionist, and although most people thought the meeting went off quite nicely, he composed a critical memorandum about it as soon as he returned to Washington. At one point, he had observed disapprovingly, the Governor of California had had to carry his own suitcase; at another, Mrs. Johnson's brother, who was on the scene, had had to walk a few blocks when there should have been a place for him in a car; and, worst of all, there had almost been a grievous lapse in coördinating the initial arrivals of the two Presidents at the Los Angeles airport. The timetable Protocol had devised called for Johnson to step out of his airplane fifteen minutes before López-Mateos stepped out of his. But something had gone wrong, and someone opened the door of the Mexican plane seven minutes too soon. As a result, López-Mateos had come dangerously close to setting foot on American soil before Johnson could be disentangled from a welcoming party and rushed across the runway to give his guest a proper greeting. It is with such procedural niceties that a Chief of Protocol must be unremittingly concerned.

All in all, though, the visit of López-Mateos was a success. At least, nobody made an attempt on his life—the ultimate disaster for Protocol. When Marshal Tito was here in October, 1963, two unfriendly Yugoslavs sneaked up a back stairway to his floor in the Waldorf-Astoria and almost got to his door before they were intercepted. On hearing of this near miss, Tito angrily threatened to cancel the rest of his stay. A Protocol man on duty at the Waldorf called Washington, where Duke, in the expectation that everything would be tranquil in New York, had gone to attend a concert given in Constitution Hall to commemorate United Nations Day. Summoned outside the auditorium, Duke was joined by General Chester V. Clifton, Jr., the White House military aide. At first, Duke was all for grabbing a plane to New York, but it would have been several hours at best before he could reach the Wal-

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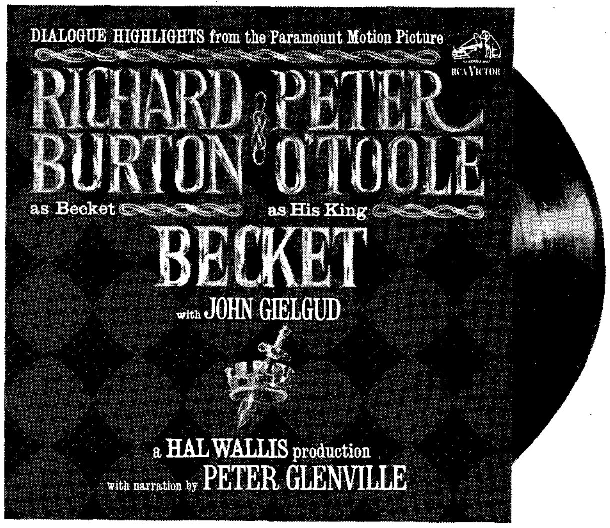

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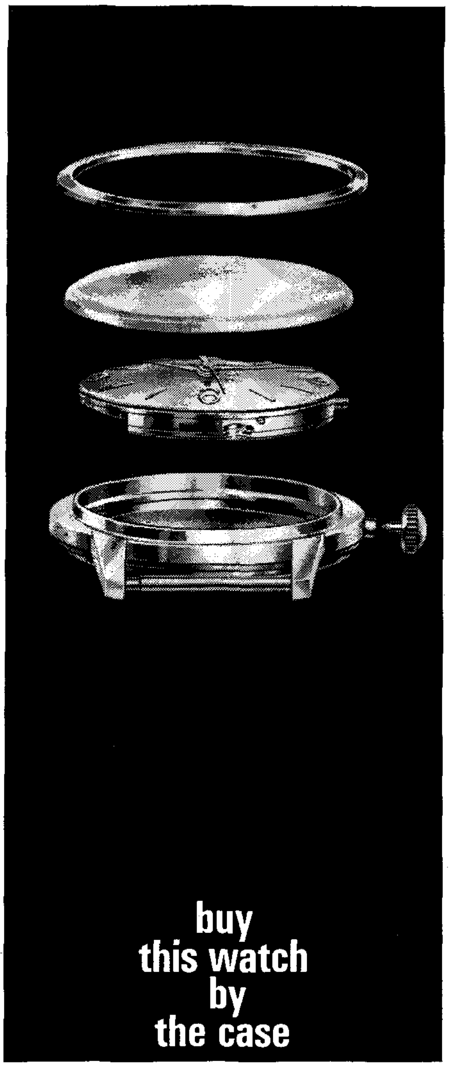

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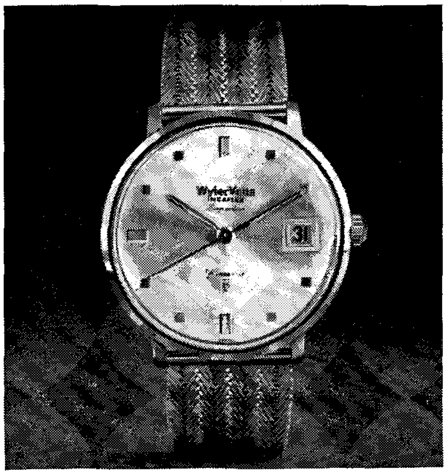

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dorf. Instead, the two men retired to the basement, where there was a pay telephone. From that command post, they tried to decide what to do to mollify the nation's outraged guest. By trial and error, they traced Adlai Stevenson, in New York, to a dinner party he was attending. Hearing the bad news, Stevenson said he'd go right over to the hotel and try to calm Tito down. By this time, the concert was over, the audience had left, Mrs. Duke and Mrs. Clifton were sitting on the basement stairs and yawning, maintenance men were wondering whether they were ever going to be able to shut up the hall and go home, and Duke and General Clifton had run through all their small change and all the change in their wives' purses. "You learn something from every crisis," the General said afterward. "What we learned from that one was that you need lots of nickels and dimes."

Protocol is in many ways simply a fusion of good manners and common sense. It stands to reason that the better informed a host is about his guest, the more successfully he can entertain him. Thus, as soon as a foreigner has agreed to come here the Protocol people begin compiling a dossier on his likes and dislikes, hobbies and habits, crotchets and idiosyncrasies. Information is procured, indeed, about every known member of an approaching party, so that the Americans who will mingle with them can know that this one speaks fluent French, that that one is a left-handed tennis player, and so on. A few weeks before the northward trek of one Latin-American President, the United States ambassador to his capital, in response to an inquiry from Protocol, sent word that, among other things, the President could not abide having his food seasoned, was leery of drafts, liked his bedroom warmed to an uncommonly high temperature, doted on classical ballet, and not only didn't smoke but in his own bailiwick wouldn't tolerate smoking in his presence. "He does drink champagne and Scotch," the ambassador added, "but does not like to be forced into drinking." A long, detailed set of dietary instructions was appended, and the ambassador, in a final caveat, warned Protocol not to mistranslate the President's favorite breadstuff, known as *galletas de agua*, as "soda crackers" or "water biscuits." There had been confusion on this score before, and to clarify the point the ambassador went on to describe the baked goods. "These are actually big, round, moderately thick things with bubbles in

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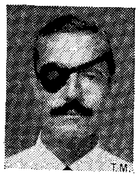

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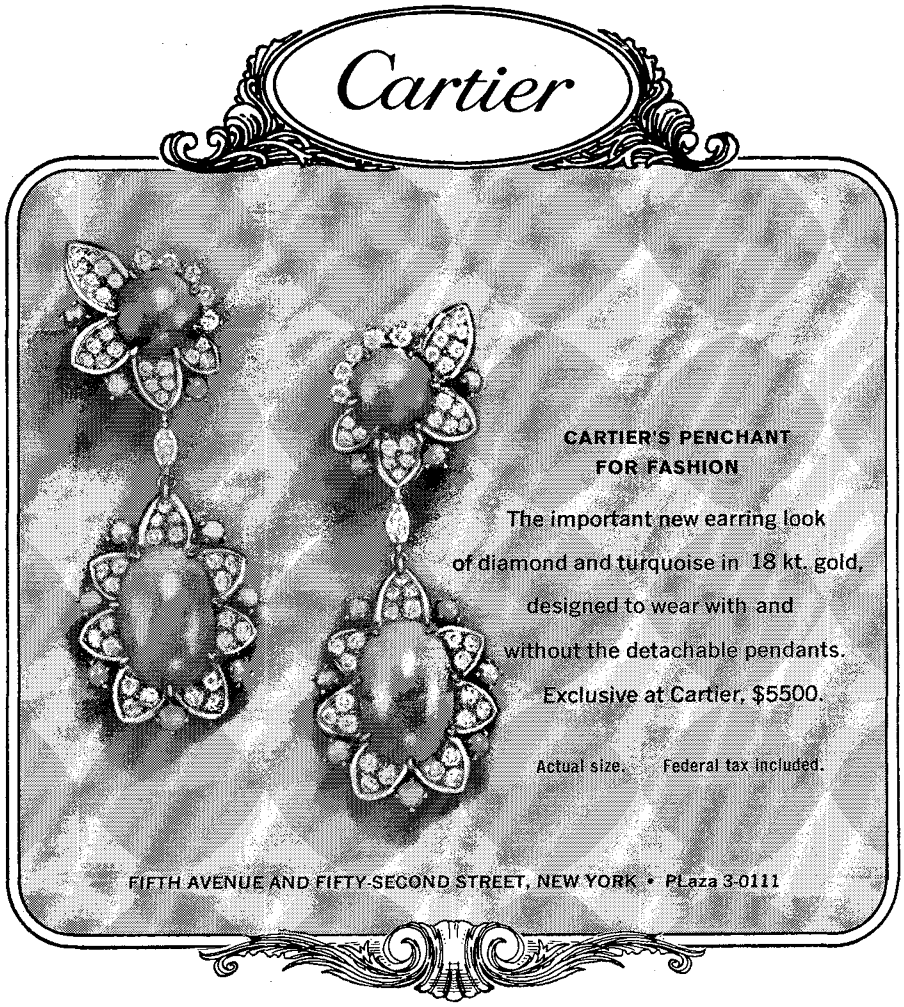

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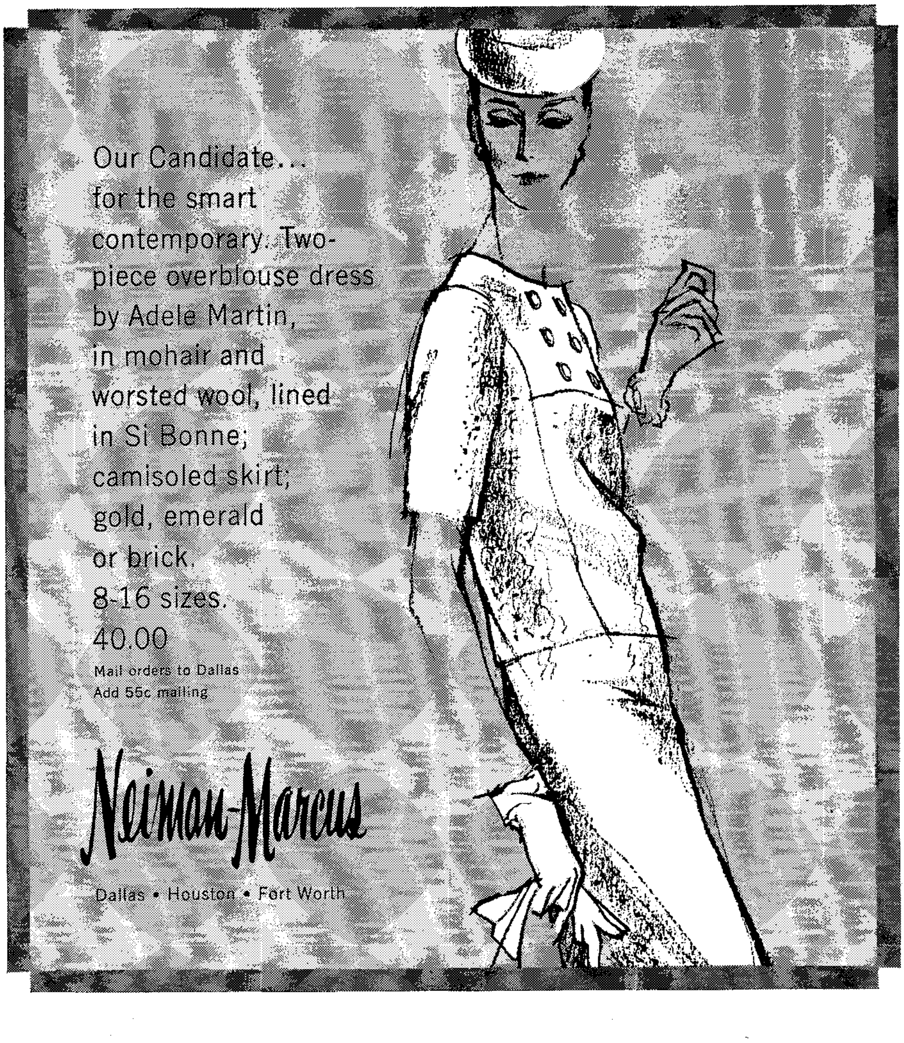

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them—something like ship biscuit," he said. Thoroughly briefed, Protocol laid in a copious supply of authentic *galletas de agua*, closed windows tightly, turned up thermostats, hid ashtrays, bought a bunch of ballet tickets, and ran a successful visit. The most assiduously gathered intelligence, though, is apt to have flaws or omissions. It was not until after Duke had solicitously tried to shield the King of Afghanistan with an umbrella during a shower that he learned that it is considered lèse-majesté in Kabul to interpose anything between the heavens and the royal head. And it was not until President Antonio Segni of Italy had got a good part of the way through his Washington stay last January that Duke learned that he does not like to be known as "His Excellency." Protocol had never before had a President who didn't. Duke's office managed to edit the honorific out of most of its own written references to the visitor, but the discovery came too late for the White House to follow suit.

President Segni was the first important visitor to be given a reception at the White House after Lyndon Johnson took up residence there. Chancellor Erhard of West Germany had been over earlier, but he had gone to the President's home in Texas. To give state visitors a chance to catch their breath before plunging into the stiff schedule of activities laid out for them, Duke urges them to spend one day of comparative rest before the President officially welcomes them. Most visitors gratefully comply. Marshal Tito elected to spend a quiet preliminary day at Williamsburg. The Italian President, like several other chiefs of state, chose Philadelphia, where he could, in Duke's words, "compose himself with a sense of America's past." Philadelphia seemed a logical stop-off for President Segni, because he was going to arrive in Washington by train. This represented a compromise. When Duke was laying plans for President Segni's arrival with Sergio Fenoaltea, the Italian Ambassador in Washington, Fenoaltea at first proposed that President Johnson meet Signor Segni at an airport. Duke said that would be out of the question—American Presidents never meet people at airports anymore—and brought up the subject of helicopters. He was reminded politely that President Kennedy had gone to Union Station for Ethiopia; surely President Johnson would do no less for Italy? Duke didn't want to stir up anything new between *those* two nations and yielded. With that out of the way, Duke and Fenoaltea began

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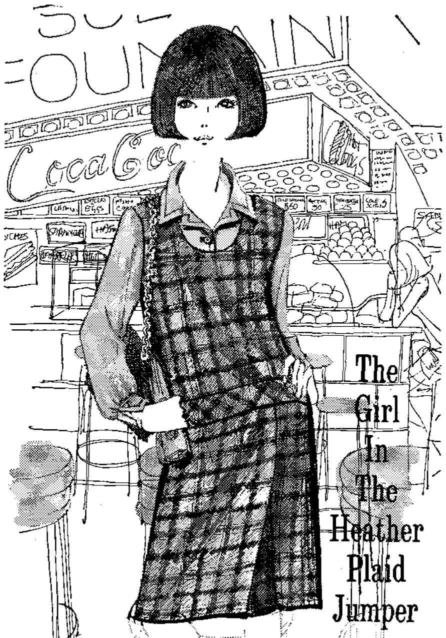
mapping out the details of Segni's visit. The Italian wondered whether Signor Segni couldn't have a relatively intimate session with the President at the LBJ Ranch, like Chancellor Erhard. Duke explained that it had been logical for Erhard to go to Texas, because Mr. Johnson had happened to be going there (and because there happen to be a lot of Germans in Texas), but that the President had no such plans for the time of the Segni trip. (There are practically no Italians in Texas.) Fenoaltea, zealous on behalf of his president's prestige, took a new tack. He wondered if it would not be possible for Signor Segni to address a joint session of Congress. Duke said he would see what he could do. He knew that Mike Mansfield, the Senate Majority Leader, was trying to keep joint sessions to a minimum; they take up legislative time, and they are customarily attended by a lot of people—the diplomatic corps, the Cabinet, the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and others—who would just as soon not have to leave their offices to go over to the Capitol and listen to a speech in a language most of them can't understand. The Chief of Protocol wanted to please the Italians, though, if he possibly could. So Duke went to see Senator Mansfield and John McCormack, Speaker of the House. He was aware, he told them, of Congress's attitude toward joint sessions, and he thoroughly sympathized with that position. But he also felt constrained to point out that anything Congress could do at that moment to solidify relations with a member of NATO would be most helpful. (He didn't have to point out to two such astute politicians that 1964 was a Presidential election year and that there were large Italian-American voting blocs in key cities of key states.) Congress capitulated, and the Italian government was overjoyed; West Germany had had the ranch, but Italy had got the legislature.

When chiefs of state fly over here, our government sometimes sends a plane for them, but only if their country doesn't have a transoceanic airline of its own. Because Jordan Airways, for instance, does not operate beyond the Middle East, Duke and his wife flew to Amman in April to pick up King Hussein. President Segni, on the other hand, came over on an Alitalia plane. He was supposed to fly non-stop from Rome to Philadelphia and land there early in the afternoon. Duke had planned to fly up from Washington that morning to meet him, but it was snowing, so he took a train. Segni's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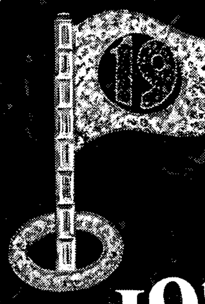

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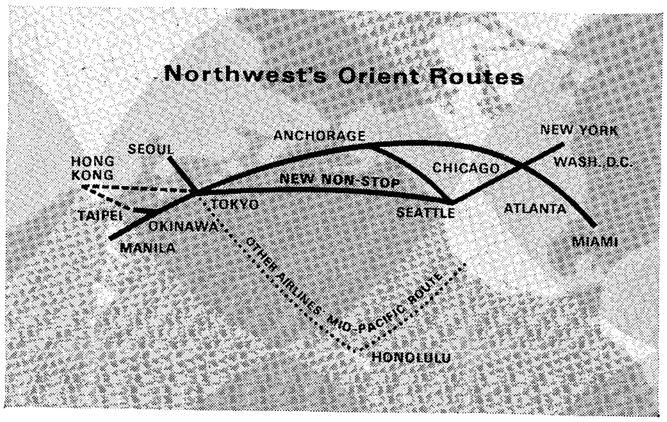
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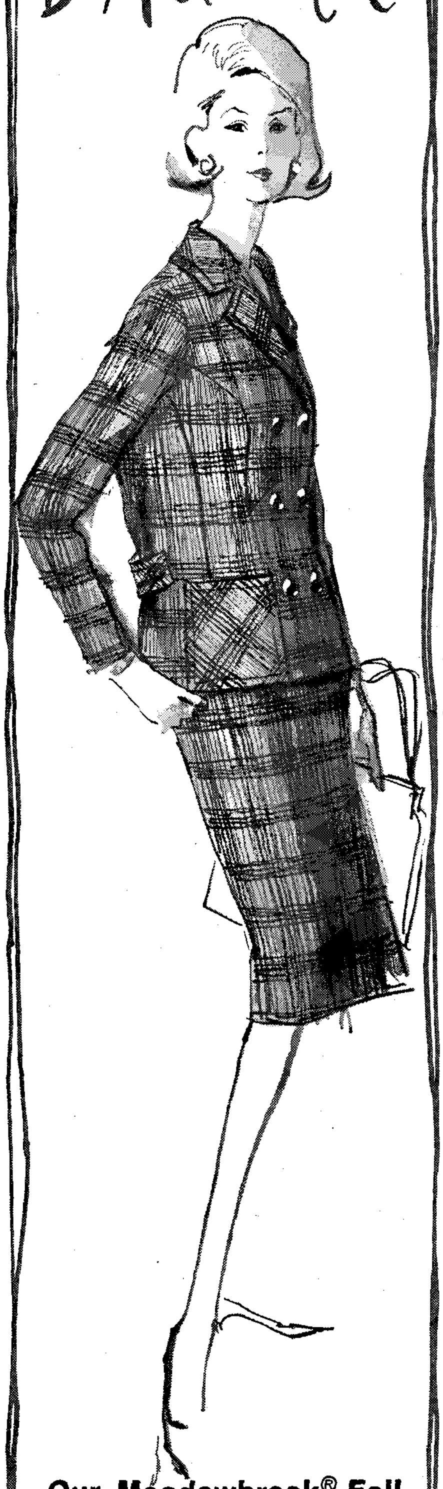

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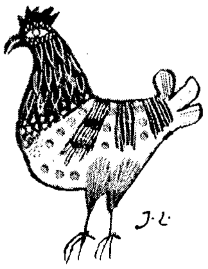
wife was accompanying her husband, and there were several other ladies in the Italian party, so Duke took his wife along, too. When the Dukes reached Philadelphia, around noon, it was snowing hard. They went to the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, where Segni was supposed to spend that first composed night, and found the lobby swarming with Italians also up from Washington, including Ambassador Fenoaltea and *his* wife. Duke phoned the airport and learned, not to his surprise, that Segni's plane couldn't land anywhere in the northeastern United States and was being diverted to Montreal. Segni's appointment to meet President Johnson at Union Station in Washington was at exactly noon the next day, and Duke began pondering how to get him there on time. Ambassador Fenoaltea thought that hitching a special car onto a Montreal-Washington train might be the answer, but it turned out that the earliest possible arrival time by rail was 1:20 P.M., which not only would throw the Union Station arrangements out of whack but would ruin a lunch that Dean Rusk was giving for President Segni at the State Department. There was talk of having the visiting party hole up in Montreal overnight and fly down in the morning, but Duke had his doubts about that. "I'm not sure the Italians want to throw themselves on the hospitality of the Canadian government without an invitation," he said. But in the end he had little choice, and it was decided that Segni would stay in Montreal overnight and fly to Friendship Airport, outside Baltimore, in the morning, arriving there at ten. This would enable him to board the same southbound Pennsylvania Railroad train that he would have taken from Philadelphia under the original plan.



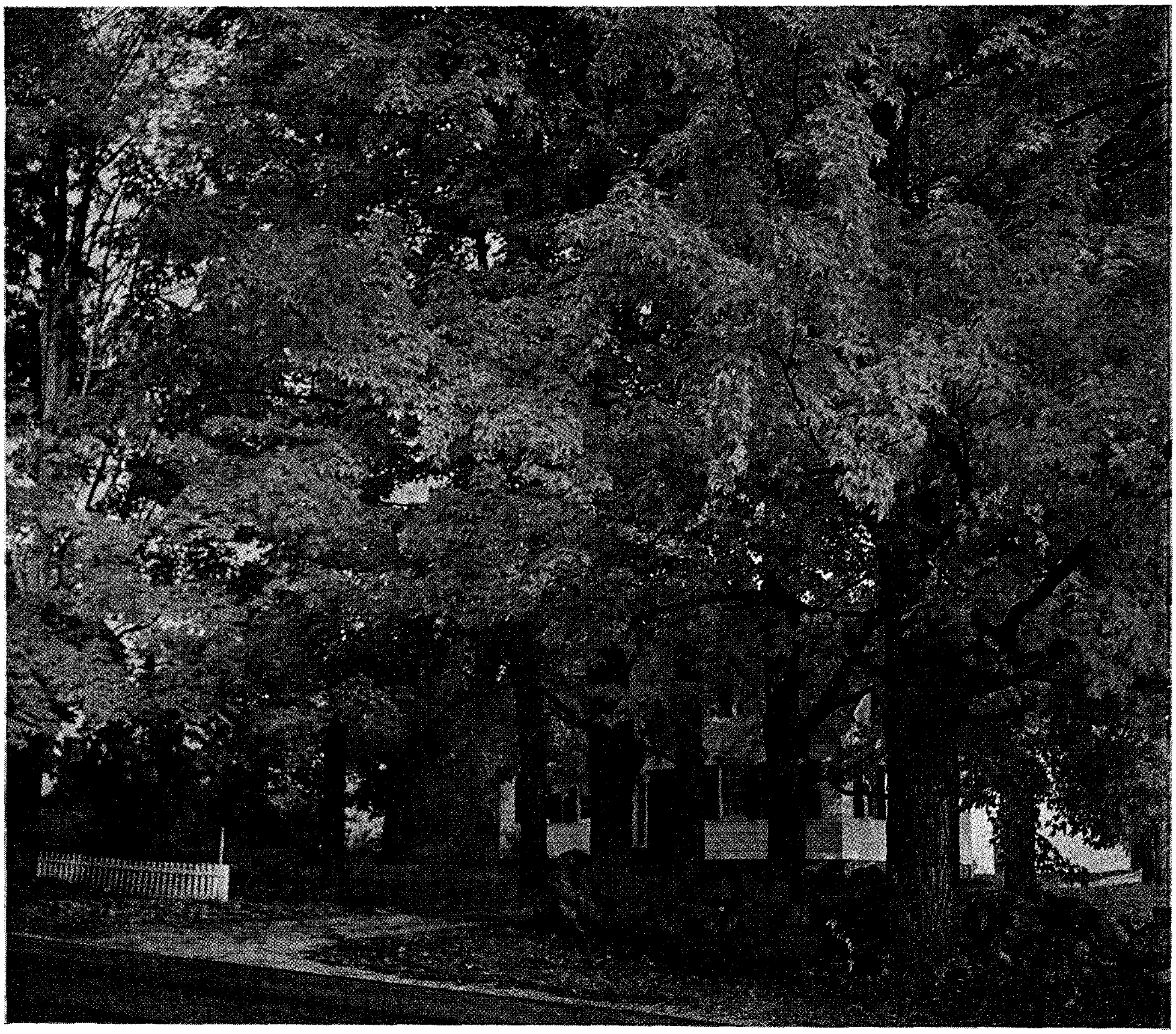
Duke hates to waste time. It was now 2:50 P.M., and he wanted to get to Baltimore and start making arrangements there as quickly as possible. He learned that there was a three-thirty-five train from Philadelphia to Baltimore, and passed the word to head for it to all hands—Ambassador Fenoaltea, other Italian officials, other Protocol men, American and Italian journalists, State Department security men, interpreters, and the assorted fringe people who can be found in any such congregation. In Baltimore, the Dukes established themselves in a suite at the Sheraton-Belvedere and ordered drinks for everyone around, from the Italian Ambassador down to an R.C.A. technician who was tagging along to help correspondents file dispatches about Segni, assuming they ever met up with him. The Dukes felt so good about the way things were shaping up that they decided to give a dinner for the Fenoalteas and a few others in their caravan, but the party failed of total success because Mrs. Duke ordered two local specialties—fresh oysters and devilled crabs—not knowing that Mrs. Fenoaltea can't stand shellfish. During the evening, Duke learned over the phone that the ranking State Department official in Montreal, the United States consul-general, had the situation there well under control. Mrs. Duke, who was born in Baltimore, took over the phone and tracked down the Mayor of Baltimore, Theodore Roosevelt McKeldin. She told him how delighted she, as a native of the city, was to be back home, and how delighted she knew he would be to hear that one of Europe's most distinguished figures was about to honor Baltimore with his presence. Wouldn't the Mayor like to be at the airport at ten in the morning? The Mayor said he would, and was sure that he could find a key to the city lying around somewhere before then.

At seven-thirty the next morning, while having breakfast, Duke learned that the Segni plane was ahead of schedule and would touch down at nine-thirty. The night before, Duke had arranged for a military bus to take most of his group to the airport, but he didn't want to be held up by stragglers, so while he was spreading the latest word from lobby to coffee shop and up and down relevant corridors, his wife went out to hail a cab. It is one of her specialties. She has been known to hurl herself in front of taxis when her husband is desperate for transportation. This morning, with the streets still clogged with snow, there wasn't a cab in sight. She flagged down a private car and told its startled woman driver that she simply had to get to the airport to meet the Mayor of Baltimore, who was going to meet the President of Italy. The woman thought she was daft and said, with asperity, "I bet you don't even know who the Mayor of Baltimore is."

"I do, too," said Mrs. Duke. "It's Theodore Roosevelt McKeldin."

"Well, I have to get to work," said the woman, moving off down the street.

Mrs. Duke shrugged, saw a taxi



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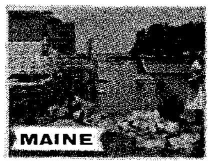

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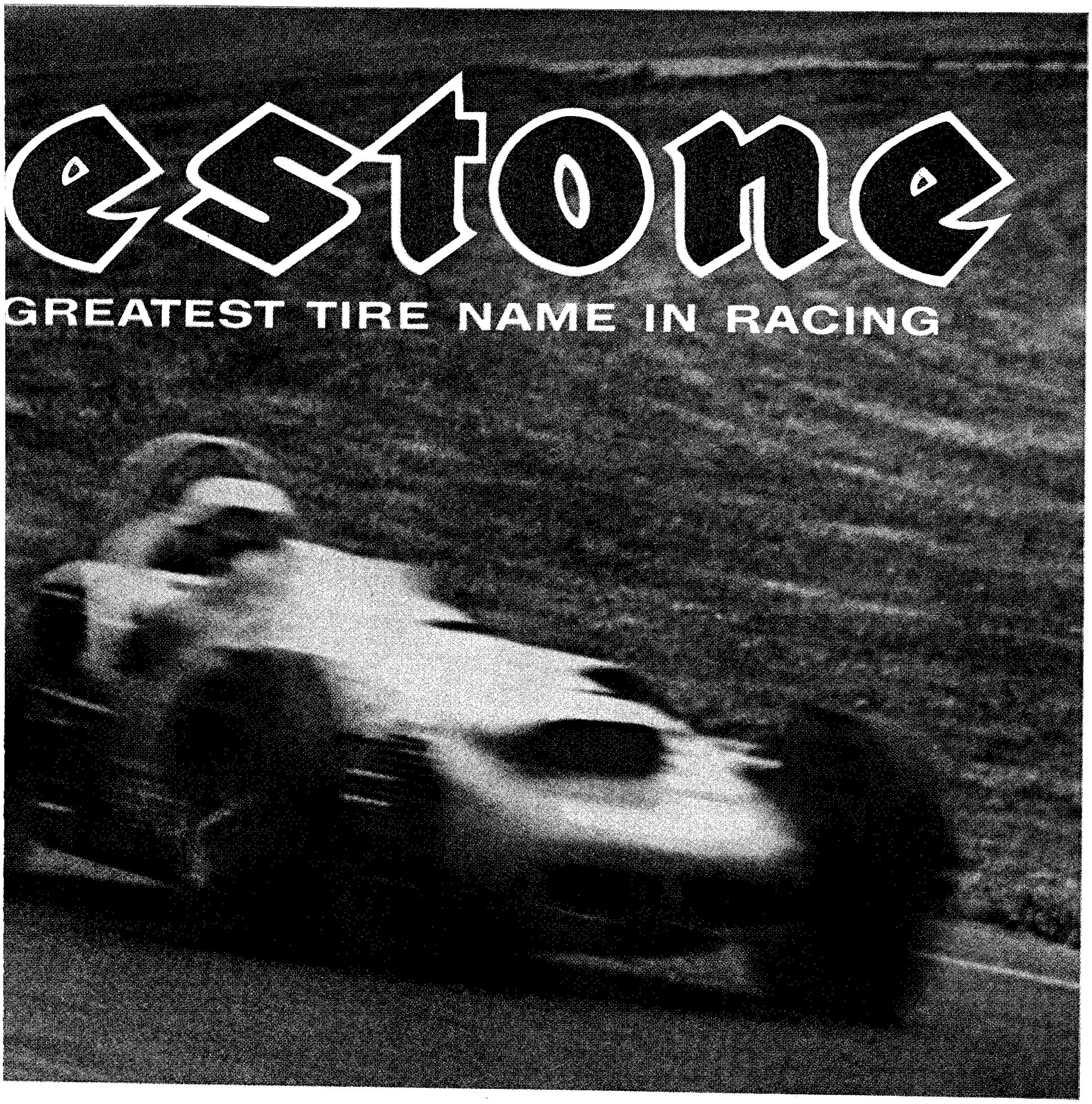

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drop off a passenger down the block, ran and flung herself upon it, and was soon comfortably settled inside it with her husband.

Friendship Airport is almost as close to Washington as it is to Baltimore, so it would have been logistically simpler for President Segni to be driven straight to the capital. But it would have been ceremonially unthinkable. By train he was supposed to arrive, and by train he would arrive. Duke was taken aback when he stepped into an airport phone booth and found out that the Philadelphia-to-Washington train he was supposed to make connections with was running an hour and a half late, but a second call brought reassuring news: the Pennsylvania Railroad, anticipating some such eventuality, had deadheaded a three-car special from Philadelphia to Baltimore, and that train was ready for boarding. Mayor McKeldin arrived with a key to the city, a red carpet was laid out on a snow-cleared stretch of runway, the Italian plane landed, Duke greeted Segni with aplomb, the party drove behind a police escort back into Baltimore and climbed on the special train, the train pulled out, and it arrived alongside a red-carpeted platform in Washington on the dot of noon. It had all worked out, and Duke had the air of a man who had fulfilled his mission as he stepped nimbly off the train, homburg in hand, and said, in the respectful tones the occasion demanded, "Mr. President, the President of Italy."

APLOMB is, of course, a requisite for a Chief of Protocol, and Angier Biddle Duke has it in abundance. He also has a name that sounds right for his job, although it sometimes confuses people. Known to his mother as Bunny and to his friends as Angie, he is often called Mr. Biddle Duke, as if he had a compound surname. When he was American Ambassador to El Salvador, in 1952, the papers there treated his surname like a title and called him El Duke. When he returned to Washington the following year and reported in at the White House, President Eisenhower addressed him—it is a common occurrence, and Duke was not taken aback—as Mr. Biddle. And, to compound the confusion, he was christened not Angier Biddle Duke but Angier Buchanan Duke, Jr. Born into a family with nomenclature as formidable as its wealth and social position, he and his younger brother, Anthony Drexel Duke, are related on their mother's side to most of the first families of Philadelphia. Duke's

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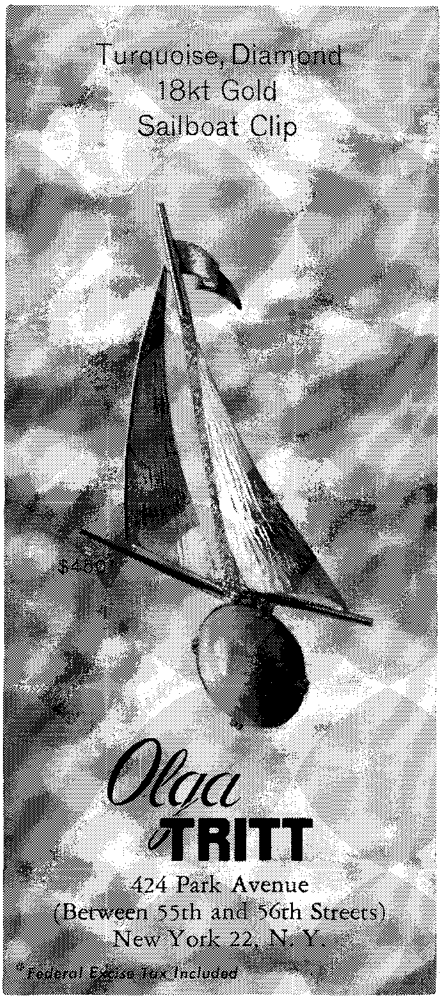
mother, the former Cordelia Drexel Biddle, is now the widow of the architect T. Markoe Robertson. She was the daughter of the celebrated Colonel Anthony Joseph Drexel Biddle, about whose eccentricities she collaborated with Kyle Crichton on a book, "My Philadelphia Father," which was adapted for the stage as "The Happiest Millionaire." Cordelia's brother, the suave diplomat Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, Jr., was first married to his sister's first husband's sister. Both Biddle-Duke alliances ended in divorce. The double sisters-in-law became, for a while, Mrs. Biddle Duke and Mrs. Duke Biddle. Angier Duke, whose brother Anthony has eight children by three marriages, has been married four times himself. By his first wife, Priscilla St. George, he had a son named Angier St. George Biddle Duke. He is known as Pony. Pony's sons—Angier's grandsons—are Benjamin Buchanan Duke and George St. George Duke. Angier's two younger sons by two later marriages are Drexel Dario Biddle Duke (known as Dario) and Angier Biddle Duke, Jr. (known as Biddle). Angier Biddle Duke's best friend is his double cousin, Nicholas Duke Biddle, and they share another cousin named Duke Angier. And the complications go on and on.

Duke's mother, Cordelia Drexel Biddle Duke Robertson, an unflaggingly animated and youthful-looking great-grandmother, is fondly described by her friends as a high-class gypsy. Her upbringing was unorthodox. As a girl, she sometimes served as a sparring partner for her father, a gentleman boxer of repute. The Colonel also liked to joust with well-honed bayonets, and he kept live alligators as house pets. When not scuffling with fists, knives, or reptiles, he taught Bible classes, in appropriate keeping with the Biddle family motto, "*Deus clipeus meus*"—"God is my shield." Cordelia had little formal education. Until she was fifteen, she never went to school, and at sixteen she abandoned the whole idea when she met Angier Buchanan Duke, who was thirty-one and had a Rolls-Royce and a private railroad car. He was the only grandson of Washington Duke, whose family had migrated to North Carolina from Maryland. By the time Washington Duke died, in 1905, he had established one of the nation's most substantial business enterprises—the American Tobacco Company. Washington Duke had two sons, who are buried with their father in the chapel of Duke University, which used to be Trinity College until the Dukes



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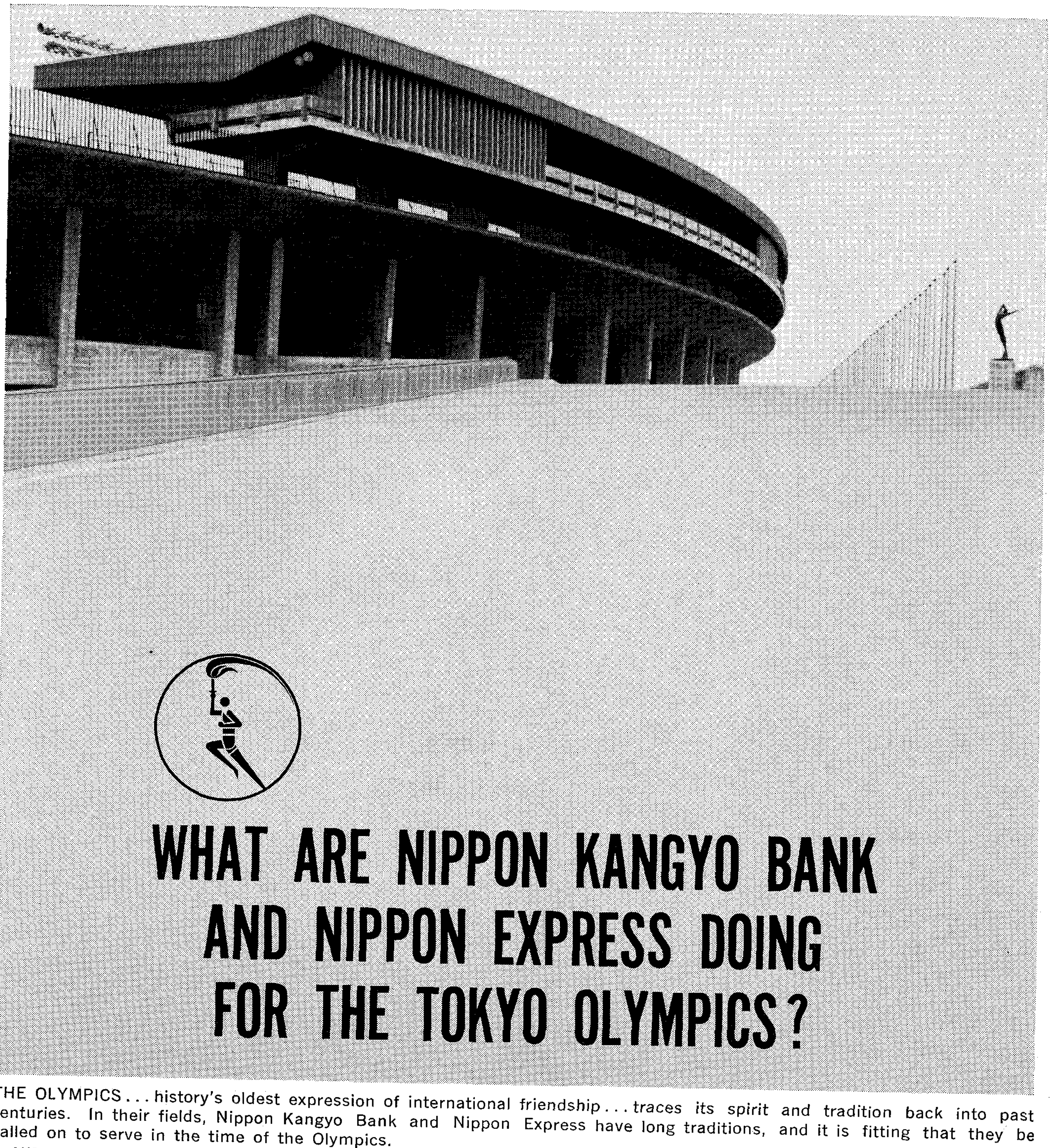

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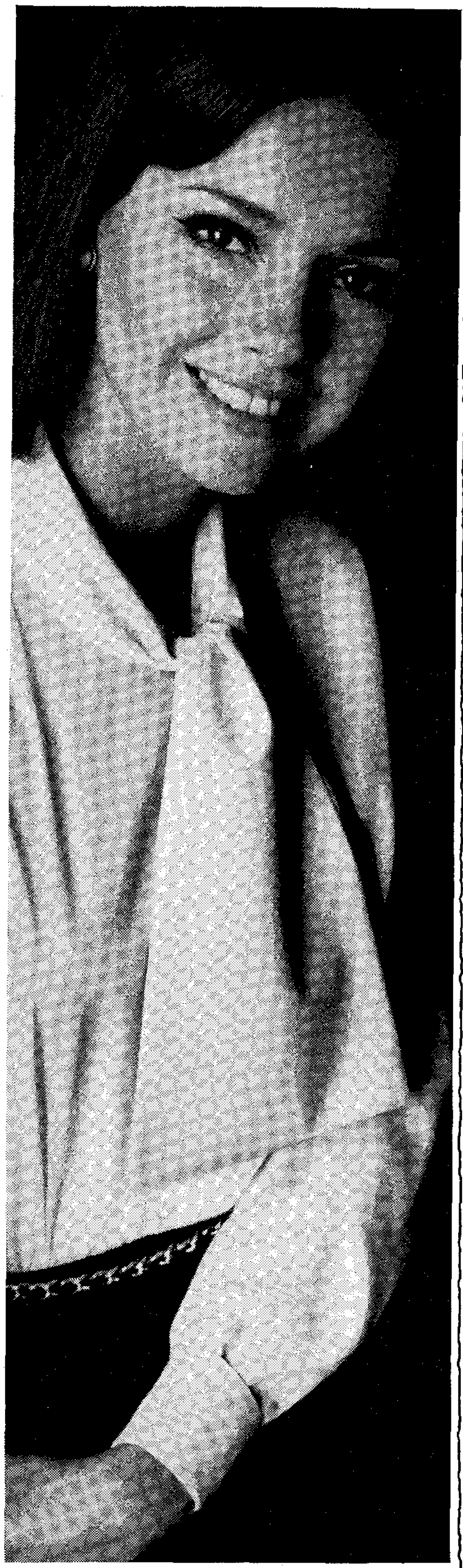

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began to lavish benefactions upon it. (Their philanthropy was widespread. "Every now and then, I get invited to speak at a small Southern college I never heard of before," Angier Duke says, "and when I reach the campus somebody points out a Duke Hall to me.") The elder of the sons was James Buchanan Duke, the founder of the Duke Power Company and the father of Doris Duke. The younger was Benjamin Newton Duke, who married an Angier and sired Angier Buchanan Duke, who married Cordelia Drexel Biddle. Their wedding, in the spring of 1915, was attended by twelve hundred guests, including Theodore Roosevelt. The bride was just sixteen. The couple set up residence in a New York town house at Fifth Avenue and Eighty-second Street, but they didn't get on. They were separated soon after their second son was born, and were divorced in 1921. Thereupon, Cordelia changed her elder son's middle name from Buchanan to Biddle. The boys' father died two years later, and in 1924 their mother married T. Markoe Robertson, who, like her first husband, was a good deal older than she was. A capable amateur boxer himself, as well as an agile court-tennis player, Robertson had a hand in the design of the Chanin and Graybar Buildings, among other structures. He brought up his stepsons with the not inconsiderable but rarely conventional assistance of their maternal grandfather, the alligator fancier. In the trunks of his cars, Colonel Biddle kept suitcases containing nothing but bricks; he liked to carry them around to build up his muscles, and when he was in New York he would take an early-morning run through Central Park with a brick-laden valise in each hand. The Colonel believed in exercise with near-religious fervor, and he was not inhibited by his awareness that his mother, a Philadelphia Drexel (Ulysses S. Grant had been at *her* wedding), had died of a heart attack after accepting the dare of a friend who said that she couldn't lift up one end of a grand piano.

At thirteen, Angier went to St. Paul's, in Concord, New Hampshire, where—a stylish dresser then, as now—he became known as Dan Duke, a derivation of Dapper Dan. Summers, the family usually went to Southampton, where Robertson had inherited a sprawling house from his father, a fashionable architect before him, and now and then all hands would pack up and go to Europe for a chamois hunt with the King of Spain. Like many a St. Paul's boy, Duke went on to Yale,

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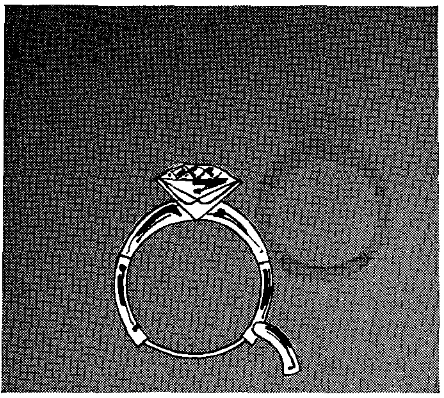

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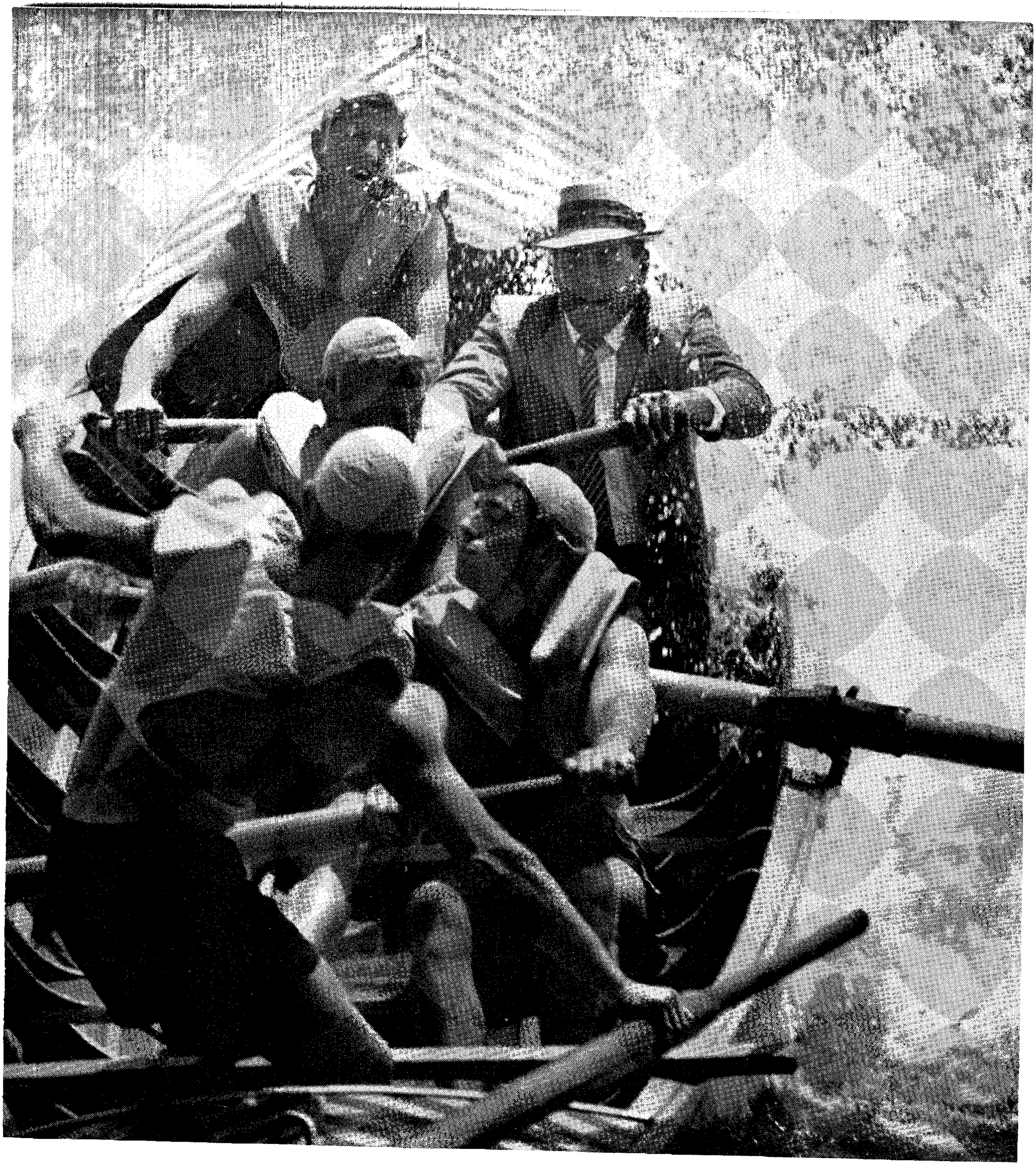

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entering in the fall of 1934. He quit college after two and a half years to marry Priscilla St. George, in a lavish ceremony at Tuxedo Park, with ten bridesmaids and fourteen ushers. The bride's maternal grandfather, Price Collier, was a good friend of the Kaiser's; Mrs. Collier was President Franklin Roosevelt's aunt. The bride's mother, Katharine St. George, nine years later was elected to Congress, where she still serves. After going around the world on their honeymoon, the newlyweds moved into a Tuxedo Park home that had been built for them during their absence. Duke got a job as an advertising solicitor for *Sports Illustrated*, a magazine related in name only to the present one. Quickly concluding that he had no bent for selling, he asked to have a shot at editorial work and was assigned to write an article about private golf courses. The research was comparatively easy, since quite a few of the private courses in this country belonged to friends of his. The magazine folded not long afterward; at the time of its demise, Duke, who had never put on a pair of skis, was Skiing Editor.

In the summer of 1940, Duke enrolled in the Citizens Military Training Corps at Plattsburg. His marriage was breaking up, and while he was at the camp his wife and he were divorced. A few months later, he got married again, to Margaret Screven Tuck. The following February, ten months before Pearl Harbor, he enlisted in the Army, and in October he was sent to a Quartermaster Corps Officer Candidate School, at Camp Lee, Virginia. He graduated and received a second lieutenant's commission in January, 1942. It was an especially gratifying moment for him; ever since leaving Yale, he had been sensitive—as he is today—about not having a college degree, and now he had finally graduated from *something*. "When they made me a second lieutenant, I was happier, I guess, than I'd ever been before in my life," he says.

Duke's first assignment as an officer was to the Washington war room of Secretary of War Stimson. The happy second lieutenant was the lowest-ranking officer on the scene, but though there were disadvantages to being junior to everyone else—he had the midnight-to-8 A.M. shift—there were also compensations of the sort that Duke finds satisfying in his Protocol job today. Most of the people who crossed his horizon were of very large stature—Stimson himself and General George Marshall, for instance, and above them

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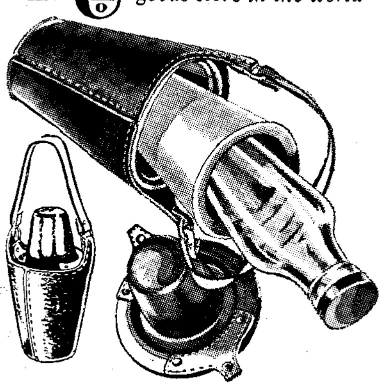

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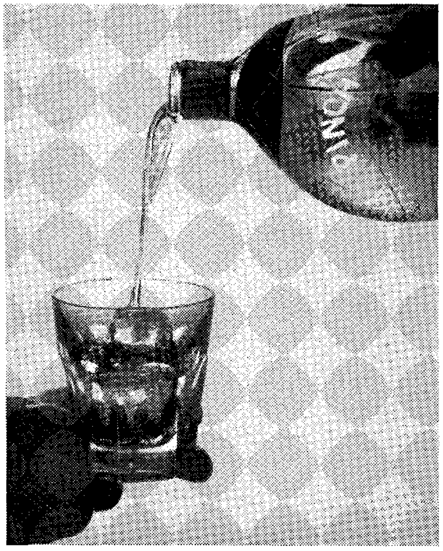

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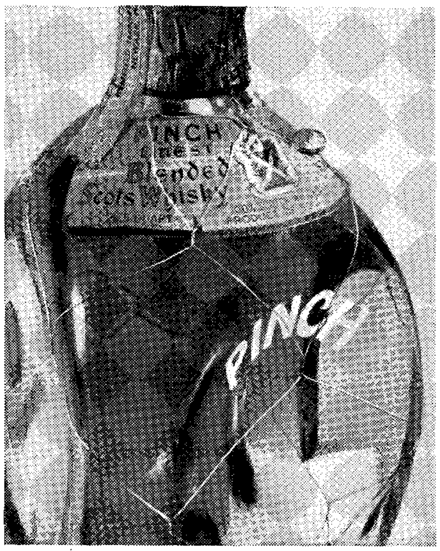
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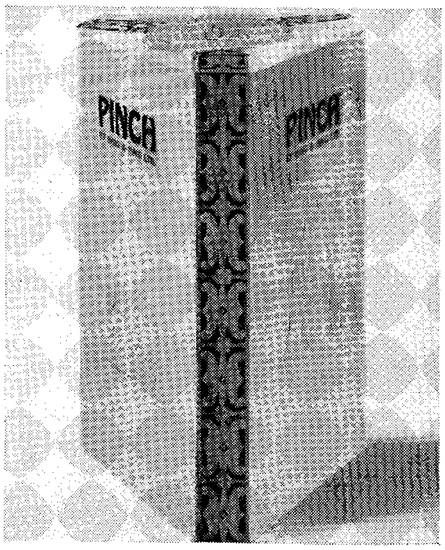
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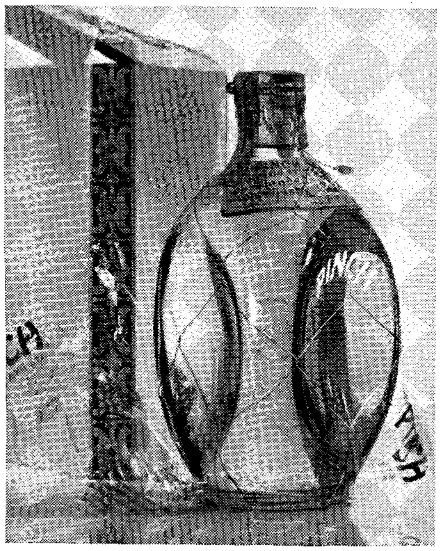

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Franklin Roosevelt and Winston Churchill. By then, Duke's close male relatives had been caught up in the war, too. His brother left Princeton and joined the Navy, which gave him command of an L.S.T.; his Uncle Anthony was in London as Ambassador to the governments-in-exile of half a dozen Nazi-occupied nations (later he joined General Eisenhower's staff); and, at sixty-eight, his Grandfather Biddle was teaching Marines hand-to-hand combat at Quantico.

By V-J Day, Duke was a major and had seen a good deal of the European Theatre of Operations as an Air Transport Command administrator, but on getting out of uniform, in January, 1946, he had no job to return to—nor, when it came to that, any profession or occupation, save that of gentleman farmer. During the war, he had bought a gentleman's farm in Southampton. Situated off a road called Gin Lane, it never became noted for its crops, but its parties were first-rate. Some of Duke's footloose bachelor friends found the atmosphere so congenial that they took over an outbuilding on the estate and converted it into a frolicsome retreat they called the Duke Box. The founders of this establishment included Serge Obolensky, Constantine Alajálov, Alfred Corning Clark, Jacques Fray, and Jay Rutherfurd—the last of whom has been Duke's *fidus Achates* for most of his life and at present is one of his assistants at Protocol. (His great-great-great-grandfather was John Jay, his father is the former racing driver John M. L. Rutherfurd, and his mother is Mrs. C. Frederick Frothingham.) Like a good many of his friends, Duke has never had to work for a living. As a boy, he idolized his uncle Anthony Biddle, Jr., and as a young man he thought of becoming, like him, a diplomat. But Duke was slow in taking steps to follow his uncle's example. For one thing, Biddle was a Democrat; when Duke reached voting age, he was living in Tuxedo Park, which meant, of course, that he became a Republican. Duke's party ties, though, were loosely knotted. In 1948, an old friend of his, Courtlandt Nicoll, ran for the state assembly on the Democratic ticket. Out of affection for Nicoll, Duke, who was contributing generously to Thomas E. Dewey's Presidential campaign, gave a fund-raising party for Nicoll's campaign. On election night, Duke bipartisanly dropped in first at Nicoll's headquarters, to wish him well (Nicoll lost), and then moved on to Dewey's headquarters (he lost, too). Duke decided that if he ever wanted to get anywhere in the diplomatic world he had better stop straddling political fences. A few days after Harry Truman's reelection, accordingly, he called up Nicoll and asked, "How do you become a Democrat?"

The effort required to switch political allegiance is minimal. For an acolyte to be quickly tossed a political plum is something else again. Many of Duke's acquaintances were astonished to hear, in September of 1949, that he had been named a special assistant to the new United States Ambassador to Argentina, the investment banker Stanton Griffis. A widower, Griffis anticipated a heavy load of entertaining in Buenos Aires, and he arranged for Duke's appointment in the expectation that Duke and his wife would shoulder much of his social burden. Griffis knew that Duke had studied Spanish at college and could speak it passably, and he had seen Duke in action at many a party and had admired his social talents, which are thought by some connoisseurs of punctilio to be unmatched. Duke was delighted. He spent a happy eighteen months in Argentina, where, in addition to his social duties, he learned some of the tricks of the diplomatic trade in the political section of the Embassy and in the visa section of the Consulate. (They were in the same building.) Then, to Duke's added joy, he was invited to go along when Griffis was posted to Madrid in 1951, after the United States had resumed diplomatic relations with Spain. Among the pleasant aspects of life in Madrid was the presence of Nicholas Duke Biddle, Duke's double cousin. After a spell of Foreign Service duty himself, Nicholas Biddle had gone into business in Spain, and had a wide circle of friends there. The toreador Juan Belmonte was one, and another was Maria Luisa de Arana, the aristocratic daughter of a mining engineer and the granddaughter of the Marqués de Campo Real, a nobleman who lived in the same home his ancestors had occupied in the year 1200. The family had lost most of its money during the Spanish Civil War, and Señorita de Arana—rare for a young woman of her class—had gone to work, first in the Madrid office of the

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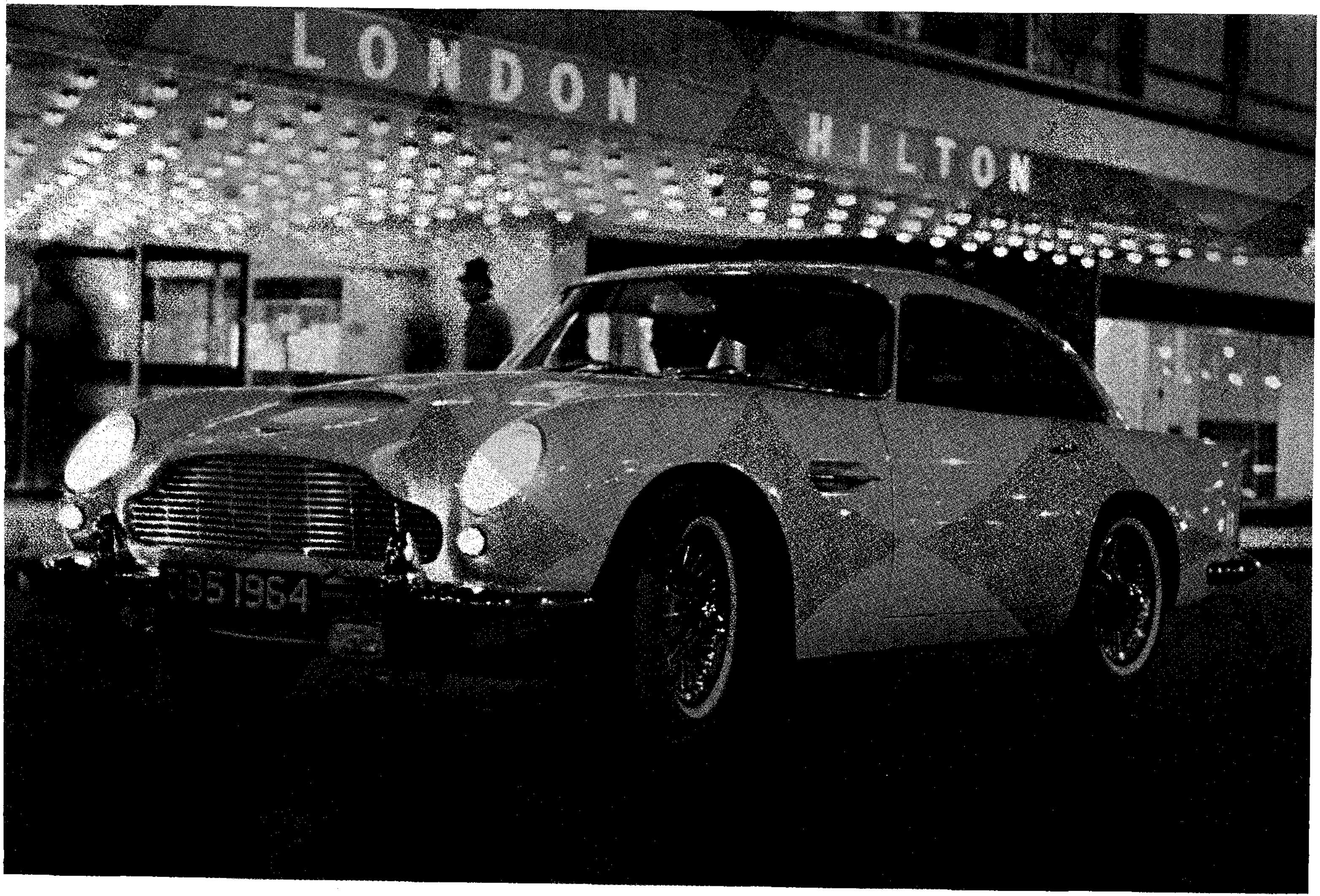

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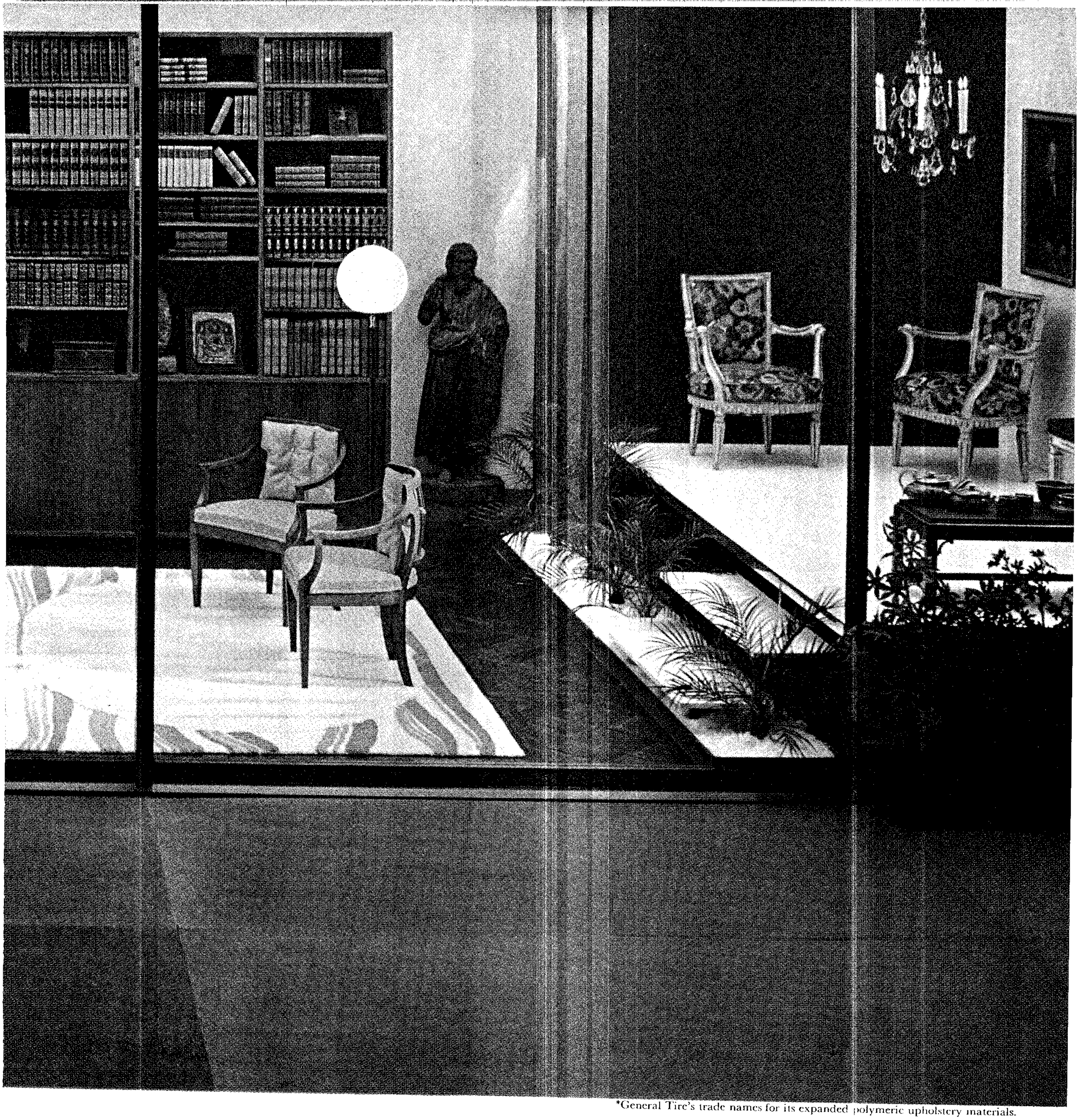

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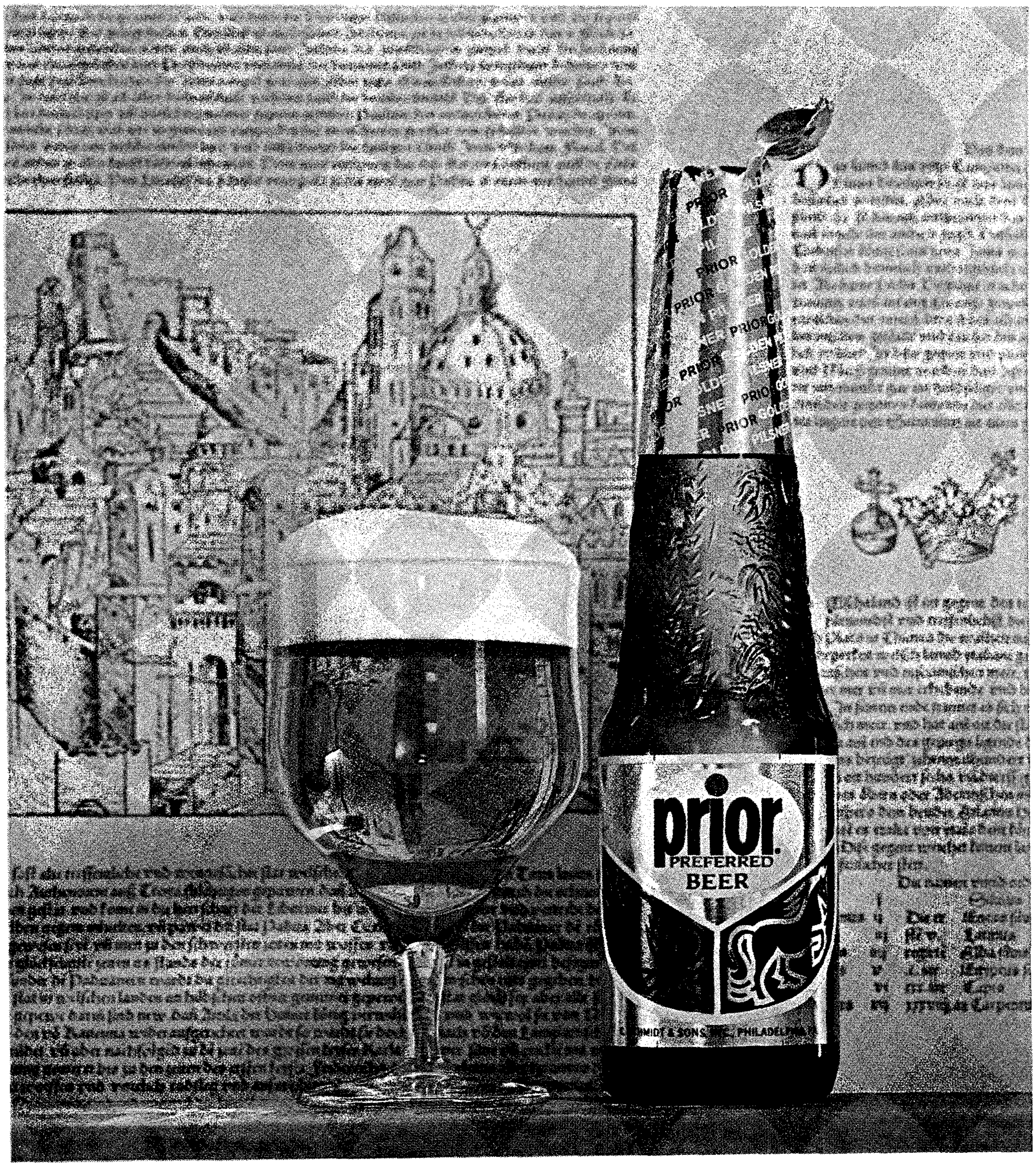
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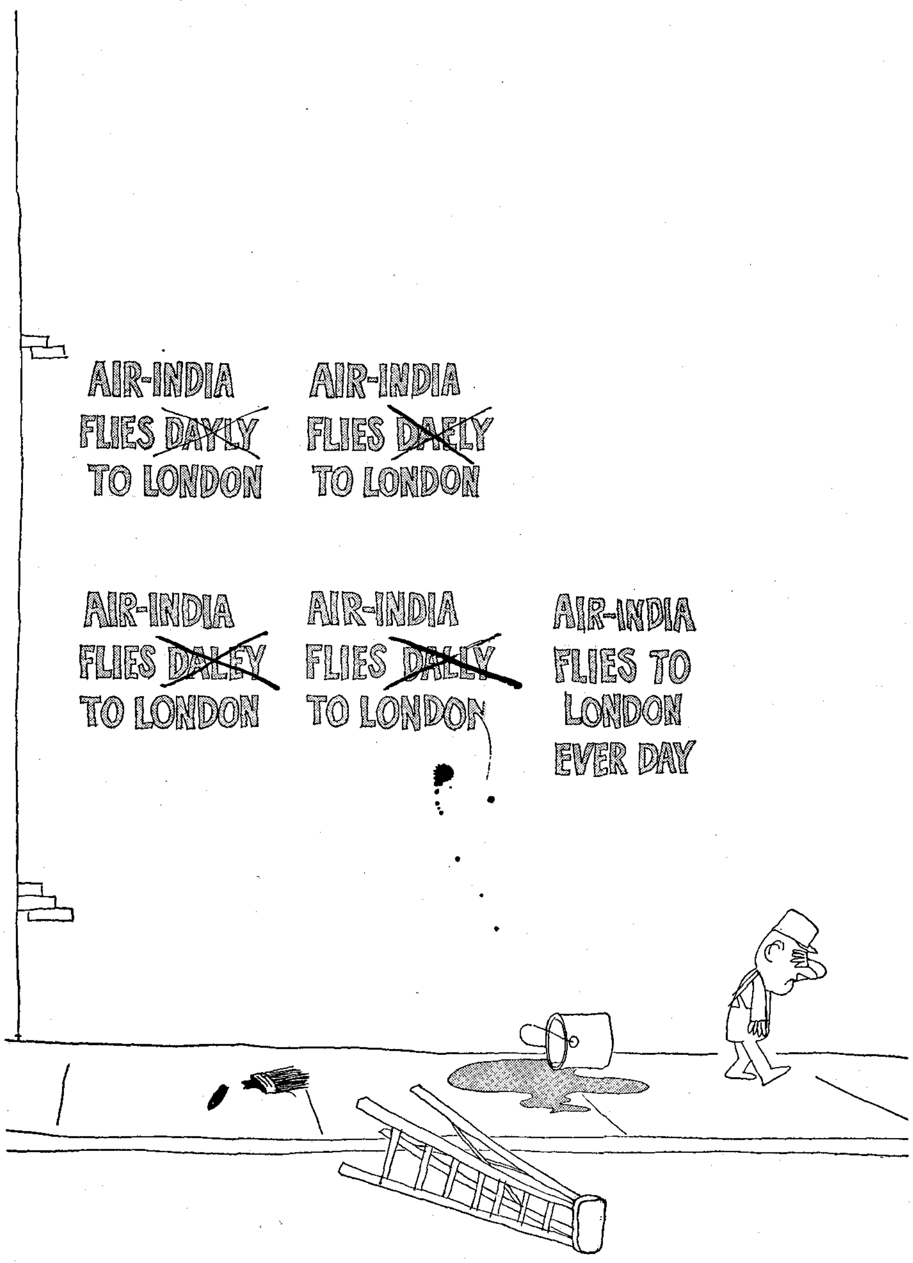
Reader's Digest and then as a stewardess for Iberia Airlines.

In the spring of 1952, President Truman appointed Duke to a full-fledged ambassadorship of his own, in El Salvador. At thirty-six, Duke was the youngest United States Ambassador there had ever been. He was an energetic envoy. He got hold of a jeep and drove back and forth across the country, dedicating sewer plants, christening schoolrooms, visiting jails and reformatories, and companionably looking in on the American administrators and technicians who were carrying out President Truman's Point Four program in the hinterland. Duke had gone to El Salvador alone; his second marriage, a childless one, had begun to go wrong in Spain, and early in 1952 he and his wife were divorced. That October, Duke, who had been christened a Methodist, was converted to Catholicism, and two months later he was married, in Mexico City, to Maria Luisa de Arana. Duke's many Salvadoran friends were more pleased with him than ever when he returned to his post with a Spanish wife. But by that time the 1952 elections had been held at home; General Eisenhower had won, and a reshuffling of ambassadors was imminent. Some Salvadorans drew up a petition to the President-elect, begging him to retain Duke despite his Democratic affiliation. But the petition was unavailing and a successor to Duke was designated. Even then, the Salvadorans were loath to let him go. They were especially anxious that he, and no other American, should sign a military-assistance agreement that was being drawn up at the time of his departure, and on the day of his leave-taking they delayed his commercial airliner for six hours while they whipped the document into final shape. He put his name on it at the airport.

By now, Duke had begun to think of himself as a career Foreign Service man, and it was distressing to realize he was subject to the caprice of patronage. A chance to do something useful on a global, if unofficial, scale came when he was invited to work for the International Rescue Committee. Organized in 1933 to succor German refugees, the group had continued to help suffering inhabitants of a number of nations caught up in crises. Duke was soon president of the committee, and he plunged into its activities wholeheartedly. At his own expense, and at some personal risk, Duke travelled all over the earth on its behalf. He was in South Vietnam in July, 1955, when a mob demonstrating against the 1954



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Geneva truce agreement sacked the Majestic Hotel in Saigon, where he was staying. Everything he had with him was destroyed except the clothes he was wearing—a khaki shirt, khaki shorts, and a pair of sneakers. Only a week after the Hungarian revolt of October, 1956, he was flying to Europe for the I.R.C., and during that chaotic fall and winter he made a dozen other transatlantic journeys. Before long, he found himself serving on a host of related committees, including the American Friends of Vietnam, the Emergency Committee for U.N. Action on Hungary, and the American Immigration and Citizenship Conference.

During the Eisenhower years, Duke had performed a number of chores for the Democratic Party. In 1954, for instance, he was chairman of a committee that arranged the Party's state convention in New York. During the 1960 Presidential campaign, he was chairman of the Democratic Nationalities Committee, in New York, which preached the Party's gospel to Puerto Ricans and other special groups of voters. He worked hard at that task and at others; at Robert F. Kennedy's request, he visited half a dozen Central and South American countries that summer, including El Salvador, to evaluate the American diplomatic personnel assigned to them, since some changes would naturally be made if the Kennedy-Johnson ticket won. After the Democratic victory, Duke expected some recognition and hoped it would be another embassy. He was surprised when, on New Year's Eve, the President-elect phoned him and asked him to be his Chief of Protocol. Kennedy had been a friend of Duke's for years. Both were young, witty, wealthy, attractive, and members of the Brook Club. While Kennedy was a senator, he and his wife would now and then go to a party at Duke's summer place in Southampton, and Kennedy may have concluded that anybody who could entertain so splendidly on a private level should have a go at putting his talents to the highest public use. Duke, however, was not enchanted by the invitation. He thought, as many people do, that the Chief of Protocol was a man who aligned forks, but at Kennedy's urging he talked the matter over with Dean Rusk, who argued persuasively that it was essential in the conduct of foreign relations for our President to have personal contacts with other national leaders, and that the Office of Protocol was important if such meetings were to be agreeable and fruitful. Duke finally

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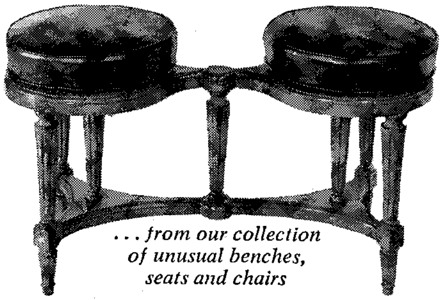

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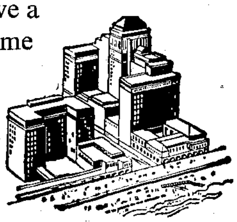

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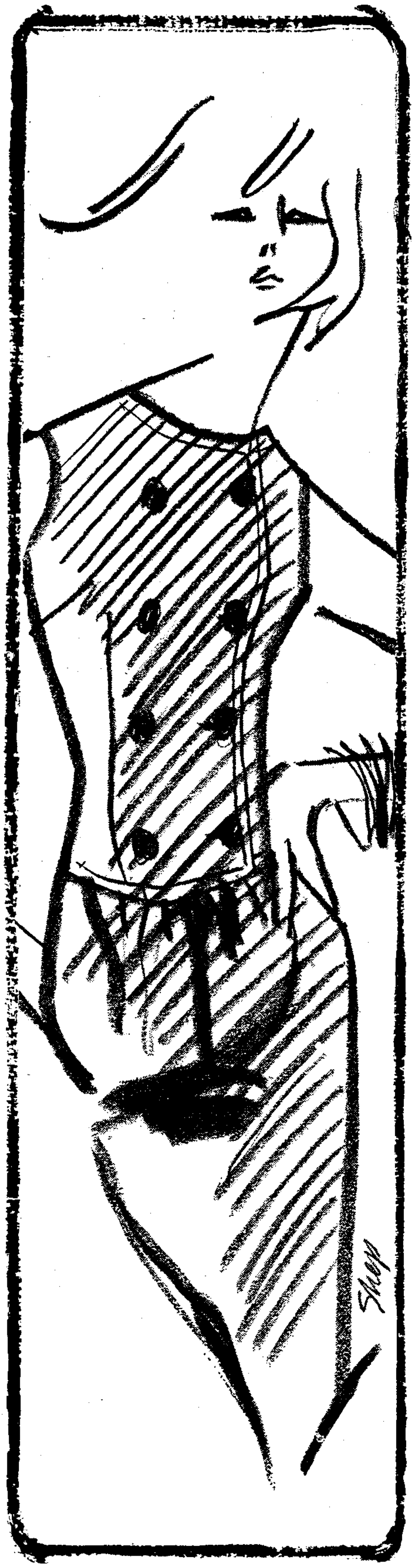

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yielded. In return, he was given the personal rank of Ambassador. Previous Chiefs of Protocol—Wiley T. Buchanan, for instance, who held the job under Eisenhower—had served as ambassadors before they occupied that position, and continued to be called "Ambassador" out of courtesy; Duke has the satisfaction of being the first Chief who, by direction of the President, enjoys personal Ambassadorial status. He was sworn in on January 25, 1961.

Duke had been in office only ten days when the President sent him on an errand that required delicate handling. The Office of Protocol draws up, and closely guards, the precedence list according to which government officials are seated at formal functions or arrayed in receiving lines. At present, there are forty-seven categories. The President alone occupies Category No. 1. The First Lady, like all officials' wives, shares her husband's rating, but a wife (or the husband of a lady official) is supposed to defer to her position-holding spouse. Some husbands, chivalrous to the core, never can adjust to preceding their wives along a receiving line. To Duke, though, who sometimes has to present several hundred individuals to the President at a White House reception, it is eminently logical for husbands to go first. "If I introduce a lady as 'Mrs. Gronouski,' somebody may not realize that the man right behind her is the Postmaster General," he explains. "And if I say 'Mrs. O'Hara,' it's worse. But when I can say 'Chairman of the Subcommittee on African Affairs of the House of Representatives and Mrs. O'Hara,' there's no doubt whom I mean. It's a practical political approach to things. Some people, though, like the president of Harvard—you just *can't* get him to go ahead of his wife. I keep fearing that someday they'll be on a long line coming through and she'll be ahead of him and an usher will say to me just 'Mrs. Pusey' and the name won't click."

The precedence list changes periodically. Under President Eisenhower, the United States Ambassador to the United Nations was put in Category No. 7, just ahead of the members of the Cabinet and the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court, but the Secretary-General of the U.N. was way down in No. 14, along with Cabinet under-secretaries. Duke succeeded, after months of deliberation, in moving the Secretary-General up seven notches; U Thant is now just ahead of Adlai Stevenson in No. 7. (The Chief of Protocol himself is normally in No. 24, among Assistant

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Secretaries of State, but according to the latest revision he jumps up to No. 20, among special assistants to the President, career ambassadors, and others, when he is at an official function attended by the President and by a visiting chief of state.) When President Kennedy assumed office, the Vice-President was alone in No. 2. In No. 3 were the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court and, behind him, ex-Presidents of the United States. In No. 4 was the Speaker of the House of Representatives. Until 1921, the Speaker had always outranked the Chief Justice, but when William Howard Taft became Chief Justice that year he was moved ahead of the Speaker, because he was also an ex-President. After that, all Chief Justices retained Taft's favored position. President Kennedy thought this was wrong. In 1947, Congress had passed a law of succession to the Presidency, putting the Speaker next in line behind the Vice-President, and Kennedy thought that the precedence list should reflect this change. He phoned Duke and directed him to go see Earl Warren and advise him gently that the President proposed to do away entirely with the existing Category No. 4 and to move Speaker Sam Rayburn up to the top of No. 3, just above the Chief Justice. Duke had not realized that being Chief of Protocol might entail having to put the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court in, so to speak, his place. But he made an appointment to call on Justice Warren in his chambers. "As I walked into that majestic and forbidding setting, I felt smaller and smaller," Duke recalls. The Chief Justice was quite pleasant about the whole business. He said that he and his wife didn't go out much anyway, and that he had the warmest feelings for Mr. Rayburn. *But*, he added, he thought the President should be aware that ever since the Supreme Court's decisions on integration, the segregationists were seeking every opportunity to downgrade the Court's stature, and the move the President now contemplated would play right into their hands by seeming to diminish the Court's authority. Duke was stunned. Here he had gone off on an awkward but apparently routine Presidential mission and suddenly he was in the middle of the battle for civil rights. In due course, the precedence list was changed as the President wished, without much public outcry. Duke had learned, though, that the work of the Office of Protocol is apt to touch on many areas of political sensitivity.

Duke sailed a reasonably placid offi-

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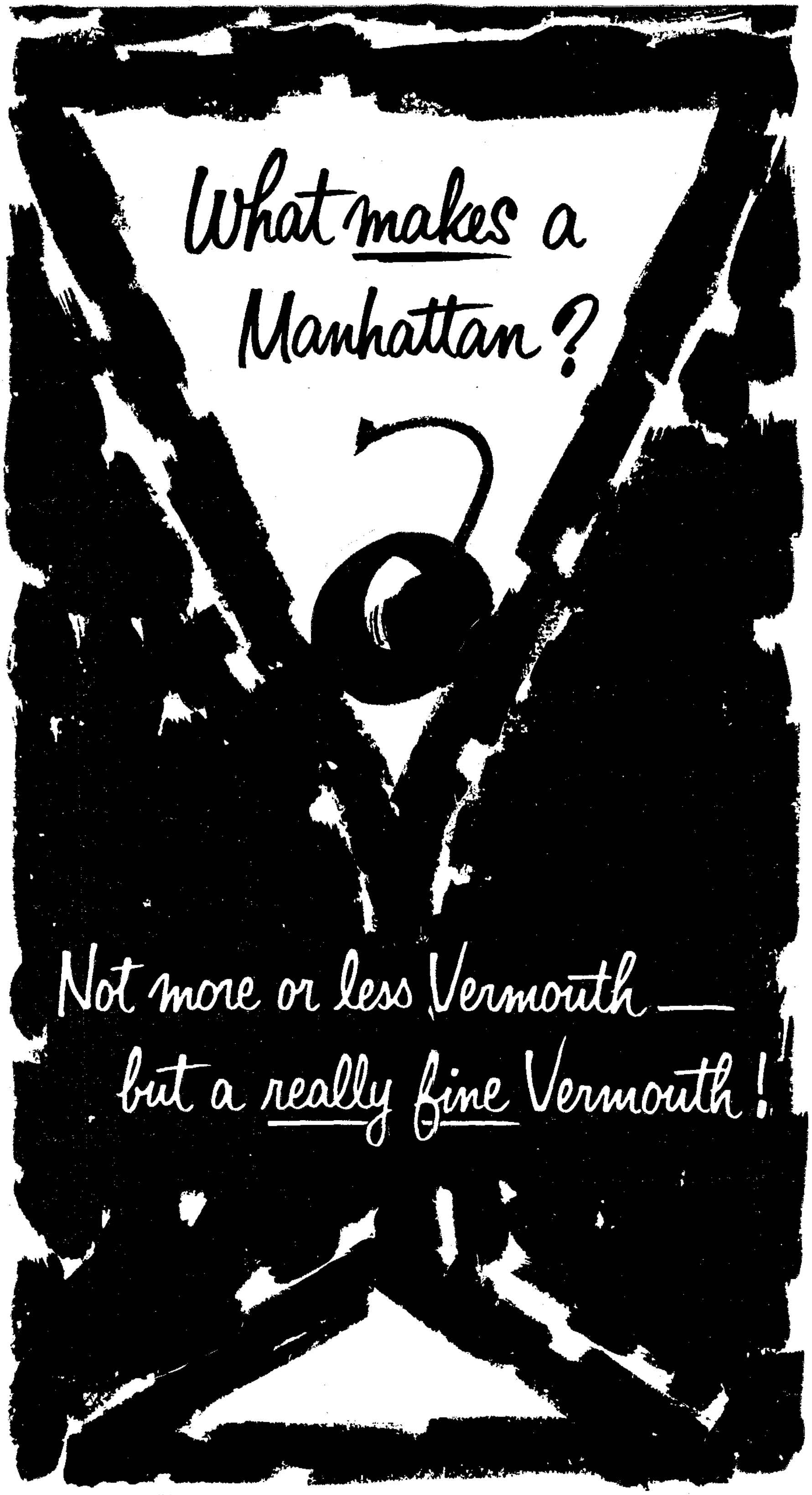

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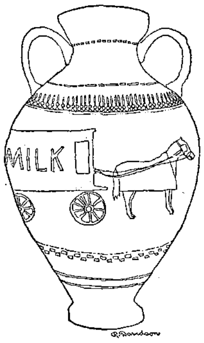
cial course after that, but his personal life was rocked by a series of shattering blows. On July 18, 1961, he and his wife took the President of Pakistan to Idlewild Airport to see him off home after a state visit. Then Duke headed back to Washington and his wife boarded an air taxi to go to their summer home in Southampton, where their daughter was celebrating her seventh birthday. The plane crashed right after takeoff, killing Mrs. Duke, two other women, and the pilot. Four months later, Duke's Uncle Tony Biddle—whom he had not long before sworn in as Ambassador to Spain—died of cancer, and shortly after that came the death of Duke's stepfather. Duke cannot bear solitude—in Washington, he rarely goes anywhere without one or two Protocol aides to keep him company—so his friends were pleased to hear in the spring of 1962 that he was going to get married again. His fourth wife was Robin Chandler Lynn, who had been divorced six years earlier from the actor Jeffrey Lynn, by whom she had had two children. A striking blonde whom the *Times* not long ago characterized as "next to Jacqueline Kennedy, about the prettiest and most fashionable public figure in Washington," the new Mrs. Duke had been a model for Hattie Carnegie, a fashion editor for the *Journal-American*, a panelist on the television show "Leave It to the Girls," and a stockbroker, in addition to holding her public-relations job with the Pepsi-Cola Company. She was setting up a Pepsi exhibit at a trade fair in Moscow when she first met Duke, who was on a global journey for the International Rescue Committee, and they were both invited to a dinner that Ambassador Llewellyn Thompson gave for Vice-President Nixon, then in Russia debating kitchens with Khrushchev. They were married on May 12, 1962, with the John F. Kennedys and the Lyndon B. Johnsons among the guests.



SINCE President Kennedy's inauguration, twelve new nations have emerged on the world scene (eleven net, now that Tanganyika and Zanzibar have merged). Most of them are African, and most are small and poor. The diplomats they send to Washington are also mostly, of course, black. Ambassador Sevilla-Sacasa, the dean of the diplomatic corps, likes to refer to Washington, where he has spent twenty-one years, as "our home town," but his affection for the place has not been shared by all his recently arrived associates. For many of them, Washington has been an anything but homey city, where a man hasn't been able to get his hair cut in a barbershop and where a woman hasn't been able to try on a dress in a department store. While foreign Negroes have had, on the whole, a much easier time of it than indigenous ones, they have been reminded in many unsettling ways of their pigmentation. The Metropolitan Club, for instance, used to grant guest privileges to nearly all ambassadors accredited to the President of the United States. When the influx of dark-skinned ambassadors began, the club pulled up its drawbridge. Duke had been a member of the Metropolitan for twenty years when, in the winter of 1961, he learned of the new policy. He submitted his resignation—other members followed suit—and he has since been instrumental in setting up a new, non-discriminatory social group, the Federal City Club, which occupies a suite of rooms in the Sheraton-Carlton Hotel. Many of the African nations can afford only a single ambassador to represent them in Washington and at the U.N., in New York. To save money, these ambassadors often drive back and forth, and until recently this involved traversing a stretch of U.S. 40, the highway linking Baltimore and the Jersey Turnpike. Most of the restaurants on U.S. 40 were segregated. The Ambassador from Chad was refused a cup of coffee when he stopped at one, and a diplomat from Nigeria was rebuffed at another when he asked for a glass of water for his eight-year-old son. In one four-month stretch during 1961, there were ten known incidents like that, and several of them were well publicized. When the chargé d'affaires of Sierra Leone was denied service at a restaurant, the Tass bureau in Washington seized upon the story and got it spread across the African continent. Duke could hardly hope to solve the country's racial problems by himself, but he worked diligently at it, abetted by an aggressive, articulate Cuban-born Protocol man named Pedro Sanjuan. The matter became so important, and took up so much time, that the State Department eventually moved Sanjuan into an office of his own and turned most of the discrimination problems over to him.

The Office of Protocol had plenty of other things to keep it busy. Duke refers to them as the bread-and-butter aspects

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by Peter Griffith

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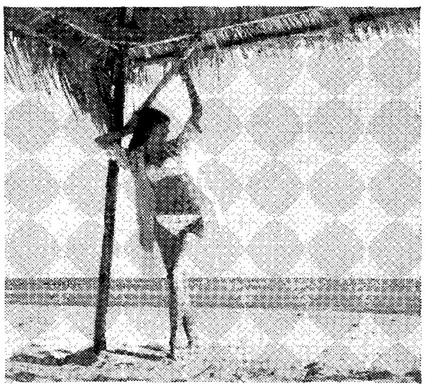

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of his work. Among other bread-and-butter duties, Protocol sends birthday greetings and Christmas cards from the President to his compeers abroad, answers questions about the correct methods of displaying the flag, and tells hostesses how to seat people at dinner parties. While the Protocol office will not divulge its precedence list, it stands ready to help any hostess who is wondering whether she is right in assuming that the chargé d'affaires of a tiny principality outranks a Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense. (He does.) Washington is probably the only city in this country where the newspapers carry advertisements for schools offering courses in protocol, and in such a city it is important for people to eat from the right chairs. A lady named Carolyn Hagner Shaw, who puts out an annual *Social List of Washington*, makes a comfortable living as an unofficial protocol consultant. She doesn't charge for her advice, but she gives it only to subscribers to her *List*, for which she charges seventeen dollars and fifty cents a year. Mrs. Shaw, whose mother was a White House social secretary under Theodore Roosevelt, is inclined to think that Duke and his collaborators are slipshod about the social niceties. "I can understand why in this day and age the bars have been let down, but I think they've been let down too much," she said not long ago. "Now they're even using separate tables at official banquets, instead of one big U-shaped table. You just can't *seat* people according to protocol at separate tables. Not only that, they put husbands and wives at the same table!" Mrs. Shaw has met Duke only once—at a large standup reception. They conversed briefly, with exquisite manners on both sides, but nothing substantive evolved from the conversation. Duke's own office expert on the rightness and wrongness of things is Mrs. Lois Allee Williams, a member of a first family of Delaware who has been a Protocol officer for thirty years, and she has a perfectly common-sense explanation of the separate-tables idea. The diplomatic corps, she points out, is so big these days that it is practically impossible to accommodate it at a U-shaped table. What's more, some of the ambassadors from Africa, though themselves fluent in English or French, have wives who can converse only in native dialect. If these wives were seated out of earshot of their husbands, they would have no one to interpret for them and no way of communicating with anyone else.

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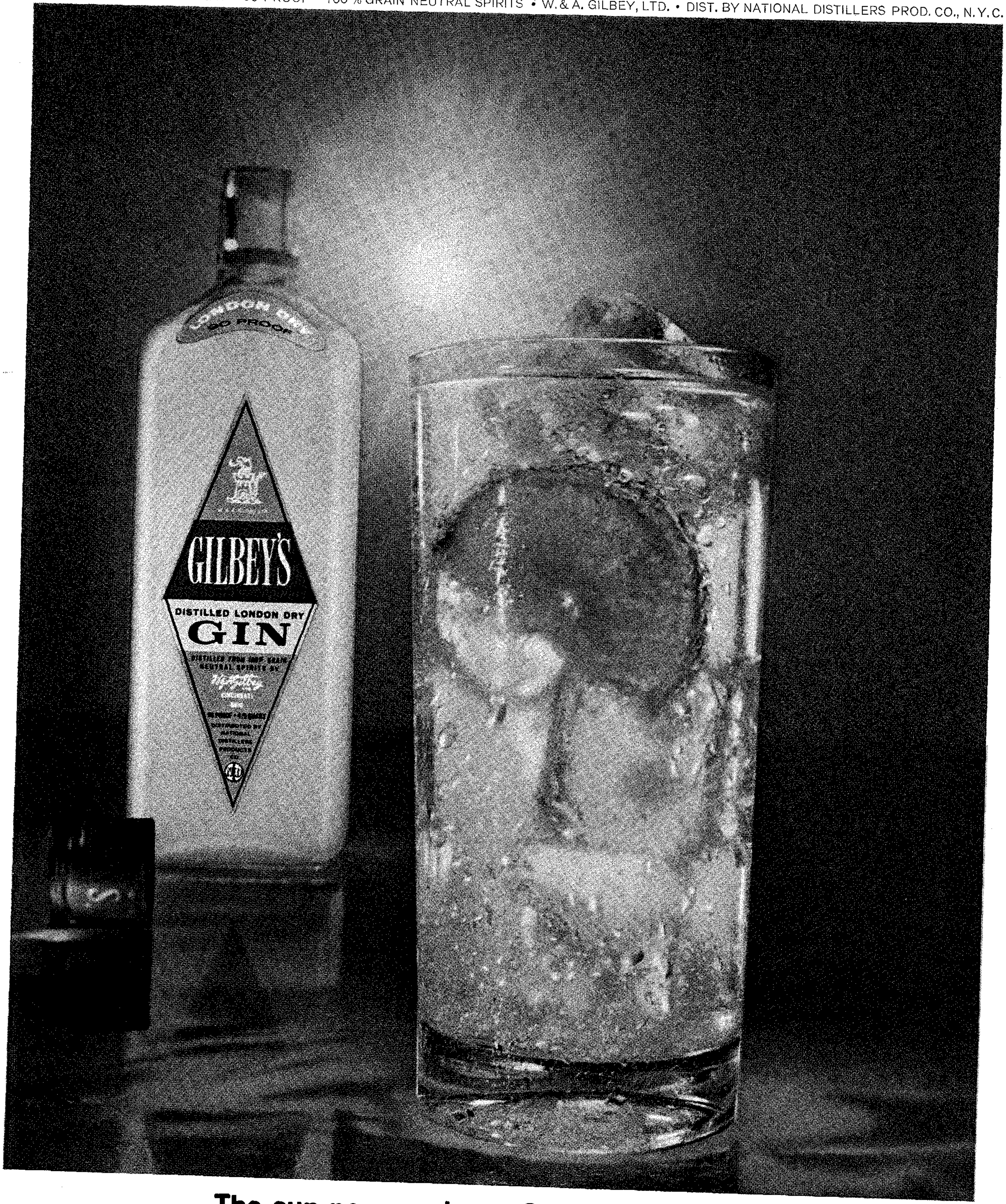
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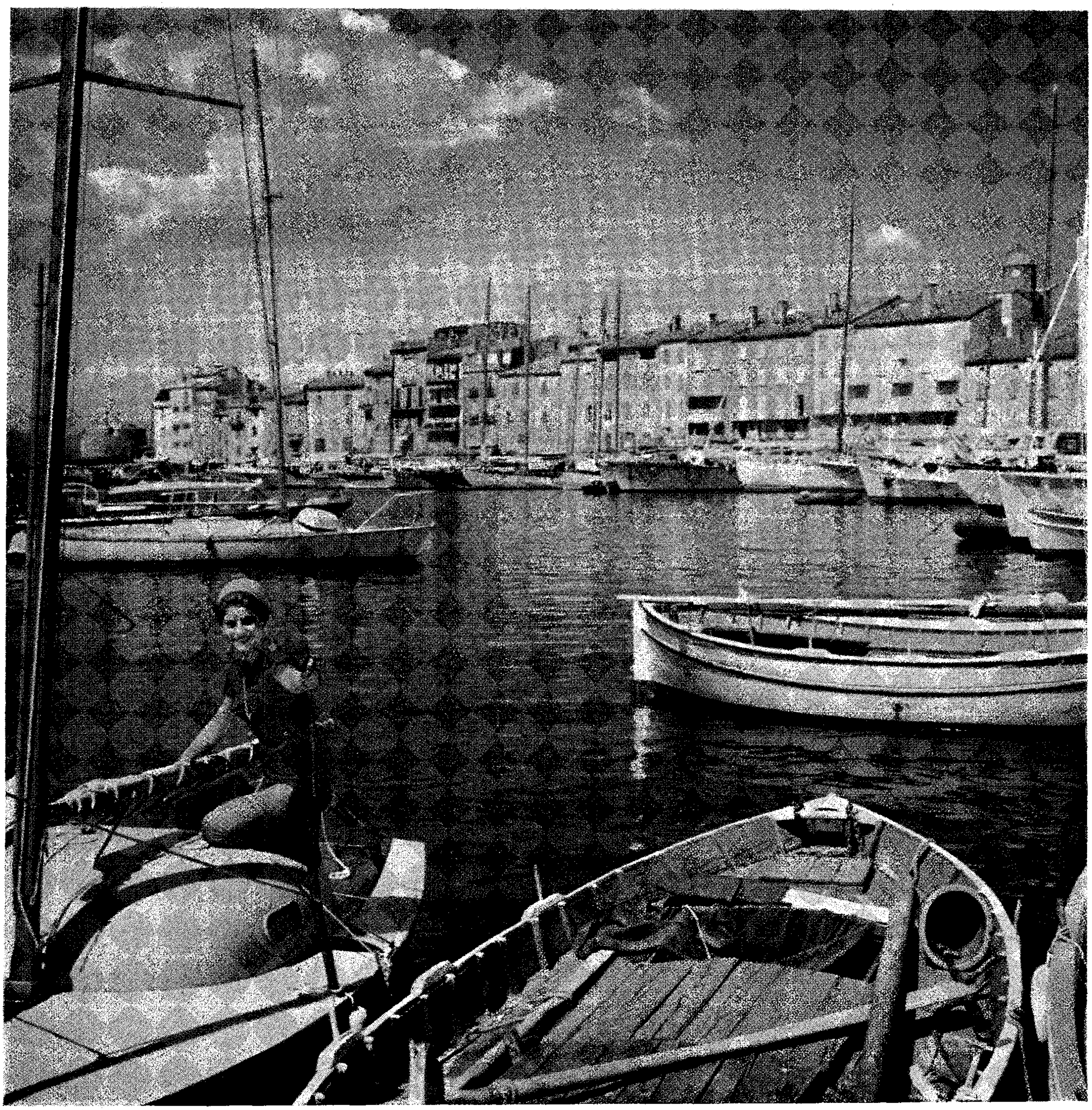

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and consular folk—forty thousand of them, counting wives and children, clerks and servants—who reside here. Protocol welcomes them, issues them their credentials, and in rare instances—by withdrawing their credentials—expels them. Protocol gets up and puts out rosters indicating which ambassadors outrank which others. It is a pecking order based on arrival time in Washington, and it is scrupulously followed, unless common sense dictates that certain individuals be discreetly separated. (It would never do nowadays, for example, to put a Turk next to a Greek, or a Pakistani next to an Indian, or a Syrian next to an Israeli, or a Hollander next to an Indonesian.) It is still another responsibility of Protocol to concern itself with the privileges and immunities that diplomats have traditionally enjoyed the world over since the Congress of Vienna, in 1815. Diplomats stationed in Washington are exempt from most taxes, including sales taxes, gasoline taxes, and license-plate fees. (Consuls generally are not; they are a commercial, rather than a political, breed.) Diplomats are supposed to pay taxes on certain forms of income they get here—on, for instance, dividends they receive from American securities—but they don't always pay, and it's difficult to make them, for they are exempt from both criminal and civil judicial processes. There is sound reason for letting diplomats get away with so much. For one thing, our diplomats abroad have an easier time of it if their counterparts here are given free rein. For another, as a Protocol man said recently, "You put an ambassador in prison and you can't negotiate with him, which is what he's supposed to be here for." Still another reason for treating diplomats with kid gloves is that one never knows which young man in a nation's foreign service may grow up to be its Foreign Minister, or something higher. An obscure diplomat was badgered in the United States years ago over his refusal to pay an excise tax on some purchase. Everybody forgot about him for a while, and then he emerged as his own country's Chief of Protocol and made life miserable for every American diplomat within his borders. Even when no violation of a law is involved, some Americans can't help being exasperated—or, at the very least, puzzled—at diplomatic behavior. For three years, to cite one instance, Protocol has been trying to keep up the spirits of the disgruntled proprietor of a wax museum in St. Augustine, Florida. The place has a gallery devoted to

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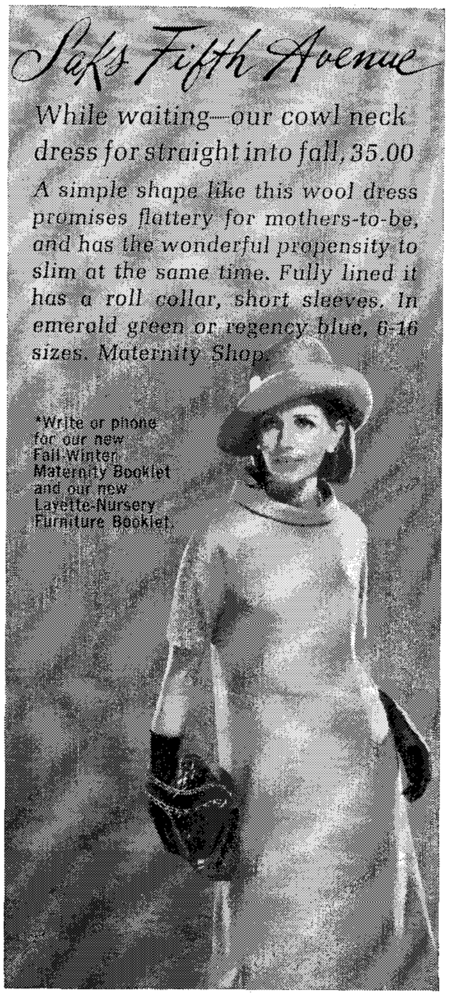
the world's religions, and it used to feature a wax effigy of Mohammed. To Moslems, such personification is sacrilegious, but nobody made a fuss about it until a Middle Eastern diplomat stopped in at the museum one day in 1961. He complained to the Office of Protocol. Duke's deputy chief, William J. Tonesk, went to St. Augustine and asked the museum to remove the figure. The museum said it would be glad to, for twelve hundred dollars, which was what the statue had cost. Protocol didn't have that kind of money to spend on that kind of crop control, and when the Moslem envoys in Washington were asked if they would care to foot the bill, they pointed out that it would set a dangerous precedent. If they did, and word got out, what was to prevent museums the country over from installing Mohammeds and sitting back until somebody came along and paid to remove them? The museum finally agreed to delete the statue, without charge, when Protocol promised it a handsome scale model of the big mosque that was erected in Washington in 1959. The Moslem nations had promised the model to Protocol, and the ambassador from Afghanistan was going to handle the details. But he was recalled home before he got around to it, and although two successor ambassadors have said that they would attend to the matter, the museum still doesn't have its mosque, and when last heard from was threatening to reinstall its Mohammed. The Protocol office, when *it* was last heard from, was proposing that the statue be given a new, secular name—something in the nature, perhaps, of Omar Khayyám.

When a new ambassador arrives in Washington, it is Duke who escorts him to the White House to present his credentials to the President. An ambassador has no official standing, whether or not he's physically in the country, until this formality is out of the way, and, with a turnover of about fifty ambassadors a year, it is hard for the President to receive them as soon as they would like. At one time this winter, there were four ambassadors in Washington who had been on the scene for a month or more but had not yet presented their credentials. Duke hit upon the solution of escorting them over to meet President Johnson at the start of his reception for the diplomatic corps, on February 11th. Mr. Johnson accepted their credentials and met privately with each of them, and then they were eligible to get in line with the rest of the corps—at the end of the line, of



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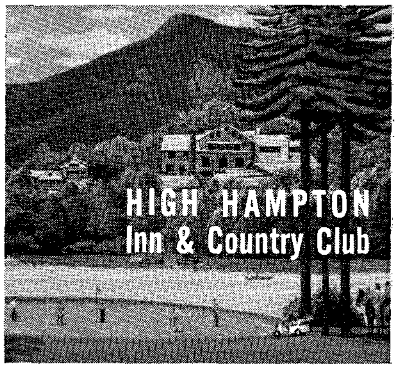

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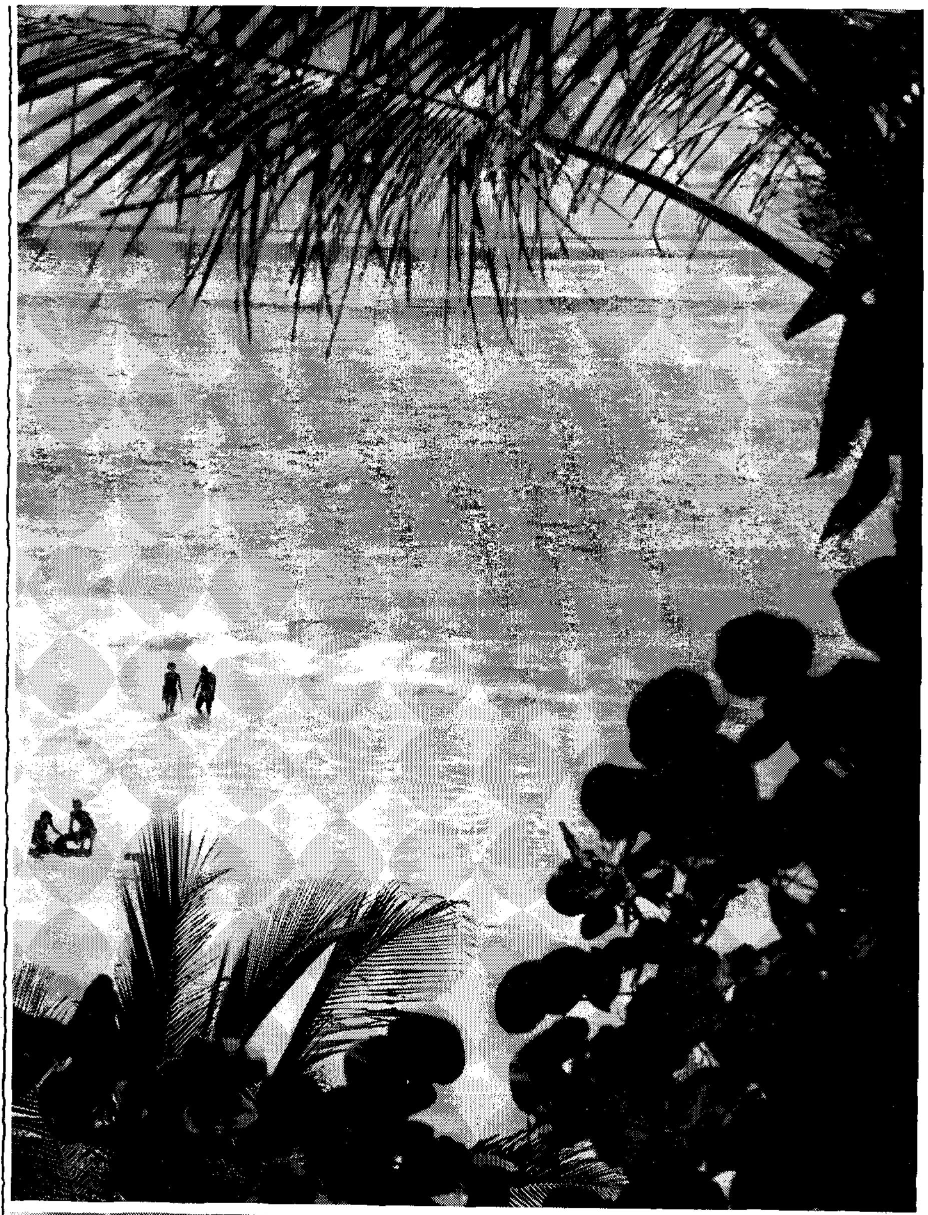
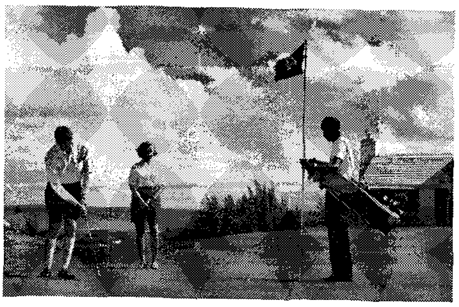
course—and shake hands with the President again. Mrs. Shaw, the *Social List* lady, was appalled when she heard of this departure from custom. "That is *really* beyond the pale," she said. Normally, when there is no traffic jam, Duke makes quite a show of a presentation of credentials. He calls at the new man's embassy in a White House car festooned with flags. Behind an escort of motorcycles with sirens importantly screaming, he takes the man to the White House. On the way, he warns him to make the most of his time—probably fifteen minutes, maybe a bit more. Duke explains that the President is so busy that his first private meeting with an ambassador may well prove to be the only one, and if the foreigner has anything substantive he wants to say he'd better seize his chance. Moreover, Duke informs the ambassador that when he leaves the President he will find the White House correspondents waiting outside, and if he has anything to say that he'd like the whole world to hear he'd better seize *that* chance. When President Kennedy was in office, Duke would also warn ambassadors that the President was an exceptionally fast reader. The first couple of times Duke took diplomats in to see Mr. Kennedy, he went through their credentials so swiftly that they thought he hadn't actually read them at all, and their feelings were hurt.

Duke also tries to see to it that an ambassador leaving Washington goes away in a good frame of mind. Most ambassadors would like to say goodbye to the President as well as hello, but time is once more a limiting factor. The White House generally discourages farewell calls these days except by those relatively few diplomats who have been stationed here for at least five years. Duke sometimes fills the breach by giving a farewell lunch himself at Blair House, the Presidential guesthouse. Blair House, which is run by the Office of Protocol, is actually a conjunction of two mid-nineteenth-century homes, diagonally across Pennsylvania Avenue from the White House. The government bought them in 1942, and President Truman lived there for three years while the White House was being rebuilt. Not long after Jacqueline Kennedy began to redecorate the White House, Robin Duke set about doing over Blair House. Like Mrs. Kennedy across the street, Mrs. Duke persuaded many American citizens and companies to donate furnishings. (She also cajoled the Cabinet members' wives into contributing needlepoint seat covers, and was





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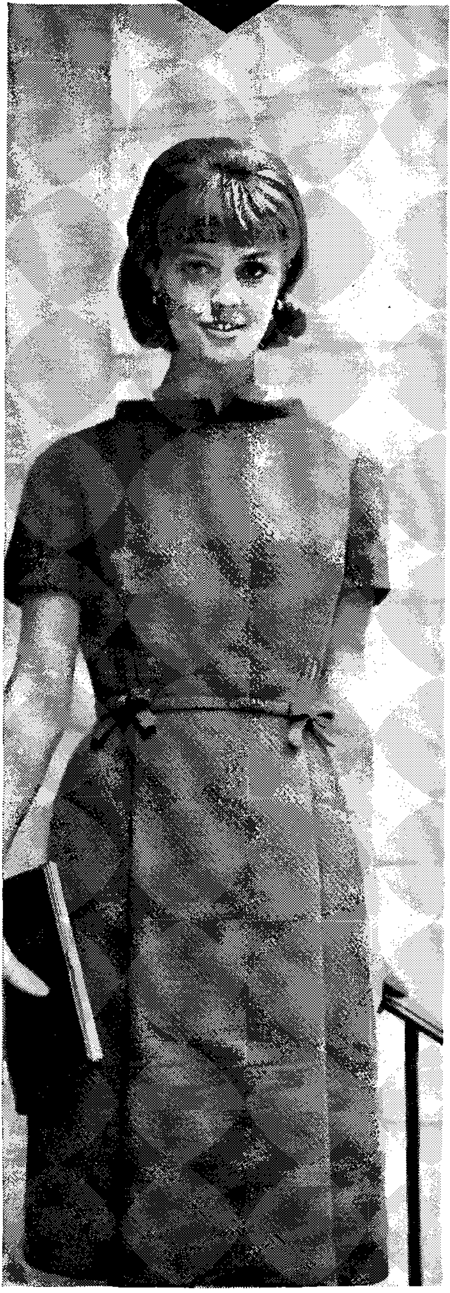

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pleasantly surprised to find that all but two of the ladies could actually do their own needlepoint.) The Winthrop Aldriches, for instance, undertook to *fix up a ground-floor room* that will serve, when completed, as an office for the principal guest in residence (it is the room that President Truman used as a study); Fieldcrest Mills endowed Blair House, which before the government took it over was once used as a Chinese laundry, with thirty thousand dollars' worth of towels and bed linen—one dozen changes of sheets and pillowcases for each of twenty-one beds in fifteen bedrooms. Mrs. Duke, who keeps a set of clothes at Blair House to use on occasions when she's on too tight a schedule to get home between social functions, is hard to resist. The renovation of Blair House is still under way, but the major construction work is finished, and so is a good deal of the interior decoration. (The walls of the downstairs ladies' powder room have been hand-painted with the state flowers of the fifty states. That sort of thing takes time.)

In Duke's world, the exchange of presents is frequent. Although the Constitution forbids government officials to accept presents from foreign states, they come anyway, in dazzling profusion. The Emperor of Ethiopia gave President Kennedy a precious handwritten parchment Bible bound in gold and silver. (He also gave the Lincoln Memorial a solid-silver wreath fashioned of ten thousand melted coins. It was his hope that it would be permanently displayed at the shrine, but Duke was doubtful about setting such a precedent and sent it to the Abraham Lincoln Museum at Springfield, Illinois.) President Kennedy also received—and in nearly every case, in compliance with the Constitution, passed along to the National Archives or some similar repository—a two-thousand-year-old head of Buddha from Afghanistan; a solid-gold coffee-measuring cup from Brazil; an elephant-tusk lamp from one of the Congos; a robe and shawl from Ghana; a serape from Guatemala; a bejewelled gold sword from Indonesia; a camel saddle from Niger; a monkey-skin rug from Somalia; two briefcases from the Sudan, one of snakeskin and one of crocodile; and a marble statue from Yugoslavia. Visiting foreigners also usually bring along gifts for the President's wife and children, and for lesser Americans who help to entertain them. Most of these last end up in the custody of the Office of Protocol, which permits the recipients to

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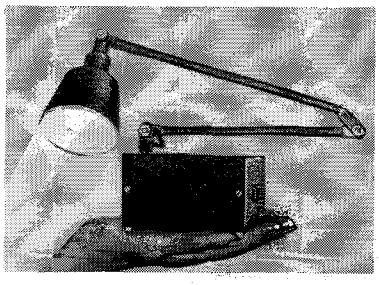

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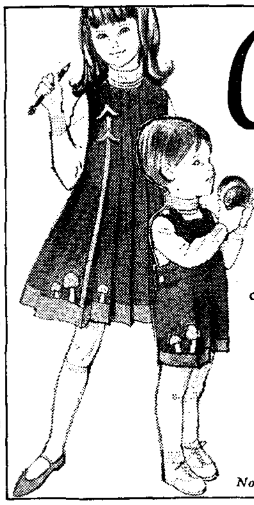

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keep them only if they are worth less than twenty-five dollars. It is one of the duties of Mrs. Williams, the senior Protocol officer in point of service, to make the appraisals. She tries to be fair, and she estimates the worth of an item according to what it may have cost a foreign government at wholesale. Some fairly respectable wristwatches and cufflinks have by her reckoning just squeaked by at twenty-four dollars and ninety-nine cents, but when the King of Saudi Arabia gave Duke a diamond-studded gold watch Mrs. Williams was reluctantly forced to conclude that it could not conceivably be worth less than twenty-five dollars, and the watch was put in storage. Duke may get it someday—as American military men may ultimately come into possession of foreign decorations they have been awarded—when he is no longer a part of the federal establishment, and provided Congress approves.

The gifts that our Chief of State bestows—in the selection of which Protocol often figures—tend to be more modest than those he receives. Our government tries not to spend more than five hundred dollars on any single present. It is supposed to be the thought behind it that counts. A good deal of thought goes into the process. While our President does hand out quite a few run-of-the-mill souvenirs, like sterling-silver cigarette boxes (since the publication of the Surgeon General's report on smoking, the White House has taken to referring to these as "desk boxes"), some of our gifts have been carefully tailored to suit the known predilections of a recipient. On learning that the President of Bolivia collected rare books, President Kennedy had the Protocol office scout around among dealers until it came up with a 1774 treatise on the potassium mines of Bolivia. The book was not only old but somewhat dog-eared, but after a velvet-lined box had been made for it, it looked quite presentable, and it overwhelmed the Bolivian. When Kennedy learned that the Prime Minister of Eire was a golfer, he had a set of clubs made with the Irishman's initials stamped on each in gold, and along with the clubs went a box of golf balls inscribed "Mr. Prime Minister."

IN the hectic aftermath of President Kennedy's assassination, a lot of things had to be done, and they had to be done correctly, and it was up to the Office of Protocol to see that they were. As a diplomat in Washington put it, after the first shock waves had passed, "Protocol was the one thing that some-

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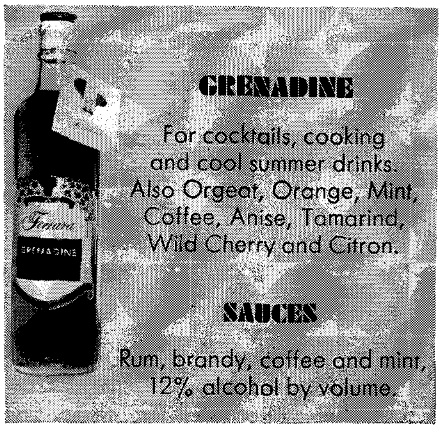
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how made everybody live again." Duke had spent most of the morning of Friday, November 22nd, mulling over a state visit by Chancellor Erhard, which was to start the following Monday. He took a breather to have lunch at one of his favorite Washington retreats, the National Capital Democratic Club, in the Sheraton-Carlton Hotel, with his brother. A waiter told them the President had been shot, and Duke went straight to the White House, a couple of blocks away.

The office of Ralph Dungan, one of Kennedy's administrative assistants, became the focal point for the men working on funeral arrangements—Sargent Shriver, General Clifton, Duke, and a host of others who drifted numbly in and out. As the plane carrying President Kennedy's body, President Johnson, and Mrs. Kennedy approached Andrews Air Force Base, Duke drove out there with Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. One of Johnson's first executive acts had been to send word from the plane to Acting Secretary of State George Ball—Dean Rusk was on a plane himself, west of Hawaii—that he wanted no one to meet him at Andrews. Ball and the White House staff had decided that Johnson's order, issued under stress, did not have to be obeyed. The crowd that gathered at the airfield included quite a few White House people, senators and congressmen, Cabinet members, and members of the diplomatic corps; understandably, they all wanted to convey their personal regrets to Mrs. Kennedy. Reaching the scene, Duke reflected a moment and then issued an order of his own: No one—absolutely no one at all—was to speak to Mrs. Kennedy when she arrived. The order was obeyed.

Duke went back to the White House, and soon word came to him from Mrs. Kennedy that she wanted as much information as he could assemble that night on state funerals. His office had a file on President Roosevelt's death, but that was all. Duke appealed to the Library of Congress, and seven researchers went to work there studying accounts of the funerals of Presidents Washington, Lincoln, Grant, Theodore Roosevelt, and Harding, and of King Edward VII. By four-thirty in the morning, when Mrs. Kennedy returned to the White House with her husband's casket, Duke had a report waiting for her. (Not long after that, the Office of Protocol, the Department of Defense, and other agencies that play a part in state funerals began formulating plans for the burials of all living Americans entitled to these

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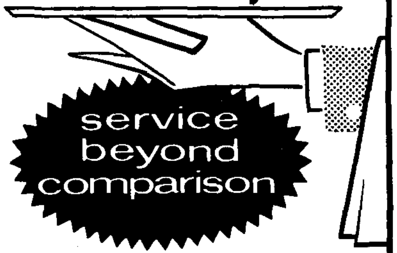

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rites—the President, the ex-Presidents, and five-star generals and admirals. When General MacArthur died, every detail of his funeral had already been arranged.) Duke hardly got to his own office over the weekend. William Tonesk, his deputy chief, took charge there. The Protocol staff numbers only thirty-six, and as they reported in, one by one, it was obvious that they were too few for the job. Other State Department employees volunteered their help. One young woman did secretarial work nearly non-stop for forty-eight hours. When she was so tired that she couldn't type anymore, she was persuaded to leave; in all the confusion, nobody ever learned who she was.

On Friday evening, while Secretary Rusk's plane was heading home, Ball and Duke decided that in order to make the funeral as manageable as possible they would recommend to all nations that they be represented at it by their ambassadors already in Washington. The two men so informed Rusk when they met the Secretary at Andrews at two o'clock Saturday morning and rode back to the State Department with him. But it was too much to hope that the leaders of the world would go along with that suggestion. The President of the Philippines sent word that he would attend the funeral in person. Chancellor Erhard said that he would be there, too. As the hours ticked by, the list grew longer. It was evident that the Office of Protocol couldn't conceivably cope with all the eminent personages who were coming and who, in ordinary circumstances, would each merit special ceremonial handling. Duke had a solution. He tapped for protocolary help the Assistant Secretaries of State for the five regions of the globe, many of their deputy assistant secretaries, and most of the scores of desk officers beneath them who deal with individual countries; while Rusk and Ball would undertake to greet all incoming chiefs of state and heads of government, their subordinates would wait upon other guests from their own areas. The Washington embassies would furnish their own transportation and arrange for the lodging of their own emissaries. A Protocol officer, Thane Kuhlman, was dispatched to Dulles International Airport, where most of the guests would be landing, to regulate traffic. (Meanwhile, Tonesk was informing immigration and public-health authorities at scattered ports of entry that foreigners might be coming through who had taken off in such a hurry that they had no passports or vaccination certificates.) At one point, Kuhlman learned that

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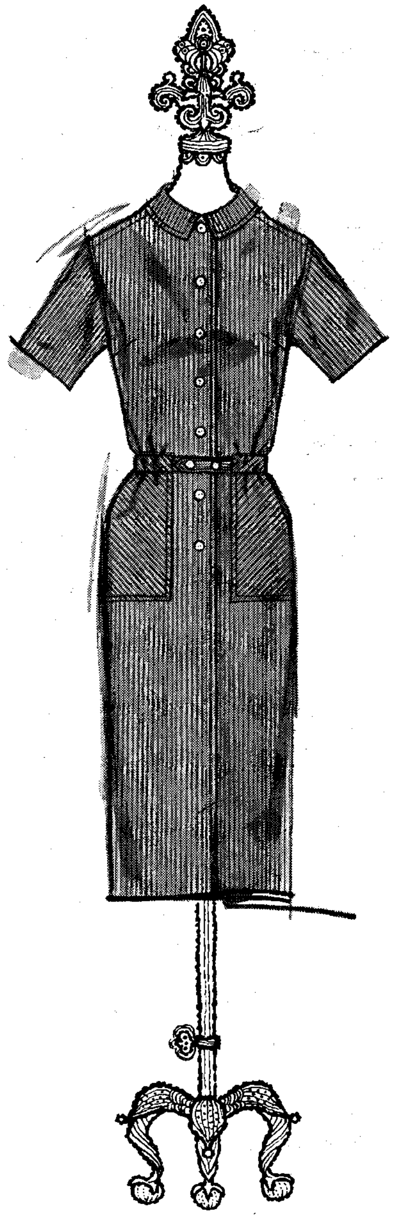

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a plane was on its way to Dulles from Idlewild carrying the Foreign Ministers of Algeria, Iran, Morocco, Tunisia, and Turkey. There had never been such a confluence of equal-ranking dignitaries at one swoop before, and the question was: In what order of precedence should Secretary Rusk escort them off the aircraft? Rusk didn't know, and Ball didn't know, and Kuhlman didn't know. The plane landed, and the passengers waited aboard it while Kuhlman phoned Tonesk for instructions. The deputy chief advocated that the men at the airport follow the old protocol custom of arranging individuals of identical importance in alphabetical order.

Duke was at the White House, juggling telephones. The British Ambassador wanted to know what Prince Philip should wear to the funeral. The Kennedy family had prescribed morning dress for civilians, and the Protocol office had at once arranged for a Washington clothing shop to stay open all weekend for the benefit of people who didn't have the correct dress. Duke said that morning dress would be all right for Prince Philip, but he turned up in an admiral's uniform—an appropriate gesture, Duke thought, from one naval officer to another. Somebody called to find out who would be responsible for the two ex-Presidents of the United States who were going to attend. Duke asked Averell Harriman to look out for Harry Truman and assigned a former deputy chief of Protocol, Clement Conger, to Dwight Eisenhower. The seating arrangements at St. Matthew's Cathedral were thrust upon Duke. He inspected the church Saturday and calculated that by putting folding chairs in the aisles he could squeeze in just about everybody who was coming. (He had television sets installed in the cathedral for the benefit of those mourners who had to be placed behind pillars.) Inevitably, there were slipups. The most important foreigners were supposed to sit in forward pews, five abreast. But when Haile Selassie and General de Gaulle took their places, far up front, they put their military hats (and the Emperor's sword) alongside them, with the result that there was room for only two others in their pew; the dignitaries who filed in behind them assumed that four to a pew was the idea, and Duke's plan was wrecked. Afterward, Crown Princess Beatrix of the Netherlands told him that, in the confusion, she had ended up wedged between First Deputy Premier Mikoyan of the Soviet Union and Mikoyan's bodyguard. "All I could say to Her

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Highness was 'I'm so glad you got a seat,'" Duke said later.

Everyone has his own especially poignant memories of that weekend. Duke has two that stand out. The Office of Protocol set up both receptions that followed the funeral—Mrs. Kennedy's at the White House and President Johnson's at the State Department. At the White House, Duke saw Mrs. Kennedy curtsy to Prince Philip, and he recalled that two years earlier, when he had been flying to London with the President and his wife, there had been a discussion about punctilio at Buckingham Palace—specifically about whether Mrs. Kennedy should curtsy to royalty—and Duke had told her, "My dear, chiefs of state do not curtsy to each other." Now, in Washington, as Mrs. Kennedy noticed Duke watching her curtsy to Philip, her mind flashed back, too. "She said, 'Angie, I'm no longer the wife of a chief of state,'" Duke says, "and my eyes filled with tears." At Mrs. Kennedy's reception, Duke presented each guest to the widow. The ex-President of Colombia, Alberto Lleras Camargo, was back toward the end of the line, and as he paused to chat with Mrs. Kennedy, Duke once again lost his composure. "They got to reminiscing about President Kennedy's state visit to Bogotá a couple of years before," Duke says, "and then he began to cry and she began to cry, and then I began to cry, and it seemed that the best thing to do was just to push him on down the line."

—E. J. Kahn, Jr.

•

The Erie Barge Canal, traversing upstate New York, is used primarily to carry wheat and oil from the Great Lakes to New York and oil and wheat from New York to the Great Lakes.—*Walden (N.Y.) Citizen Herald.*

Keeps things stirred up, anyway.

•

The Hobby Craft Club will meet July 27 with Jan Nielson at 1:30 P.M. at 1819 Avenue N. At this meeting members will make frogs out of felt and small sweetheart soap. Persons attending are asked to bring sequin pins, sequins and frog eyes. Anyone interested is welcome.—*Scottsbluff (Neb.) Daily Star-Herald.*

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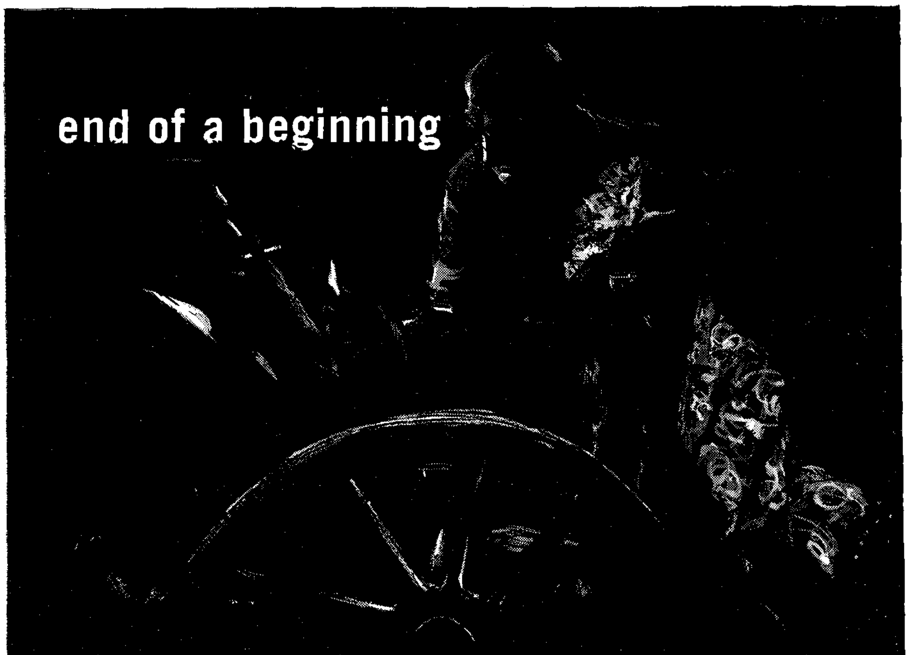

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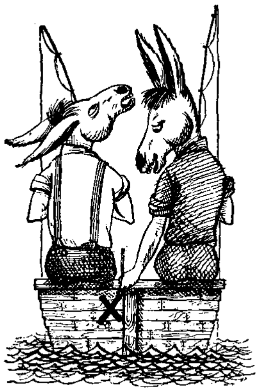

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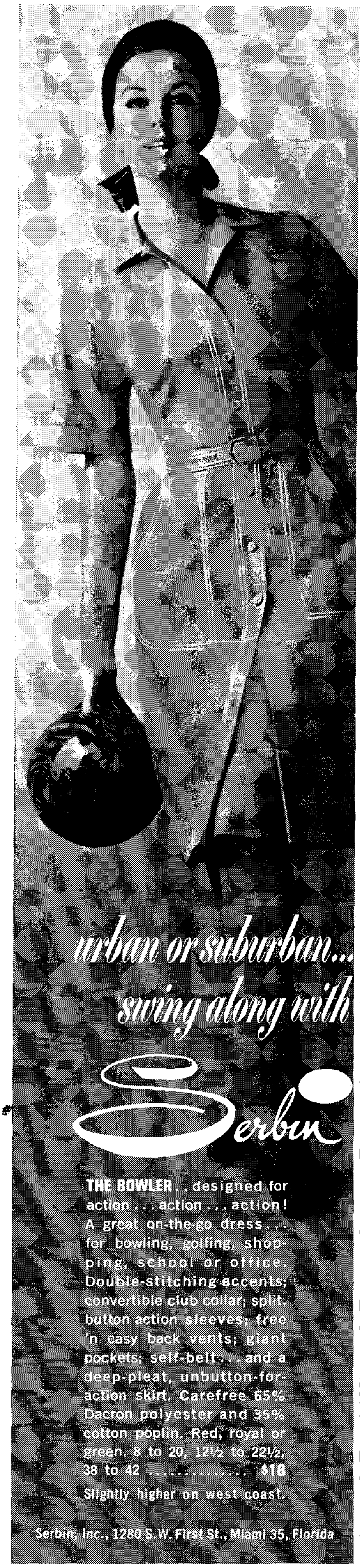

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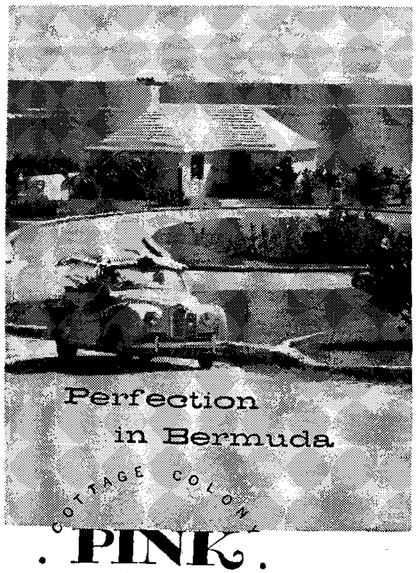
"THE NIGHT OF THE IGUANA," which was adapted by John Huston and Anthony Veiller from Tennessee Williams' play and directed by Mr. Huston, is a dreary mess—all bald and coarse on the surface, and all slick, pulpy, and inexcusably uplifty underneath. The setting, for the benefit of those who missed the play, as I did, is Mexico, and mostly a run-down hotel with a spectacular view of the sea. The characters include a heart-of-gold strumpet, recently widowed, who runs the hotel in a slapdash kind of way; an ex-minister who is now a tour director (he is not, he keeps insisting, a defrocked minister, although he certainly is a defrocked tour director by the time this opus has run its course); a saintly middle-aged spinster from Nantucket who works her passage around the world by sketching portraits for her room and board; her ninety-seven-year-old grandfather, who claims to be the oldest living poet and has been trying to finish a poem for many years; and a busload of grotesque Baptist ladies from Texas, among them a pretty and precocious teen-ager who is out to seduce the minister. All of them are somewhat freakish and desperate (and totally synthetic), and it is the message of the movie, if I got it right, that, discards though they may be, they are also human and entitled to our sympathy (except for the teen-ager and the other Baptist ladies, that is)—a message that is sound enough, though poorly delivered here, and the same one that Terence Rattigan sent out in "Separate Tables." The melodramatic action takes place during a couple of days of crisis for almost everyone concerned, and it is accompanied at its climax by thunder and lightning. An iguana—to fill in all the blanks—is a peculiarly repulsive lizard that grows to giant size in Mexico and is sometimes eaten by the natives and an occasional lusty hotel proprietress. One of them is caught and held captive for some symbolic purpose.

In fairness to Mr. Williams, two things must be said. The first is that he certainly writes fat parts for actors, and he is rewarded in this instance by



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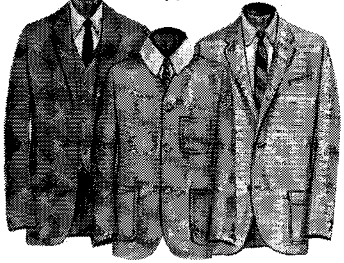

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a strong cast, all of whom give considerable force and conviction to the papier-mâché figures they represent. Richard Burton plays the clergyman with a conviction that is tinged with ironic reserve, although there is no question about the force; Ava Gardner is absolutely splendid as the hotel proprietress; Deborah Kerr, though oddly cast, does quite well as the spinster; Sue Lyon is properly decorative and wanton as the adolescent; and Cyril Delevanti is perfect as the old poet. The second thing is that Mr. Williams' play, while shoddy (I have just read it), is not nearly as vulgar or obvious as Mr. Huston's movie of it. Early in the picture, the tourist bus stops at a pond where some Mexican women and their children are washing clothes and paddling around, and poor Mr. Burton has to say something by Mr. H. or Mr. V. about "a moment of beauty—a fleeting glimpse into the lost world of innocence." Much later on, the camera switches back and forth between the captured iguana trying to escape and Mr. Burton all trussed up in a hammock and struggling to break the ties that bind. Everything is laid out and underlined for the audience, and much of the picture can be considered just an exercise in bravado. The scenery is plentiful. —EDITH OLIVER

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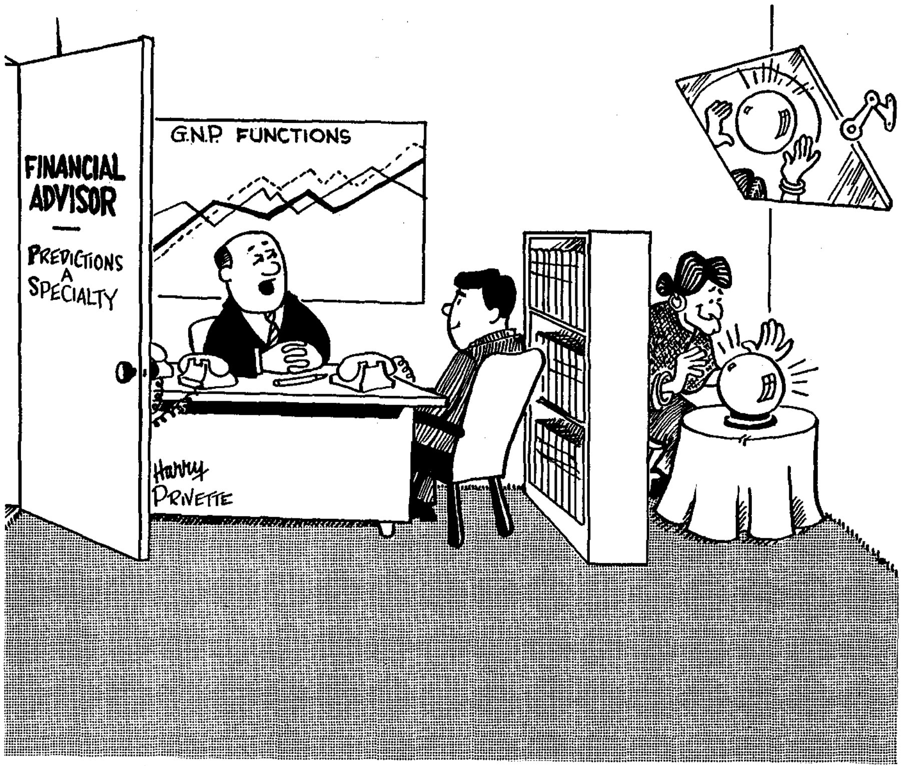

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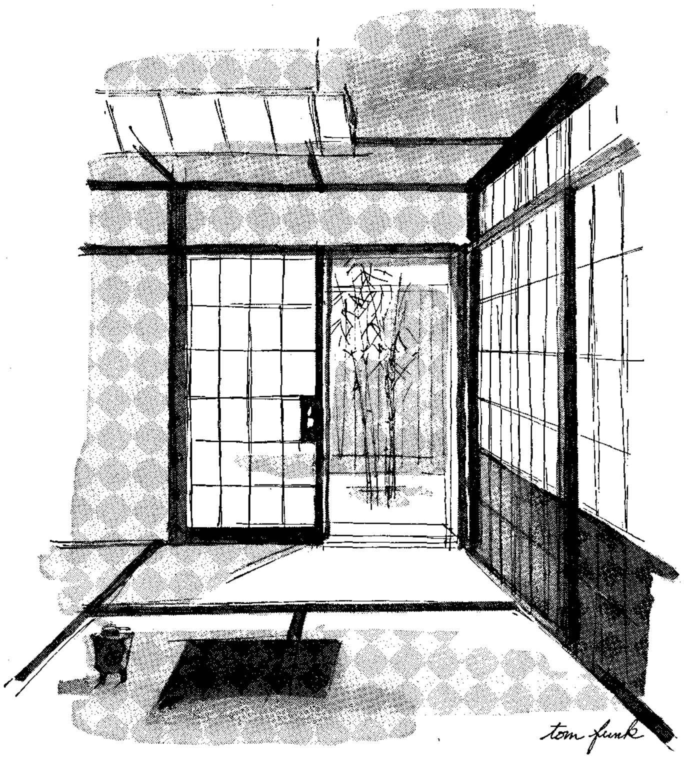
LETTER FROM SENDAGAYA



A FEW days ago, I was drawn out onto the veranda that overlooks the lane running past my temporary home in the Sendagaya section of Tokyo by the approach of what sounded like a temple drum. As the booming drew nearer, I could hear high-pitched shouts and groans, and a few minutes later a procession came into view that briefly sent me back to the days when Tokyo was known as Edo—its name until 1869, a year after the Meiji restoration resurrected imperial authority and put an end to Japan's long period of isolation and feudalism under the Tokugawa shoguns. About thirty small boys, dressed in short striped kimonos, were struggling under the weight of two long bamboo poles and a curtained palanquin built in the form of a Shinto shrine. Exhorted by several tough-looking men who wore only headbands and shorts, the youngsters staggered from one side of the lane to the other as they went along, issuing cries of what I trust was only mock agony. In Japan, one can never be too sure of such things. What appears to be a display of local color sometimes turns out to have a bruising reality. The pint-sized parade was an imitation of the tumultuous, full-scale matsuri, or festival, processions that are held at various times and places in honor of various Shinto and Buddhist deities. These routs are undeniably spectacular (photographs of them adorn Japan's splendid travel posters), but tourists sometimes find, upon close inspection, that they can be brutal and sanguinary. In some cases, the palanquins, or *mikoshi*, weigh thousands of pounds, and the poles and straps cut into the shoulders and backs of the bearers cruelly enough to draw blood. No wonder that before setting out on these pilgrimages many of the celebrants get ceremonially smashed on *sake*, and no wonder that they often weave recklessly into the crowds that line their path. Even though in recent years the civil authorities have brought the processions under fairly strict control, Japanese newspapers still report, from time to time, that a back has been broken under the fearful freight of the gods.

Happily, the junior procession in our lane looked as if it was producing no more than a few stiff little muscles. And it was a charming sight—especially for my five-year-old daughter, who, with her mother and year-old brother, came out to join me on the veranda. These amiable people, normally my fellow-occupants of a Manhattan apartment, are spending a year in Japan with me. During the Second World War, I was an interpreter of Japanese for the United States Army, and after an absence of eighteen years I have been drawn back to Japan by, among other things, tales of the new Tokyo that has arisen out of the ruins of the old one. The four of us are living in the home of Mrs. Kiyosawa, a Japanese widow of middle years and immense understanding, and she, too, came out on the veranda to watch, along with Sumiko, her maid of all work. The sight of this unlikely clutch of spectators—in our mixed garb of kimono, Western dress, and Western infant dress—shocked the paraders into an extra lurch.

In Tokyo, as I never tire of rediscovering, contrast is all. Japan, perhaps more than any other nation, is dedicated to modernity, and yet there are many ceremonial intrusions of the past. Sendagaya is not a backwater suburb but a section that represents the metropolis at its most modern. Unlike the Ginza and Nihombashi areas (Broadway and Wall Street) and the shopping and entertainment districts around the Shinjuku and Shibuya railroad stations, Sendagaya has none of the big new office buildings, Western-style hotels, and tall department stores that have given Tokyo the stubby beginnings of a skyline, but it happens to be the epicenter of preparations for the 1964 Olympic Games, which are to begin in October. On one side, it is bordered by the principal Games complex—known ordinarily as the Outer Garden of Meiji Shrine and for the moment as the Meiji Olympic Park—in and around which are situated the National Stadium (where the track-and-field events will be held), the Tokyo Metropolitan Gymnasium, the Metropolitan Swimming Pool, and the Prince Chichibu Rugby Grounds. (The stadium has been expanded to seat seventy-two thousand, but this means seventy-two thousand Japanese, and since three Japanese normally take up no more bench space than two Westerners, foreigners here regard the figure as rather optimistic.) On another side, Sendagaya is close to the secondary Games complex, where much new building has been going on.

In spite of all the surrounding activity, Sendagaya might gladden the heart of Mrs. Jane Jacobs, New York's apostle of diversity in municipal life, and so might Tokyo as a whole. It is composed largely of neighborhoods, and the neighborhoods follow her prescriptions for civic harmony quite closely. They are self-contained communities, each with a core of shopping streets and a bustling, absorbing life of its own, and if the non-Olympic recreational facilities are close to nil, Tokyo children seem to have a whale of a time in the cozy maze of their back streets. In the last twenty years, Tokyo's population has grown from three million to ten and a half million, and its land area has increased from two hundred square miles to eight hundred, embracing three counties, twelve sizable towns, and nine islands, in addition to twenty-three old municipal wards, or *ku*. The wards are subdivided into thousands of villagelike sections and subsections, and it might be said that Tokyo is an accretion of villages, many of them dating back to the Edo era, and most of them still re-

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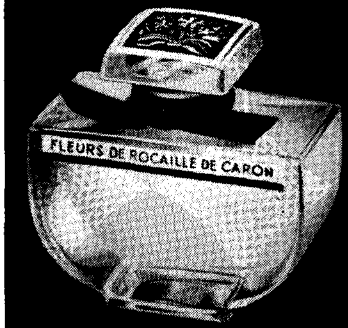

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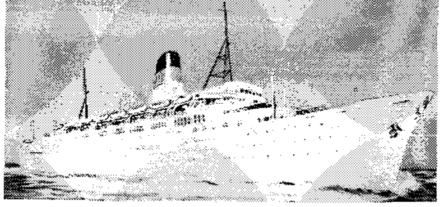
taining the old pattern of narrow, twisting streets and footpaths, threaded, seemingly as afterthoughts, through blocks of chaotically placed dwellings. The fact that the ward area is a vast collection of traffic baffles has in no way deterred an inexorable and appalling increase in the volume of traffic, and by this fall auto manufacturing, Japan's newest boom industry, is expected to have gratified the metropolitan urge toward vehicular strangulation by providing Tokyo with one million registered cars and trucks.

Not having a car here, I personally have little quarrel with the city's layout, and, for all the hazards of sharing pavements with careering vehicles, I find Tokyo one of the world's most walkable cities. I can turn off the traffic-clogged boulevard nearest our house and find myself in a reasonable facsimile of the village Japan shown in my daughter's Japanese picture books. Here is the *tatami*-maker's shop, the master and his apprentice sitting cross-legged inside—or, just as likely, outside—putting together their rectangles of straw matting. There is the rice-flour shop, with its powdery hand grinder. And just up a footpath is the public bath—the busiest institution in the neighborhood—which is to communal life in Japan a combination of what the general store was to rural America and what the public bath was to both the leisure class of ancient Rome and the immigrant slum-dwellers of New York's lower East Side. In one of these misty and convivial vats, the neighborhood resident can hear the neighborhood gossip and get himself—or, in a separate chamber, herself—clean and warm. A Japanese hot bath, or *ofuro*, may not beat central heating—a rare and expensive facility here—but in the winter it is the next best thing, and is probably healthier for body and spirit.

Sendagaya, like any Tokyo *cho*, or section composed of several loosely defined neighborhoods, offers clear evidence that Japan is *the* nation of shopkeepers. Although in recent years the *supa maketo* and the *shiyoppingu senta* have made their appearance near concentrations of well-heeled resident foreigners, the rule in Sendagaya is still fractionization of distribution. Every few yards of shopping street repeats the same pattern of rickety-walled, sliding-door shops, overflowing with goods—the *yaoya* (greengrocer's), the *gyunyuya* (dairy store), the *nikuya* (butcher shop), the *sakanaya* (fish store), the *sakeya* (liquor store), the *kusuriya* (drugstore), the *tabakoya*

EUROPE



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Chief among the demons are ultraviolet rays, "UV." They plummet to earth in the guise of friendly sunlight, but—like X-rays—they are so energetic they penetrate and shake up the very chemical structure of many organic materials, man included.

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Plastics are now kept clear and resilient with chemicals called UV absorbers. These absorbers keep ultraviolet away from plastic products such as outdoor awnings and garden hoses, which would otherwise become brittle and discolor. They soak up the UV and change it into harmless heat. Cyanamid sells these materials to plastics manufacturers. They're called Cyasorb® UV light absorbers and one of the many things you can thank them for is the longer life of your plastic patio furniture.

It was Cyanamid's vast experience in dyes and pigments that led to the development of its UV absorbers and a group of equally provocative substances—those which darken under ultraviolet radiation and then change back when the radiation stops. We're now experimenting with dyes for possible use in Army field dress. Uniforms would darken or lighten according to the amount of light that hits them, thus providing very practical and realistic camouflage.

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Now even paper can be made to stand fast in the sun and rain. For example, Cyanamid's wet strength resins keep paper holding its own, wet or dry. Today's convenient picnic plates, cups, utensils and cloths have Cyanamid chemicals to thank for their sturdiness and usability.

With Cyanamid involved in so many sun and summer products, you might think we'd get in your hair. We do. And millions of women couldn't be happier. By using the hair preparations of one of our subsidiaries, John H. Breck, Inc., women can help control the sun's harmful effects on their hair. For example, a major summer hair problem is excessive dryness due to sun and wind. So John H. Breck, Inc. recommends one of its shampoos which is made especially for dry hair. This shampoo cleans effectively but removes a minimum of natural oils.

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(tobacco shop). The suffix "*ya*" can indicate either the store or the storekeeper. In the latter case, the entrepreneur, when directly addressed, usually acquires the honorific caboose "*-san*." Even the ancient who, sixteen hours a day, presides over the nearby sliver of a cigarette shop, its single counter thinly stacked with packs of government-monopoly "Peace," "Hope," and, lately, "Olympia" brands, and who spends the other eight hours in the rear of the shop with his equally venerable wife, is spoken to as "*Tabakoya-san.*" "*San*" does not quite carry the connotation of "The Honorable," as whimsical translators would have it. *Tabakoya-san* is much closer to "Mr. Tobacconist."

Within each cluster of basic shops there may also be such less common establishments as a beauty parlor, a stationery store, a *terebi* (television) repair shop, a *sobaya* (noodle restaurant), and so on and on. At the heart of Sendagaya there is a startling lumberyard specializing in bamboo, with the poles stacked upright, some of them three stories high. The section also has its pearl shop, its *biriado* parlor for pool sharks, and several auto-body shops. (If I were Japanese, I would open a body shop. There is a fortune to be made here in uncrumpling fenders.) While each shop theoretically has its own specialty, there is actually a good deal of overlapping. For instance, one can buy a bottle of milk not only at the dairy but at the greengrocer's, and the latter carries the same tiny refrigerated bottles of liquid vitamins (each packaged with a tiny plastic straw) that are found at the drugstore. These pick-me-ups are ceaselessly touted in television commercials, which, in the matter of unsubstantiated claims, get by with about two hundred per cent more murder than their American models. Viewers are led to believe that a jolt of liquefied vitamins will instantly send new strength coursing through their systems. In fairness, though, I must say that even more extravagant claims are made by the local specialist in acupuncture and in moxa (an ancient form of cure based on the burning of a small mound of powder on the skin over an aching part of the body) in a pamphlet that was thrust into my hand one day on a back street.

WHILE Sendagaya is typical of neighborhood Tokyo, it does have several unusual features. Directing a cabby to Sendagaya is likely to evoke a leer, the section being dubiously famous for its *abekku* (from the French "*avec*"), or "romance," hotels. During

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the day, these establishments look much like the placid residences in the area. At night, however, their roofs sprout pale-blue neon signs that spell out such names as Night Breeze, Flower Bridge, and Five Virtues. In the *abekku* hotels, rooms can be rented by the hour for—as the euphemism has it—"*kyukei*," or "a rest." Actually, many perfectly respectable hotels and inns have *kyukei* rates for travellers who really do want just a rest, but in Sendagaya a weary loner who happens into even the deadest-looking *abekku* hotel at any time of day or night is likely to be regarded as either an aberrant or a fire inspector.

While people who patronize the *abekku* hotels are distinctly a minority of the population, it is true that the Japanese—in general, sticklers for the proprieties—have a fairly unfrantic attitude toward sex. A serious popular argument in favor of these hotels is that there is no place in the city where an engaged couple can so much as rub noses in private, and public displays of affection are still frowned on here. The wish of engaged couples to see each other in private reflects the fact that in the cities arranged marriages, like so many other Japanese traditions, have become largely a fiction, although after marriage most Japanese women—even urban, emancipated ones—apparently still slip into the familiar, unromantic role of housekeeper. Couples usually go through the formality of lining up a go-between, but they do so *after* coming to a personally negotiated engagement. For a *sarari-man*—a salaried man, or white-collar hopeful—asking the boss to act as go-between is not the worst kind of job insurance.

Tolerance does have its limits, though, and not long ago the proliferation of *abekku* hotels in Sendagaya assumed the proportions of a scandal, whereupon neighborhood housewives got together and forced the authorities to ban any more such establishments in the section. What provoked the Sendagaya ladies to such militancy was not opposition to sex per se. Japanese women are sweetly, if ruefully, philosophical about the prospects of reforming their country's male-dominated sexual mores. (One of many recent public-opinion surveys, which are proliferating here even faster than *abekku* hotels, showed that fifty-three per cent of Japanese wives suspected their husbands of infidelity.) What provoked the ladies, according to Mrs. Kiyosawa, was the practical considerations of child rearing. It seems that the local middle-school children, who pass the hotels on their way to and from classes, began

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to notice youngsters not much older than themselves among the patrons and went home to ask awkward questions.

Reform has a tougher task here than it has ever had in New York. In its curiously orderly way, the town is wide open by Occidental standards. And nobody in charge really tries to make any excuses. A while ago, the national government, long dominated by the conservative Liberal Democratic Party, felt obliged to issue a public charge of maladministration against the municipal government, even though it, too, is run by Liberal Democrats, and the local politicians readily accepted the condemnation. Indeed, the Governor of Tokyo, Ryotaro Azuma, a former pharmacology professor and a sports enthusiast, whose chief interest in life seems to have been bringing the Olympic Games to Tokyo, humbly promised to rectify all wrongs.

THERE are two other features of Sendagaya that illustrate the diversity of modern Japan. For one, though it is not a notably proletarian quarter, there happens to be a conspicuous amount of Communist activity hereabouts. The Japan-Soviet Society, which conducts well-attended classes in Russian and in the latest gyrations of dialectical materialism, is a near neighbor of ours. And between my house and the closest elevated-railway station, I pass both the headquarters of the Japan Communist Party and the plant where its newspaper, *Akahata*, or *Red Flag*, is printed. Hard-core Communism has not been very popular here since the days of the Occupation, and the sizable leftist vote in Japan now largely rallies to the Socialist Party, whose so-called "main current" is informed by neutralism, Moscow, and nineteenth-century Marxism in about equal portions. However, either Communism is getting a new lease on life here or *Akahata* has a brilliant circulation manager. In the past four years, the circulation of its Sunday edition has jumped from a hundred and fifty-five thousand to more than half a million. Furthermore, in last November's general elections the J.C.P., which backs Peking and opposes the nuclear-test ban, surprisingly won five seats in the lower house of the Diet—an increase of two—and received more than a million and a half votes out of a total of forty-one million, which is a bit better than it did in the 1960 general elections. Whether support for the Party will continue to increase has since become somewhat problematical. In

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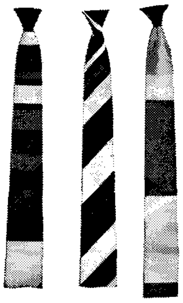

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April, the J.C.P. incurred the wrath of the militant labor unions by refusing to support a strike of government workers, and a month later it split its own ranks by ousting two of its Diet members, who voted with the majority in favor of a resolution upholding the test ban. Nevertheless, an educated guess is that the J.C.P. will keep on having a modest renaissance.

There has been a corresponding upsurge of activity on the distant right lately. "Patriotic societies" abound—some of them relics of the prewar era and others little more than politically oriented postwar gangster organizations—and though their memberships are small, they are often inclined to violence, in the classic Japanese tradition. Political stabbings in the disgruntled-samurai style, so horribly typified by the internationally televised assassination of the Socialist leader Asanuma in 1960, have become a rightist vogue once again. Earlier that year, a rightist had stabbed former Prime Minister Kishi, and last year others tried to stab Prime Minister Ikeda and Sanzo Nosaka, the veteran head of the J.C.P.

Everybody agrees that the young mental defective who last March stabbed the United States Ambassador, Edwin O. Reischauer, had no political affiliations. It turns out, however, that one of the men who went after the assailant—an Embassy chauffeur—is a member of the Soka Gakkai. This politically active Buddhist organization, whose name translates as "Value-Creating Academic Society," reportedly has more than ten million members, and although it has sent a delegation to Moscow and stands with the left on some issues, it is generally regarded as pretty far right. It has also been accused of unpleasantly aggressive recruiting tactics. In the past few years, the Soka Gakkai has entered candidates in lesser elections, and has enjoyed an unnerving degree of success; its adherents have won more than a thousand seats in the prefectural and urban assemblies. Now it seems ready for the big time. In the next national election, which will probably be held in 1965, it will reportedly put up thirty candidates for the lower chamber of the Diet.

Placed in perspective, the developments on the Japanese left and right, though certainly not to be taken lightly by anyone who would like to see Japan settle down and become the model for enlightened democracy in the Far East, are regarded as, at worst, only extremist straws in the wind. In fact, the Liberal Democrats kept their comfort-

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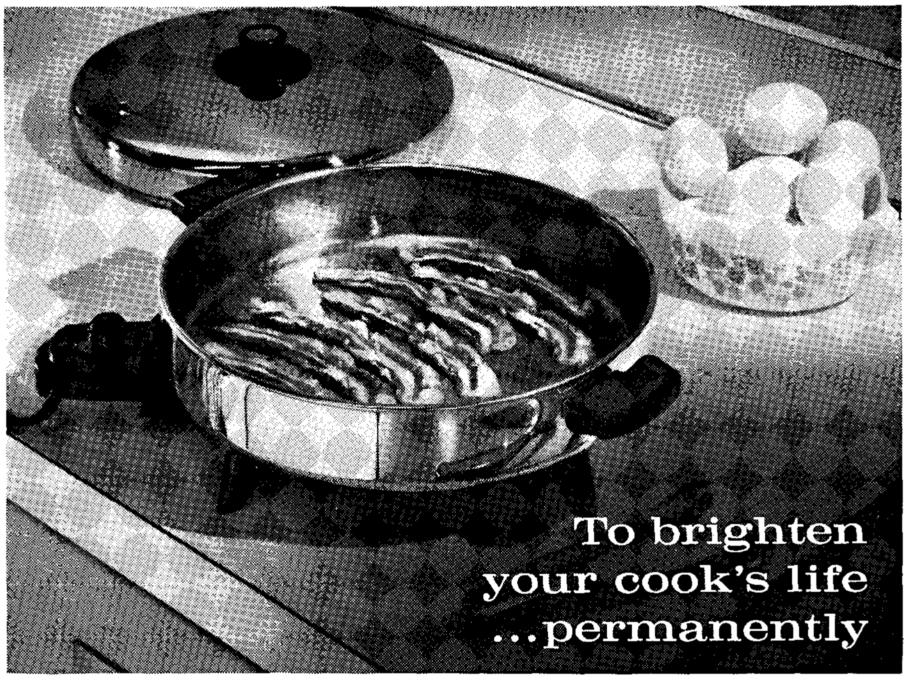

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The Tale of the Talkative Wife

by
Julian P. Van Winkle
Senior Proprietor
Old Fitzgerald Distillery
Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849

Our still-house man once confided in me about his garrulous wife.

"Minute I step in the front door," he complained, "it's talk, talk, talk! We sit down to supper. It's more talk, talk, talk! Next morning, same thing. Talk, talk, talk!"

"What in the world does she find to talk about?" I queried.

"That's just it," he replied. "*She don't say!*"

Whiskey folks these days are doing a sight of talking about "light, light, light."

You hear it at the cocktail bar. It's the by-word at the liquor store. You see it on bottle labels. It pops out from magazines, newspapers, billboards. Light, light, light!

But what does it mean? "She don't say."

And maybe, purposely so! When you don't fool with definitions, "light" applied to whiskey can mean most anything the customer wants it to.

Light in *color*, for instance, may be one man's meat. Light in *flavor* might suit another. Light in *alcoholic strength* could appeal to a third even though the proof be no less than a so-called heavy brand.

And *light on the pocket book* may be what was meant from the very start!

Here at our family distillery we've been spared the pains of definition because "light" has *never* been used to describe our famous OLD FITZGERALD. Mellow, full-bodied, robust—*yes*. Light, heaven forbid, *never!*

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able margin in the lower house last November, winning two hundred and eighty-three of the four hundred and sixty-seven seats. As for the Socialist Party, it lost more votes to its suddenly vigorous right-wing offshoot, the Democratic Socialist Party, than to the Communists. Indeed, moderate political observers take considerable pleasure in the Democratic Socialist capture of twenty-three Diet seats and also in the fact that the rate of increase of the total left vote slipped for the first time in many years. Some sources, including segments of the left-wing press, regard these developments as the first stages of victory for what had come to be called either the "Reischauer offensive" or the "Kennedy-Reischauer offensive." By this they mean the personal campaign that Reischauer, a Kennedy appointee, had been quietly conducting—before his injuries interfered—to soften up the intransigent anti-Americanism of Japan's *interi*, or intellectuals. (Another thing that has had to be put aside during his recuperation is his flattering, unprecedented program of official visits to all forty-six Japanese prefectures, some of which never saw an American from one end of a year to the next.)

Fortunately, there is considerable evidence that on their own the bulk of the Japanese populace are slowly bearing their leaders toward the one position in the political spectrum never before unequivocally occupied in Japan—the center. Prime Minister Ikeda himself is more centrist than any other conservative postwar chieftain, and, with his often derided but quite serviceable "low-posture" approach to both domestic and foreign affairs, is responsive to a broader range of public opinion. "Ikeda's unique contribution to Japanese politics may well prove to be the introduction of a consensus," an American friend who has a deep interest in the local scene recently remarked to me. At any rate, Ikeda, a Finance Ministry graduate, who has an even-toned foghorn voice (rare among Japanese), has become the first third-term L.D.P. Prime Minister, and he appears mindful of the fact that the public has begun to lose enthusiasm for some of the L.D.P.'s thoroughgoing conservatism. The Party's victory last fall was in some ways deceptive; it actually lost three seats and its popular vote declined perceptibly. The Prime Minister has now begun to talk of "modernization" and of the "welfare state" as frequently as of "doubling the national income." Progress toward this last, Ikeda's pet project, has unfortunately been practically nullified, as

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far as a great many Japanese are concerned, by an accompanying rise in the cost of living.

If walking past Sendagaya's Communist command posts sets me to pondering the changes that the years since 1945 have wrought, a visit to the Meiji Shrine, which is a five-minute stroll from Sendagaya, reminds me how much of the old survives. The Shrine is a great center of Shintoism, a religion that, despite a fall from grace after the war, has seventy-eight million nominal adherents, according to government figures. State Shinto was abolished by the Occupation government, but it has been replaced by so-called Shrine Shinto, which claims sixty-four million believers, and by something known as Sect Shinto, which claims the rest. Since the various sects of orthodox Buddhism have an officially recognized membership of sixty-one million, and since there are several million more adherents of various splinter sects, as well as almost a million Christians, Japan's ninety-six million people would seem to be spiritual in the extreme. The fact is, of course, that many Japanese maintain both Shinto and Buddhist altars and are counted twice in official censuses of religion. Over the millennia, Shintoism has accommodated itself to the many waves of belief that have swept Japan. Indeed, it is not so much a religion as a way of conduct—"Shinto" means "the way of the gods"—focussing on ancestor worship. Although the basis of its prewar power was destroyed when Hirohito renounced divine ancestry, Shinto exerts a pervasive ritualistic influence. Most wedding ceremonies are Shinto, and probably the single most popular site for them in Tokyo is the wedding building of Meiji Memorial Hall, which occupies a corner of the Shrine's now Olympic-dominated Outer Garden.

Although not many Japanese, and certainly not many urban Japanese, would admit to taking Shinto very seriously these days, Meiji Shrine draws eight million visitors a year—three million in the course of the three-day New Year holiday alone. And a case could be made out that Shinto ritual, as much as any single factor, is the ultimate source of the distinctive and endless intricacy of so many aspects of Japanese life. (Death, however, tends to fall into the province of Buddha.) The Shinto style is apparent not only in Japan's religious customs but in the mannerisms of its classic stage and in its folkways, which Westerners usually find mystifying, if not stupefying, but which have fascinated Japanophiles

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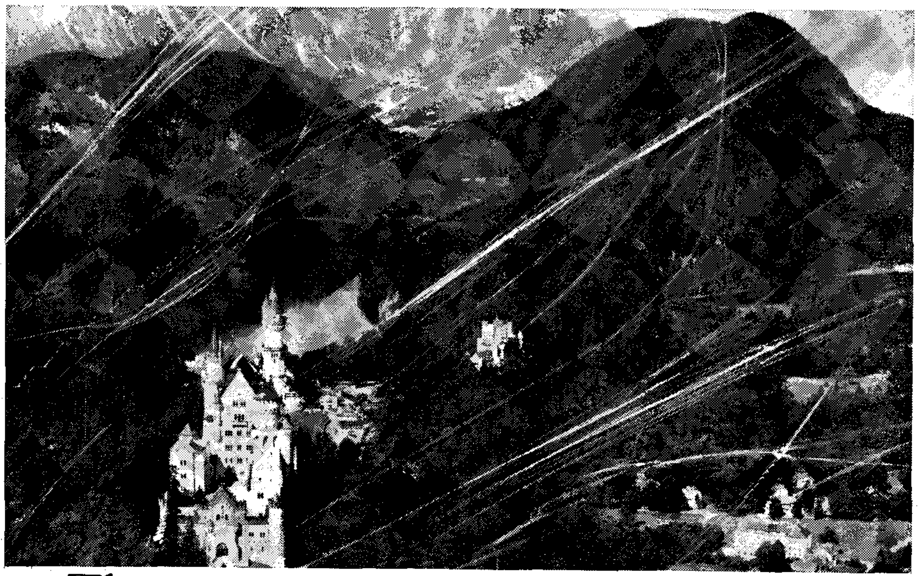
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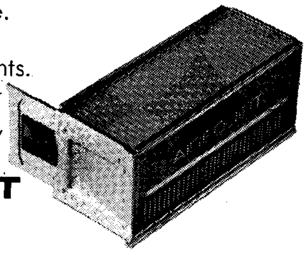

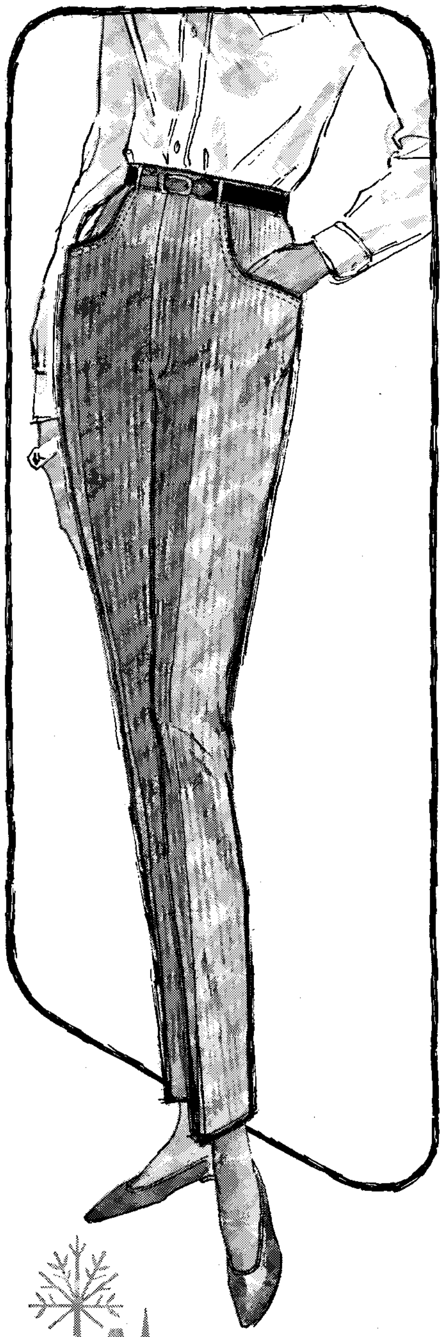

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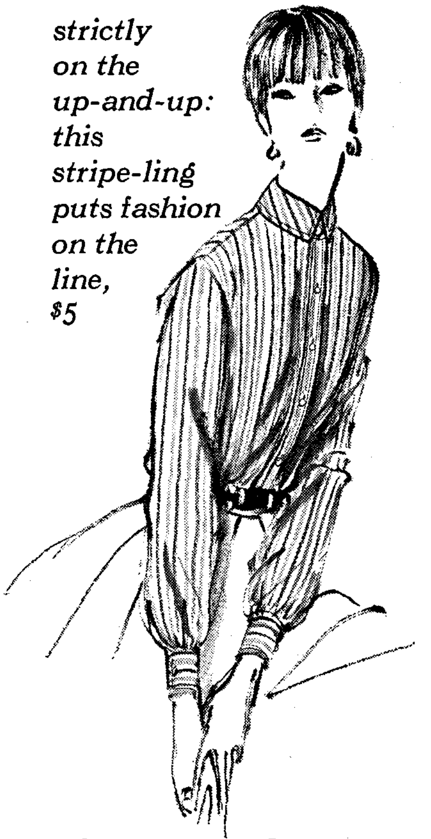
since the time of Lafcadio Hearn. Try as I will to keep up, I remain confounded by their elusiveness. The classic Japanese stage, I have to admit, has the same effect on me. Having twice in the past seventeen years undertaken earnest campaigns to come to terms with Kabuki (whose practitioners, along with *sumo* wrestlers and geisha girls, are among the most ardent supplicants at Shinto shrines), I have declared a separate peace: Utaemon VI doesn't have to read my work and I don't have to watch his. I find some guilty consolation in the fact that large numbers of Japanese are bored stiff by Kabuki, too. Indeed, about the most responsive Japanese audience I have been a part of was one at a performance given by a touring Peking Opera troupe, which had the same sort of vitality that the Russian Moiseyev dancers stunned New York audiences with several seasons ago. Incidentally, the Peking Opera was much more convincing propaganda than the poky trade fair put on at about the same time by the Communist Chinese in Tokyo. The fair was a quite impressive spread of industrial and consumer wares, and it proved that Red China can turn out one of just about everything, but it wasn't nearly as exciting as any neighborhood bazaar in Tokyo. And the cultural exhibits indicated that the Peking Opera is the only Chinese artistic entity that may have slipped the leash.

It is not the rites of Shinto that draw me frequently to Meiji Shrine but the Shrine's Inner Garden. Its hundred and seventy-nine acres constitute the most satisfying park in Tokyo and one of the most agreeable that I have come across anywhere. The Forest of Yoyogi, with a hundred thousand closely planted cedar, maple, camphor, and pine trees in a variety of mushroomy, distinctively Japanese shapes, covers most of the Inner Garden. Trimly barbered but thick-leaved branches overarch the raked gravel walks that cut through the tidy forest floor. Here and there stand great wooden torii and high stone pillars topped by lamps housed in miniature stone temples. This soothing, shadowed enclave, a hundred miles removed from the surrounding din, has become for me the Tokyo equivalent of the heart of Central Park—and one's chances of departing unharmed are infinitely greater.

In the center of the forest stands the Shrine itself. It was built in 1920, but its main building was destroyed during the war and was reconstructed only six years ago. Though the complex of Shrine buildings doesn't rank with



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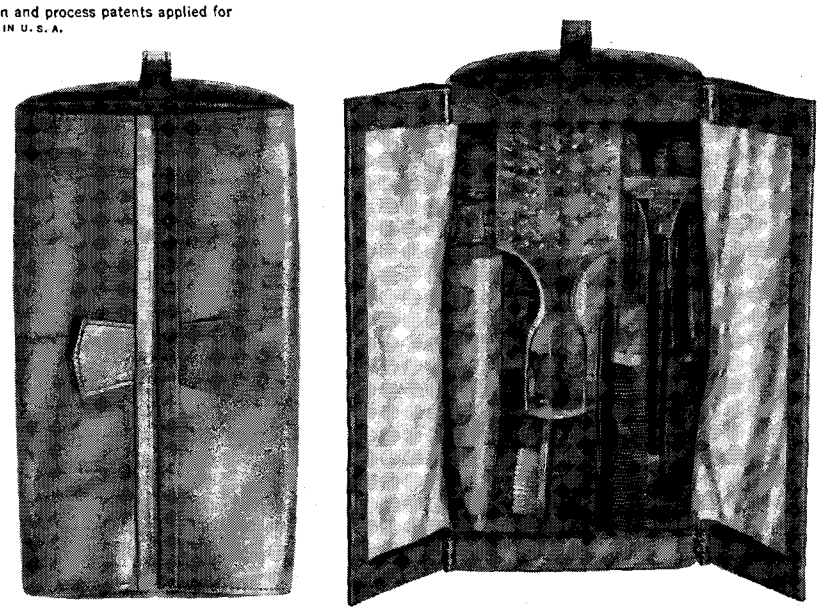
the architectural wonders of Kyoto and Nara, it does have the pleasing, scrupulously ordered roof lines that impart grace to all classic Japanese scenes. But what I like most about the Shrine is the flow of pilgrims, who come to clap their hands and offer prayers and coins before the altar of the revered Emperor Meiji and his consort, the Empress Shoken, both of whom occupy prominent places in the Shinto pantheon. (Meiji reigned from 1868 to 1912, modern Japan's proudest era.) The variety of the visitors' dress alone is an education. The kimono has not been as widely replaced by Western dress as I had been led to believe, and shrinegoing is a good excuse for women to break out their best kimonos. Especially in winter, the kimono seems to be routinely used, even by younger women (often with an infant slung snugly inside on the back), for shopping and around-the-house wear. And any social event is likely to bring out a wonderful array of kimonos. Men are infrequently seen in kimonos outside the house—the walk to the bathhouse being one occasion—but the variations of their clothing styles make American male dress seem hidebound. Japanese men have adopted our Ivy and Continental looks and the last word in leisure wear, but they have relinquished none of the fads borrowed from the Occident since the twenties. Surely this is the last bastion of flapping plus fours, vintage samples of which I have often seen at Meiji Shrine.

Even on non-festival days, there is plenty of action in the rectangle of walks and gravel in front of the main Shrine building. One recent day there, I found myself witness to a ritualistic exhibition of *budo*, or martial arts. It was put on by about a dozen members of a local organization devoted to the revival of these strenuous pursuits, under the official scrutiny of a Shinto priest who wore a typical flowing white robe, black wooden shoes, and a singular black hat shaped like a cover for an axe blade. The first item on the program was *kendo*, or sword fighting. Several scowling young swordsmen in period pantaloons, directed by a similarly clad, middle-aged *budo*-master, engaged in a series of mock encounters, which time and again brought their businesslike blades to a vibrating halt within a hairsbreadth of each other's faces. Then a martial lady, armed with a pikestaff, gave an agile demonstration of *naginata*, or pikestaff-wielding. Finally, half a dozen judo wrestlers went to work on each other. (Judo will this year become the first native Japanese sport to make an Olympic appear-



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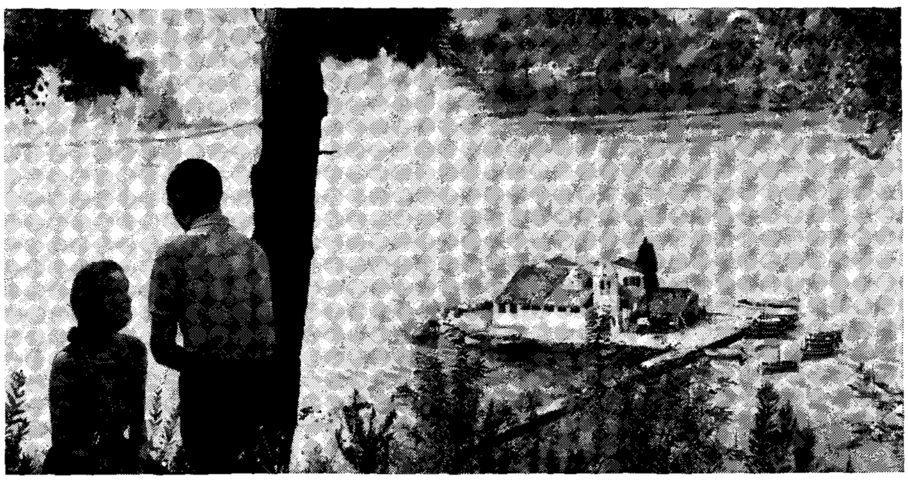

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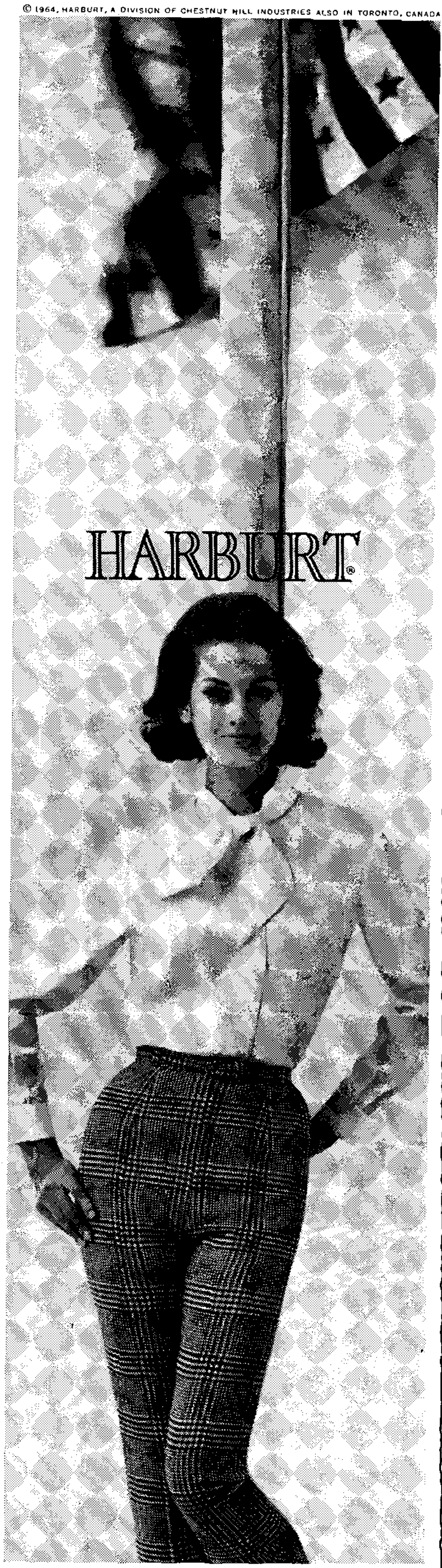

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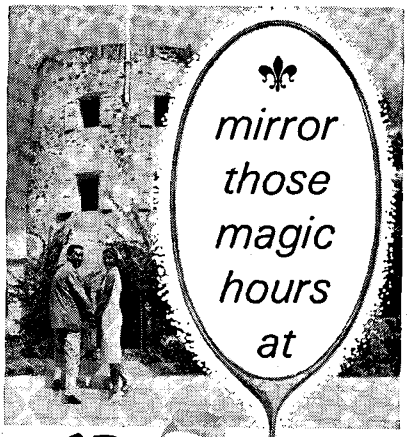
ance, and it is consequently enjoying more prestige here than ever.) These fellows put on quite a show of it, responding in disciplined fashion to the barked commands of the *budo*-master. At one stage, the routine called for each man to be swung into the air by one arm, twisted completely around, and then landed flat on his back. At the particular spot where they were performing, the ground was gravel, and the falls were hard ones, but the victims remained absolutely expressionless. While this was going on, I noticed another, unrelated group of about fifty judoists trot into the Shrine grounds. The new group, dressed in regulation loose-fitting jackets and knee-length trousers, ranged themselves in formation before the Shrine and offered obeisance to Meiji in the form of a series of violent cutting, hacking, and punching exercises. Japan may have its share of decadent and delinquent youth, but obviously there are still many Spartan types to be found, and some tough old Japanese habits into which their energies can be channelled.

HARD by the Inner Garden of the Shrine is the Olympic Village, which veterans of the American Occupation Forces will recall as Washington Heights—a compound of almost six hundred barracks-like houses and apartment buildings built after V-J Day for married personnel and their families. Last December, the United States turned Washington Heights over to the Japanese government, and now the two most interesting Olympic structures, architecturally speaking, are rising beside it, both designed by Kenzo Tange. One of these is the National Gymnasium, which defies simple description or analogy. (The word "metagnathous" is frequently used to explain its lines; all I can say is that, with its suspension roof, it more or less resembles certain works of the Italian Pier Luigi Nervi.) The other is the Gymnasium Annex, which, from the air, looks like a cone-shaped seashell. Linking this Olympic complex with the bigger one around the Outer Garden, at the edge of Sendagaya, is another brand-new feature of Tokyo—a stretch of elevated expressway. On the basis of what other metropolis's experience it is hard to determine, the officials of this metropolis have great faith that by 1970 Tokyo's traffic problems will be solved by means of a network of such skyways, and the first eighteen miles of one of them, connecting the main Olympic areas with the Tokyo International Airport at Haneda and



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major downtown sections, has just been rushed to completion. Most Olympic and Olympic-related projects seem to be going forward on a round-the-clock basis. Olympic-related projects include building the expressway, virtually reconstructing twenty-two Olympic roads, and expanding the subway system. It is a most civilized subway system, to judge by the clean, roomy cars and the well-swept, cheerily lit platforms of the existing portions, which put New York's facilities to shame. Also under construction are tall luxury hotels and a Monorail line from Haneda deep into Tokyo.

Naturally, all this activity has enhanced the sense of excitement, urgency, and color that had come to characterize postwar Tokyo. The color breaks out at night, always the most visually captivating time here. Festooned with lights, the various construction projects glitter against the normal background of neon signs and nutty advertising displays. (From my Sendagaya windows, I can see two giant glasses of beer—the same brand—foaming away in lights on separate rooftops above Shinjuku's night spots and massage parlors.) But, like matsuri processions, the pell-mell construction has taken a toll beneath the surface. The authorities who were responsible for the great rush in the first place have persistently scolded contractors for carelessness, but even so more than a hundred people have been killed and more than two thousand injured in accidents on Olympic projects. An inveterate sidewalk superintendent myself, I have learned to scoot past construction work here. One recent evening, together with several other pedestrians, I was passing along a seemingly safe sidewalk on a main boulevard under a segment of the new expressway. All at once, I was caught in a shower of flaming matter. About thirty feet above me I made out the figure of a lone workman, standing in virtual darkness on a rickety scaffold, which he must have reached by levitation. His sole source of light was an acetylene torch that he was applying with the abandon characteristic of the Olympic effort in general. The idea of detouring pedestrians from the fiery path had not occurred to anyone. But then, apparently, neither had the notion that the Games themselves might best not be staged in the heart of the world's most overcrowded city—a proposition that is enjoying a good bit of belated favor among the populace at large. "I'm afraid that you see in Tokyo today an unhappy example of the Japanese

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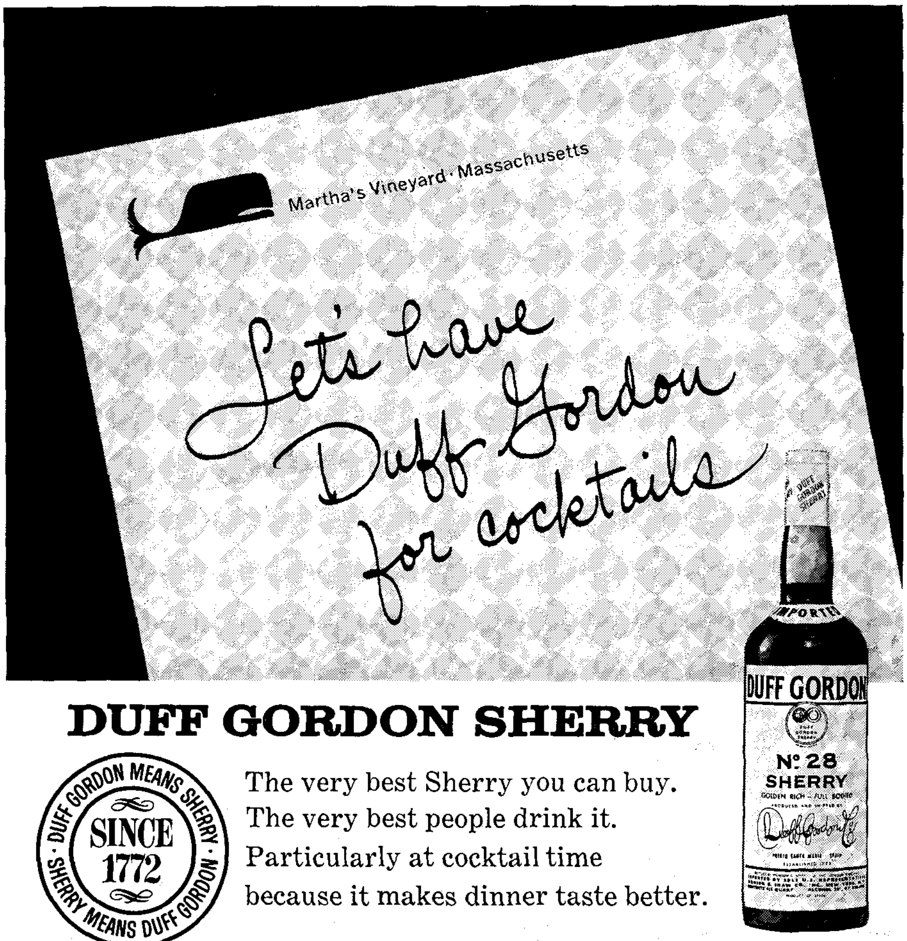
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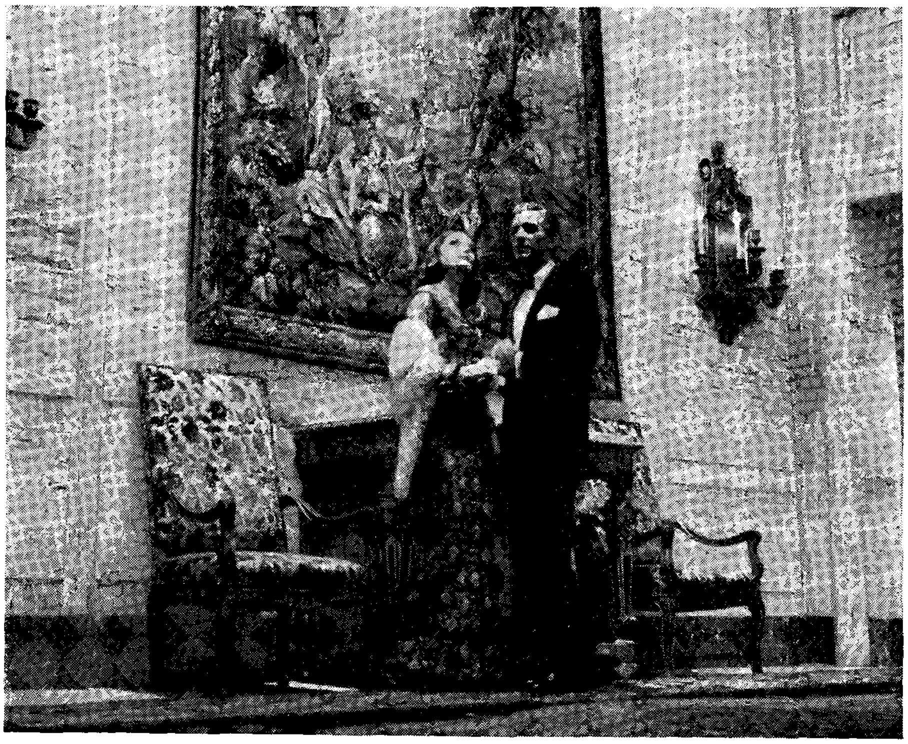

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propensity for putting the cart before the horse," a Japanese friend of mine said the other day. "They're trying to hold a World Olympics, yet they cut off my water supply at ten o'clock every night."

Not all households have to do without water overnight, but hundreds of thousands do, and a good many can run their taps for only a few hours even during the day—a plight that may soon be facing all of Tokyo. The cause of Tokyo's water shortage is the cause of all its other shortages—housing, roads, sewers, parks and playgrounds, and almost every other civic necessity—and that is the rise in population, coupled with the slowness, not to say disinclination, of officials to respond to public need. In the case of water, the situation has been aggravated by several years of sparse rainfall. As an unusually breezy *haiku*—the *haiku*, among other things, being to the Japanese what the Russian proverb is to Khrushchev—has it:

Mizu nakute
Nan no Tokyo
Tomin ka na

which I, as a member of the free-style school of *haiku* translation, field as "If there isn't any water, there is really not a devil of a big advantage in being a Tokyoite."

What with all this irreverence, it is not surprising to learn that enthusiasm for the Olympics seems to be largely confined to would-be contestants, government and Games officials, and some hopeful businessmen. There has been a heavily publicized drive conducted by the Organizing Committee for the Games of the XVIII Olympiad to raise private funds for the Games, but so far only a few hundred individuals have been stirred to the point of making donations. Not that there has been much fiscal stinting on the Games. Even apart from the outlays for long-range construction, the 1964 Olympics bid fair to be the costliest on record. Pinning down a precise figure for almost anything in Japan, except the cost of an item in a retail store, is like trying to cage a cricket, but it appears that the construction and improvement of the Games sites alone will come to something like fifty-six million dollars. Quite a stiff sum for a few foot races and such, especially since most of the sites already existed. In 1960, Rome got a compact, dazzling Olympic complex at a cost of twenty million dollars.

The Tokyo Olympics officials would have you believe that all construction goals will be fulfilled—a utopian pros-

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pect. The National Gymnasium, where the important swimming and diving events are supposed to be held, may just barely make it, and there are so many plans to complete other facilities at the last minute that Avery Brundage, president of the International Olympic Committee and a strong Tokyo booster, was led to remark, after an inspection tour, that he had had to learn a new Japanese word, "*tabun*," which is a cross between "probably" and "perhaps." By October, the Japanese National Railways are supposed to have put into operation the long-heralded "world's fastest trains," between Tokyo and Osaka, but even that is touch and go.

Downgrading Japan's Olympic exertions is all too easy, though, and can be misleading. When I detach myself from the outlook of doubting and harassed Tokyoites and view the effort from the perspective of a long-absent visitor, I find it, as I have found the general postwar resurrection of the metropolis, quite impressive. Considering that Tokyo will be the first Oriental city to hazard an Olympics and that it was recently a flattened Oriental city, one has to concede that the Olympic effort has been stupendous. If the Games installations seem inordinately—even suspiciously—expensive, most of the new ones should win high marks for vitality and freshness of design. Whenever they're finished, Kenzo Tange's suspension-roof National Gymnasium and its Annex will stand as striking and original contributions to architecture. And the entirely new Komazawa Sports Park, a group of gyms and playing fields on the outskirts of the city, is a gem. The park's planners, who were not accustomed to the luxury of space, have had a good deal of it to work with, and they have gone in for broad plazas and roomy walkways, engineered to insure an easy flow of pedestrians. Keeping the Komazawa Stadium down to twenty thousand seats, they have created as aesthetically satisfying a sports arena as I have entered.

TO all cheerless contemplations, the authorities have a talismanic answer: "*Orimpikku made ni*," or "By the time of the Olympics." *Orimpikku made ni*, new water sources will have been tapped. *Orimpikku made ni*, paved streets will have appeared and filth will have vanished from public sight. (With its sootfall, construction dust, and indifferent garbage collection, Tokyo is the Augean Stable of the modern world.) *Orimpikku made ni*,

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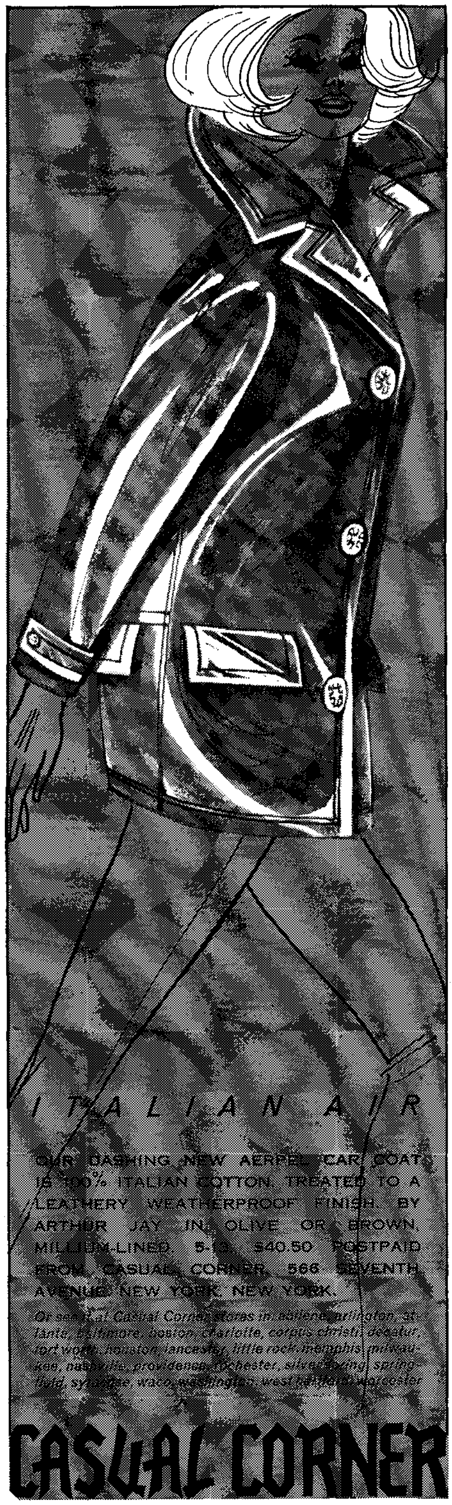
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everything will magically have fallen into place. To the public, the expression has come to mean something like "You should live so long." It is very likely, for instance, that *Orimpikku made ni* Tokyo will still have several temporary plank roads. The new subways follow the routes of various major arteries, and the practice here is to lay subway tunnels by the open-cut method rather than by boring underground. The cuts are then boarded over, often in haphazard fashion, making for a bumpy car ride and, in wet weather, a dangerously slippery one. One rainy day, I found myself ripping along one of these board boulevards in a cab, and after a particularly skiddy jounce I asked, rhetorically, "Won't they *ever* get this thing finished?"

"*Hai*," replied the driver, briskly affirmative. "*Orimpikku made ni*—and by then I'll be the Prime Minister."

—J. M. FLAGLER

•

ADVERTISING SUPERVISORS
COPYWRITERS
COPY APPROACH . . . 1964 CHRISTMAS CATALOG

As you prepare copy for the Christmas Catalog, you will become aware of the fact that Wards 1964 gift merchandise is very sharply priced.

The pre-Christmas selling season has evolved into what is possibly the most price-competitive period of the year. The merchandise departments will be devoting great effort to making sure that the items featured in our Christmas Catalog are priced to capture our share (and more) of Christmas sales.

In your copy, we want to point up these low prices to our customers. Where a valid price reduction has been made, we want to state it. Where a known Wards price advantage exists, we want to bring it to our customers' attention. When an item represents an important money-saving value, say so.

BUT, we do *not* want to destroy the aura of Christmas.—*Directive to advertising copywriters of Montgomery Ward.*

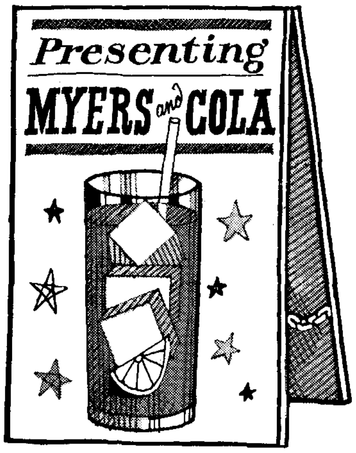
Oh, go ahead—let yourself go!

•

OUR FORGETFUL AUTHORS

[*From "The Voices of Glory," by Davis Grubb*]

You probably read it in the *Glory Argus* about how Captain Harry Marlin died. Harley killed him—shot him through the head. Harry had ordered Harley to whip a con, half dead from TB, and Harley had refused. Harry gave the order once again. And the second time Harley said he wouldn't. And Harry Marlin took the whip himself and commenced to beat the man with all his strength. Harley said nothing, calmly took a rifle down from the racks of guns along the wall, aimed it carefully at Harry and calmly shot him through the heart.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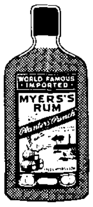

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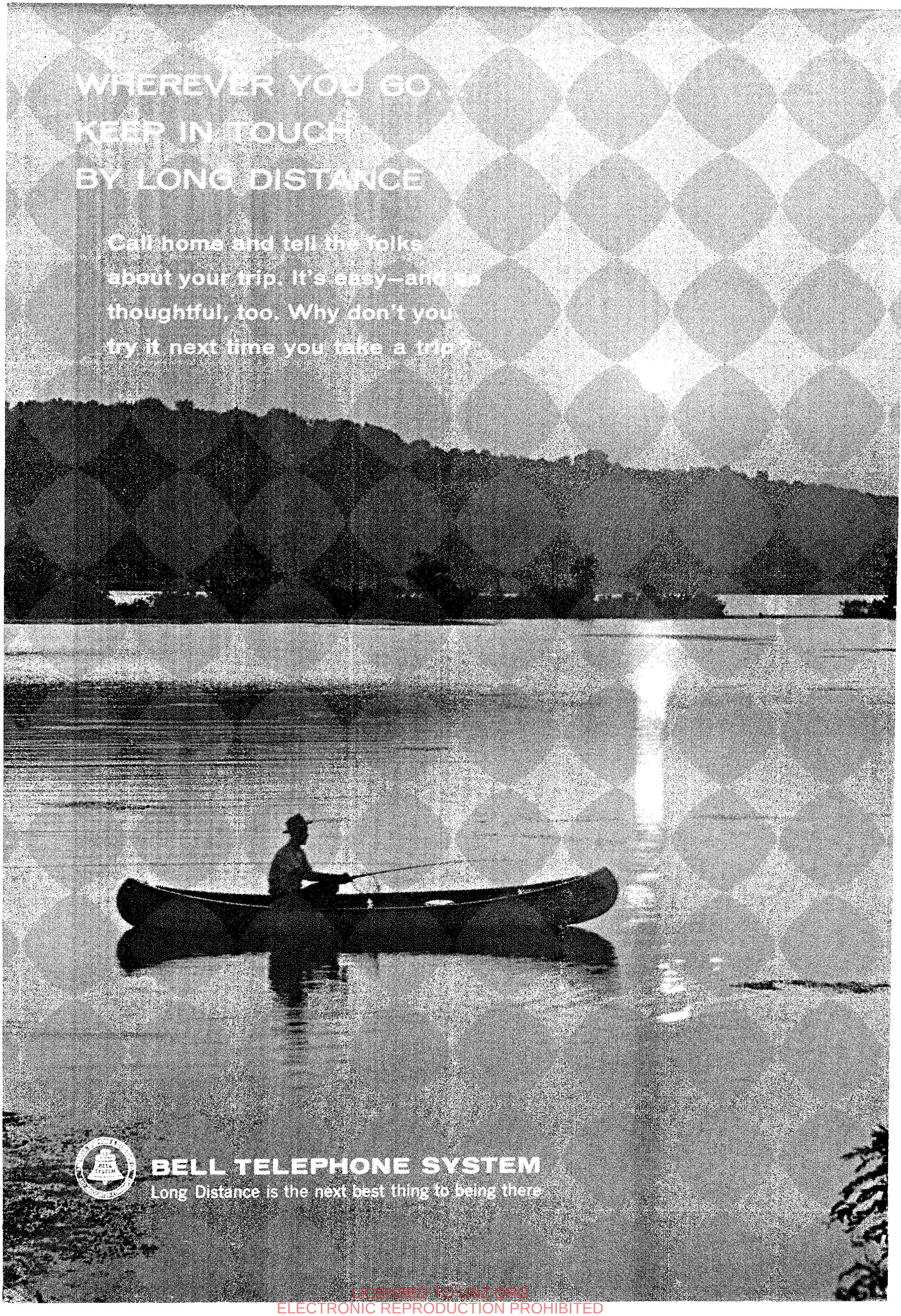
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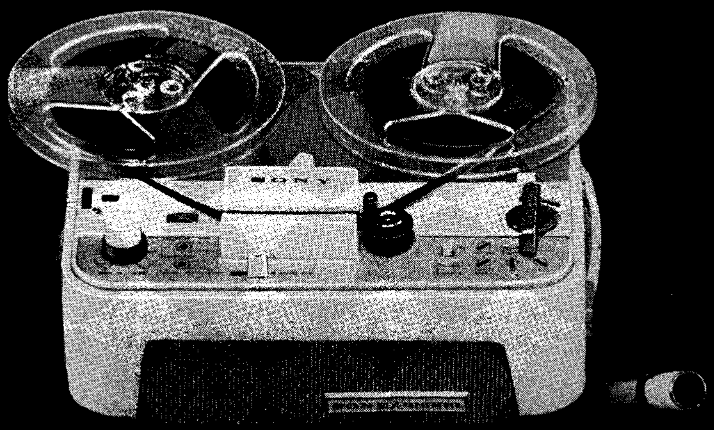
THE RACE TRACK

Million-Dollar Boy

ALL the wiseacres and experts are bubbling over with praise for Gun Bow's performance in the Whitney Stakes at Saratoga Springs last Saturday. And why not? Carrying 130 pounds, he ran as spectacularly as he had run under lighter weight in the Brooklyn, and beat Mongo by ten lengths. His time for the mile and a furlong was 1:49⅕—a shade behind the track mark—over a course that is seconds slower than the one at the Big A. But then, he didn't *have* to run any faster. In fact, although Mongo was quickest out of the starting gate, the result was never in doubt after Gun Bow took the lead going into the first turn. Mongo, who carried the same weight as Gun Bow, and Delta Judge and Sunstruck, who carried a lot less, were no match for the Gedney Farm colt. After the race, it was learned that Gun Bow is to be syndicated by Harry Albert and Mrs. John T. Stanley, who own him, but it hasn't been announced how much a share in him will cost or how many shares Mr. Albert and Mrs. Stanley will retain. As I've noted before, Gun Bow was bought last December, along with a colt named Gun Boat, in a package deal for $125,000, and since then he has earned $371,120. Colonel Martingale wonders how many shares in Gun Bow will be bought by Mrs. Elizabeth Graham, of Maine Chance Farm, who sold him.

It's a pleasure to report that Chateaugay has returned to the races, apparently as good as ever. Stumbling at the start of the Carter Handicap three months ago, he strained an ankle that had already given him no end of trouble, and he'd been on the shelf since then. Last Thursday, he came out at Saratoga in a trial gallop at seven furlongs and, after being outrun for three-quarters of the distance, came up with a great burst of speed to win going away from Decidedly and five others. Some observers declared that Chateaugay must have run the last furlong in eleven seconds. Jim Conway has performed a fine feat of training to



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bring him back to top form after the mishap. Chateaugay is somebody for even Gun Bow—and certainly for Kelso—to worry about.

IT'S been several seasons since the Greentree Stable had such success at Saratoga as it had last week, winning seven races. To start off, New Act beat ten other two-year-olds in the Flash Stakes, the traditional opening-day fixture at The Spa. The following afternoon, Weatherbeaten romped away from ten other maiden three-year-olds, and O'Hara won at odds-on from a collection of two-year-olds. The stable was idle on Wednesday, but Thursday it scored a double with Boater, a two-year-old filly, and Time for Bed, who led fifteen three-year-old fillies home in the Test Stakes, the preliminary for this weekend's Alabama Stakes. On Saturday, the stable had another double, with Green Cheese, a first-time starter (years ago Llangollen Farm had a good jumper named Green Cheese), and Malicious, who is tuning up for the Travers next weekend. For as long as I can remember, Greentree racers have had well-chosen names. Take Weatherbeaten, whose dam is Ruddy; O'Hara, whose dam is Track Medal and who is named after Tommy O'Hara, the well-known Boston track-and-field athlete; and Boater, whose sire is Sailor. "Boater" is not only British slang for a man's hard straw hat but also what horseplayers call a race in which only one of the runners is trying.

AS was expected after his smashing effort in the Sapling Prep the previous Saturday (six furlongs in 1:09⅗), Bold Lad won the Sapling Stakes at Monmouth Park last weekend. Taking the lead in the stretch, he beat Native Charger by half a length. Sadair was third, three lengths behind. They finished in the same order in the Prep. How's that for consistency? It was the closing day of Monmouth's most successful meeting.

THERE'S an old race-track saw that when a filly beats colts either she's a nonesuch or her opposition is no great shakes. Tosmah made nine runners of the opposite sex look like hacks in the Classic at Arlington Park in Chicago last Saturday. Dominating the race throughout, she won easing up from Lt. Stevens, with Close By—who was second in the Hollywood Derby—third, and Roman Brother fourth. *You* figure it out.

—AUDAX MINOR

BOOKS

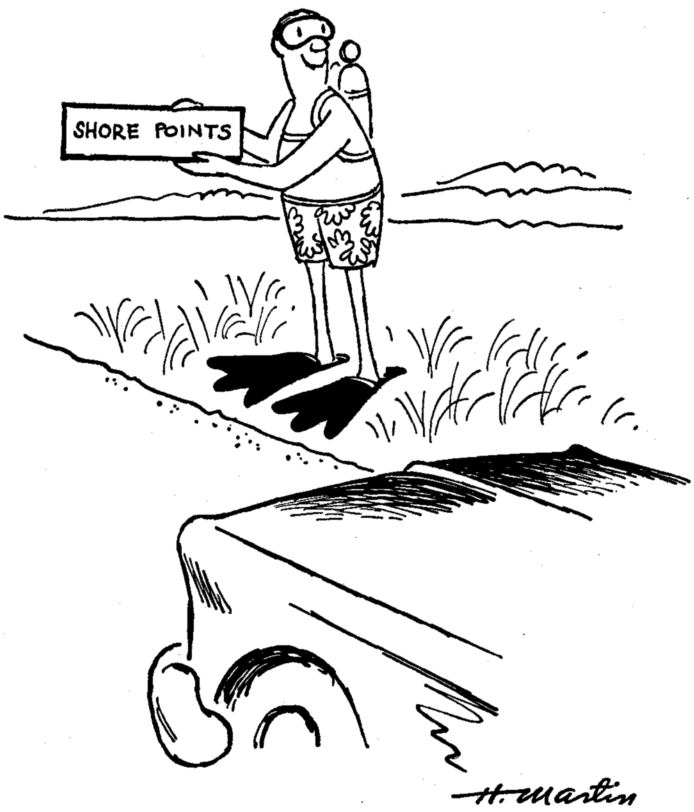
Immovable Object

IT has been a habit in the North to dismiss the South as a monolith of intransigence on the matter of race. Many Northerners find it easy to believe that any white person who lives in a state that was part of the Confederacy is, by definition, hopelessly prejudiced, and this view is encouraged by the behavior of Southern senators, who do tend to close ranks when the civil-rights nerve is touched, and by the crisis method of reporting that so often affects American journalism—a method that results in most accounts of Southern race relations being written in places where a crisis has so polarized opinion and hardened defenses that one white Southerner is likely to sound as unyielding as another. But the South is not a monolith. North Carolina—despite whatever symptoms of the "white backlash" it may be developing now—moved away from the position of blind defiance years ago, and Georgia (not just Atlanta) has changed so much in the past three years that in many ways its race relations differ as much from those of Mississippi as they do from those of New York. And, considered in comparison with any of the other Southern states, Mississippi differs in kind as well as in degree. The difference is well expressed in one sentence of "Mississippi: The Closed Society" (Harcourt, Brace & World), an angry and important book by James W. Silver, who has been a history professor at the University of Mississippi for twenty-eight years: "Mississippi is the way it is not because of its view on the Negro—here it is simply 'the South exaggerated'—but because of its closed society, its refusal to allow freedom of inquiry or to tolerate 'error of opinion.' "

As that sentence indicates, Mr. Silver's book is only incidentally about what white Mississippians have done to the Negroes and much more about what white Mississippians have done to themselves. The question facing white people in the South for several years has not been integration versus segregation. (One study of the situation, cited by Mr. Silver, indicates that most of them prefer segregation; other studies indicate that most of them realize it will sooner or later end.) The question is, rather, how much they are willing to put up with in the name of segregation—that is, just which convenience, right, or principle they are *not* willing to surrender for the real or ritualistic continuation of a system that is doomed. The answer is different in every state—in fact, almost in every county. At one extreme there is a city such as Atlanta, which would not surrender its week-long opera season; if the opera would perform only before integrated audiences, the audiences would be integrated. At the other extreme there is Mississippi. White Mississippians, by Mr. Silver's overwhelming evidence, have been willing to give up not only any convenience but any belief they might have had in freedom of speech and the right to dissent; they have even been willing to submit to spying and thought control, so long as it is done in the name of segregation. There is, naturally, a great chance of violence if people are led to believe that anything that supports the orthodoxy is justifiable, but it is not violence that sets Mississippi apart from the rest of the South. For, as was proved at the time of the Freedom Rides, in 1961—when demonstrators were beaten in Alabama but just "peacefully arrested" in Mississippi—violence can be held in check if those in power have a tight control of the public and feel that non-violence would benefit their cause. Many observers of the Freedom Rides considered Mississippi to be more ominous than Alabama precisely *because* the discipline could keep the angry crowds standing quietly at the side of the road; even in 1961, when Mississippi was still trying to preserve its reputation for peaceful and happy segregation, there was a good deal of evidence to support Mr. Silver's statement that "within its own borders, the closed society of Mississippi comes as near to approximating a police state as anything we have yet seen in America."

To those who have followed Mr. Silver's career over the past several years, the gravity of this indictment is accentuated by the fact that he has been not only an embattled and courageous man but a conscientious one. While constantly criticizing anything in the system he believed to be wrong, he has always taken a historian's care in placing the blame precisely where he thought it belonged, and he has always been as careful to correct ignorant or oversimplified criticism of Mississippi by Northern writers as he has been to point out the distortions of the local press. The bleak tone of his book is that of a responsible man who has resisted the temptation to wholesale condemnation for nearly thirty years but has finally been driven to admit that the situation is almost hopeless.

The first part of "Mississippi: The Closed Society" is an expanded version of a speech on the closed society that Mr. Silver delivered last fall as outgoing president of the Southern Historical Association; the rest is a series of letters, most of them written after the desegregation of the university, in the fall of 1962. The letters are honest and fascinating documents of a man trying to explain his reaction to a momentous



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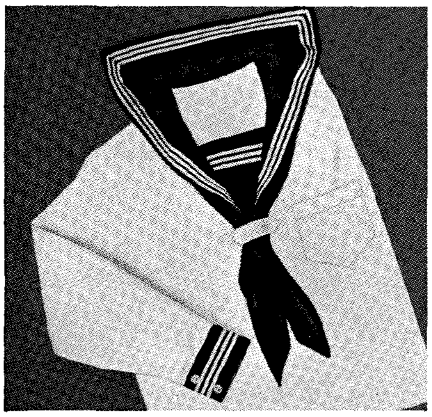

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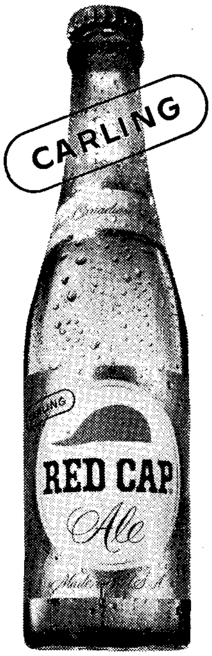
event to his children—principally to his daughter, who was in college in the East during nearly all of the desegregation excitement at Ole Miss—and of a historian trying to set the record straight. The expanded speech has faults, most of which point to insufficient editing; the writing is occasionally unclear or unorganized, and there are historical references that may explain to members of the Southern Historical Association why Mississippi has become more than "the South exaggerated" but that are apt to baffle the lay reader. The flaws are minor, however, compared with the force of Mr. Silver's indictment and the depth of his examination of the mentality of a closed society. After every incident or speech that reveals the inconsistency between the prevailing opinion in Mississippi and the principles that supposedly guide this country, people who want to understand the situation usually ask: How could they really think that way? What have they been told in church and in school? Is it possible that Americans are taught that all men are *not* created equal, that God *does* judge a man by the color of his skin, that there is no Brotherhood Week? The author's answer is that Mississippi has been virtually a closed society for more than a century and that "the all-pervading doctrine, then and now, has been white supremacy, whether achieved through slavery or segregation, rationalized by a professed belief in states rights and bolstered by religious fundamentalism." In such a society, he says, "a never-ceasing propagation of the 'true faith' must go on relentlessly, with a constantly reiterated demand for loyalty to the united front, requiring that nonconformists and dissenters from the code be silenced, or, in a crisis, driven from the community." According to Mr. Silver, the "true faith" is propagated by the "voices of militancy"—the politicians, the racist press, and, most of all, the Citizens Councils, which have never had much success in other Southern states but at times have seemed to gain absolute control of Mississippi—and is nearly always unopposed by such elements of the community as the church and business, which he calls "voices of acquiescence." The idea that opposition is treason is almost completely enforced, and the white citizenry has become convinced not only that outside criticism is fashioned by a misguided conspiracy but that the outsiders can never change the situation if a united front is maintained.

One characteristic of a closed society that is apparent in Mr. Silver's book is



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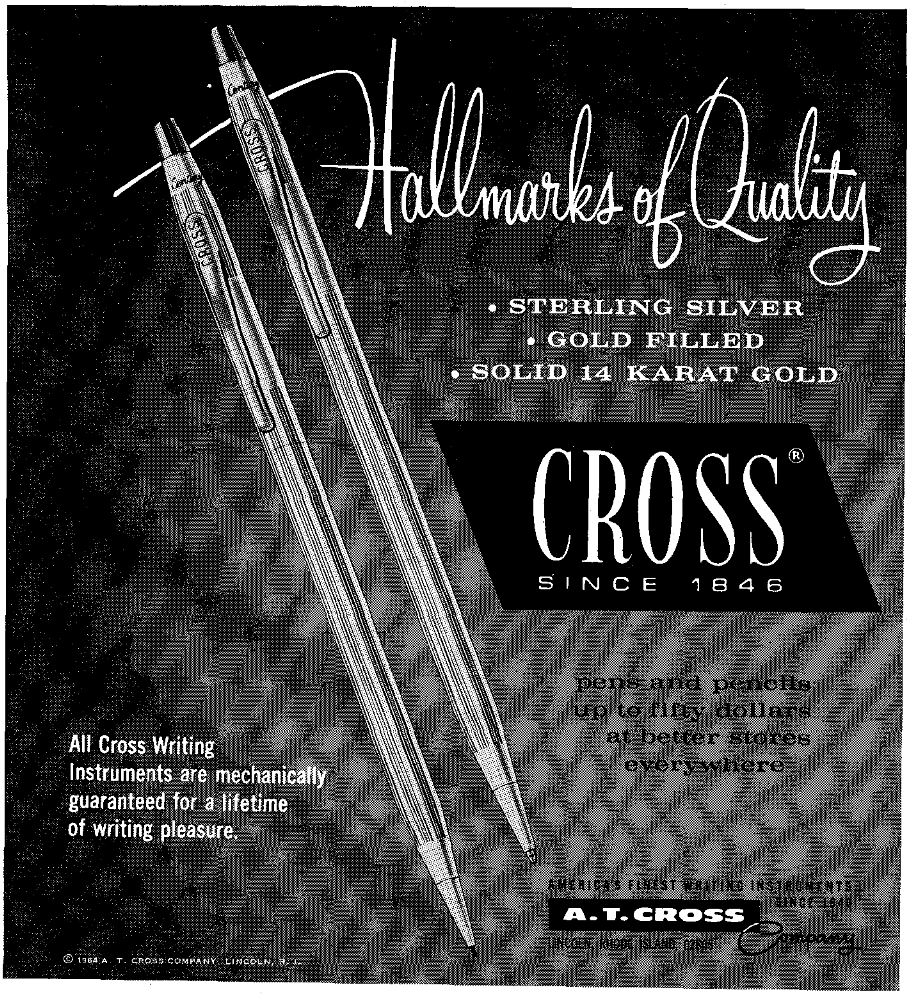
its enormous pettiness. Since the slightest deviation is considered dangerous, the most imposing machinery of government is brought into action to deal with questions that in other states might be left to small-town gossips. Mr. Silver mentions the case of the state government's becoming involved in the election of an editor of the University of Mississippi student newspaper, and the governmental crisis that was touched off when the Mississippi State basketball team was invited to play a tournament game in Chicago against an integrated team from Loyola, a crisis that one university trustee called "the greatest challenge to our way of life since Reconstruction." I happened to be in Jackson during the week in 1961 when a progress report of the State Sovereignty Commission, an official agency that contributes state funds to the Citizens Councils and does some speechmaking and investigating, was presented. The Commission said it had conducted two hundred and twenty-eight investigations in eighty-two counties during the previous nine months. In a speech given around the state to explain the kind of work it was doing—including the compilation of "a file on persons whose utterances or actions indicate they should be watched with suspicion on future racial attitudes"—the Commission elaborated on four of the investigations. One of them took place when the Commission was informed that a woman who wished to enter her child in a white elementary school might be a Negro:

> These investigators had a conference with the members of the school board in this particular county and principal of the school where this application had been made, as well as the attorney for the Board of Education.
>
> As a result of this investigation which was conducted in cooperation with the Sheriff of that county, it was determined that the mother of this child was on record at the Bureau of Vital Statistics as a Negro. This was determined by securing a photostat copy of her birth record; however, birth records of her two children, which were secured at the same time, indicate that she, as well as both children, was white.
>
> After a conference with Director of the Sovereignty Commission and the Attorney General, and later another conference with several members of the school board of this county, it was decided that the two investigators would confront this woman with her birth record. Accompanied by a Deputy Sheriff of that county, these birth certificates were shown to this woman and her father and mother, all of whom claimed to be white people in spite of their birth records as Negroes.
>
> Upon completion of the interview of this family, they stated they had no intentions of attempting to enter this child in a white school until such time as the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A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

mother's birth certificate could be changed from colored to white and which would take court action to accomplish.

The sober decision to face one errant *passer-blanche* with the combined power of the school board, the school-board attorney, the school principal, the sheriff and his deputy, two Sovereignty Commission investigators, the director of the Sovereignty Commission, and the Attorney General of the Sovereign State of Mississippi is even more ludicrous when it is realized that this is one of the four investigations the Commission considered impressive enough to be included in a speech on its accomplishments. What must the two hundred and twenty-four other investigations have dealt with?

The ludicrousness of such a society becomes particularly apparent in the attempts to explain away the contradiction between Mississippi and most of the rest of the United States, and Mr. Silver has a fine eye for this. He quotes a Jackson columnist who declares that criticism from the North is the result of "jealousy because of Mississippi's industrial expansion," as well as a Jackson editorialist who insists that the speakers' bureau of the Sovereignty Commission—then busy telling Northern businessmen's clubs The Story of the Happy Darky—"could easily turn the tide of public opinion about the race issue in the North." (Mr. Silver also notes that the Sovereignty Commission made a movie in which Ross Barnett said, with his usual solemnity, "No student can get a better education than is offered the Negro children in Mississippi.") Mr. Silver is aware of the extent to which Mississippians are able to maintain a frame of reference that is identical with the borders of the state, so that "when Byron de la Beckwith, scion of an old Delta family, born on the Pacific coast but a resident in Mississippi for 38 years, was apprehended, the [Jackson] *Clarion-Ledger* flashed what may remain its most imaginative headline of all time: 'Californian Is Charged with Murder of Evers.'" But even in Mr. Silver's own use of irony—such as sending the *Clarion-Ledger* a list of names of organizations called subversive by the Citizens Council and asking what should be done to Ole Miss instructors who belonged to both the Methodist Church or the Air Force *and* the Citizens Council—there is an implicit realization that a closed society cannot be changed by revealing its absurdities, that obedience to the orthodoxy is so strong in Mississippi that Ross Barnett, whose malapropisms and bungling had for quite a while made him a laughingstock,

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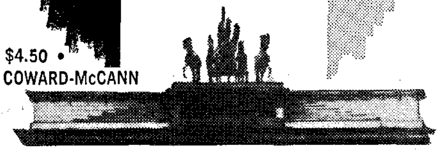

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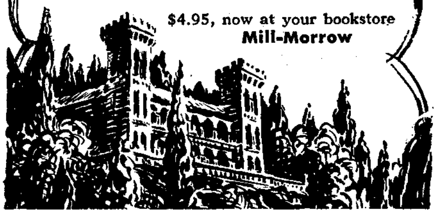

was taken seriously as a messiah merely for defying a federal court.

Mr. Silver says in his introduction that he is most interested in reaching the Mississippi reader, who, by his account, is likely to have a closed mind. The non-Mississippi reader can learn almost as much from watching him try to speak to a closed society—establishing whatever credentials of loyalty he can muster, painfully dismantling the pseudo-anthropological, pseudo-historical arguments he must have heard thousands of times—as from what he says about it. Throughout the book—particularly in the letters—Mr. Silver reiterates that, contrary to the official Mississippi version, the federal marshals did not start the riot at Ole Miss by maliciously antagonizing peaceful students with tear-gas grenades. He was an eyewitness of the beginning of the riot—insurrection, he calls it—and among the letters in his book are several to editors, mainly in Mississippi, stating calmly and (judging by everything that has appeared about it in the non-Mississippi press) quite factually what he saw. It is one of the strengths of the book that the reader has no difficulty accepting the fact that most of the white people in Mississippi believe the fabrication of the event that has become part of the orthodoxy; ironically, it is an even more important strength that the reader gets the impression that most of the white people in Mississippi will continue to believe the fabrication no matter how often Mr. Silver or anybody else attempts to prove that it is not true.

It is impossible to have a completely closed society in the United States, Mr. Silver acknowledges, and he mentions a few dissenters who have managed to survive and a few rays of hope. (Not one of the Mississippi National Guard troops federalized to protect James Meredith failed to report.) But he presents more reason for pessimism than for optimism. The reader gradually realizes that a good number of the dissenters and those who defended their right to dissent have left the state—among them most of the Methodist ministers who signed a manifesto last year advocating the brotherhood of man, as well as an outspoken rabbi and more than fifty Ole Miss professors—and it is hard to avoid the thought that a closed society has a built-in device that keeps it tight, for it drives out those who oppose it and leaves in control those who are willing to compromise with it and those who always favored it. Mr. Silver's own experiences in this setting are almost as revelatory as his research. He acknowledges that some of

let her love you

VENUS PERALTA, FILIPINA, AGE 4. One of five children. Father dead. Mother earns about 50¢ a day. Sells fish in market. Lives in one-room shack in squatter area. Roof rusty galvanized tin salvaged from cans. Walls scraps of firewood. Cooking and washing done in lean-to. Children ragged. Main food source sweet potato patch. Privation acute. Mother sickened with despair for children. Help to Venus means help to whole family.

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Vicarious

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his students have become Citizens Council leaders, and at the same time he is proud that others have defended his right to speak his mind. Yet it is probable that the chief reason he has held on to his professorship since Ole Miss was desegregated is the trustees' fear of losing the university's accreditation if he is let go for his views, and, he says, "in recent years there has been a hardening attitude among college students who do not want to hear the other side." Mr. Silver, who will be on leave of absence next year so that he can teach at Notre Dame, finds that "the white Mississippian is not even conservative—he is merely negative. . . . He grows up being against most things about which other men at least have the pleasure of arguing."

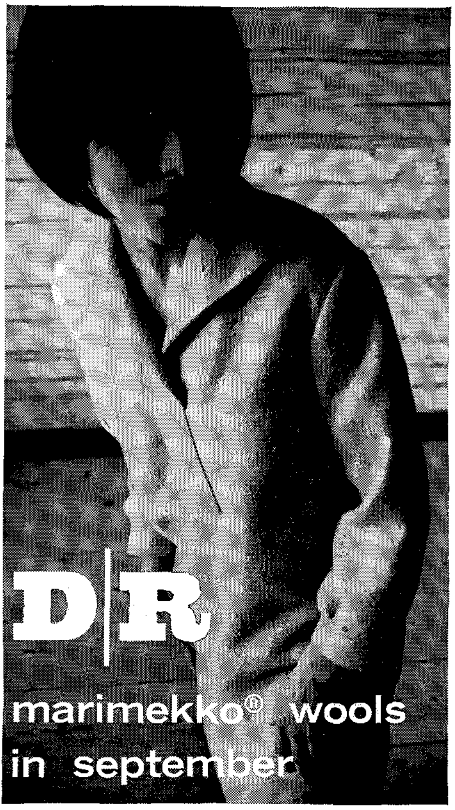
Since Mr. Silver's book was written, the Chamber of Commerce and the mayor of Jackson have spoken out for compliance with the public-accommodations section of the new civil-rights law, and a number of housewives have formed an organization to help maintain support for public education in the face of a federal-court order that the Jackson schools begin to desegregate this fall—indications that the Citizens Council element cannot command automatic obedience to the orthodoxy of segregation in Jackson now that such obedience may entail defying the law, seriously damaging public education, and (perhaps important to most of those involved) endangering the city's future peace and prosperity. The Jackson dissents may represent an important opening in the closed society Mr. Silver has described. He clearly believes, however, that any significant change in Mississippi can take place only in response to pressure from the outside, whether by law or by force of arms. He says, "It cannot be long before the country, seeing that persuasion alone must fail, and perhaps acting through the power and authority of the federal government, will, with whatever reluctance and sadness, put an end to the closed society in Mississippi."

—CALVIN TRILLIN

•

A young man of romantic enthusiasm in his conducting, he has a gesture he makes rather privately to the orchestra, indicating that the playing should come from the heart. He asks them no great blaring volume, but rather a tempered, fatiguing tour of New England.
—*Washington Post & Times-Herald.*

The woodwinds in the greasy-spoon joints.



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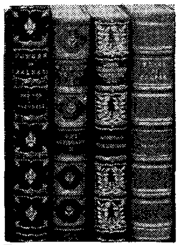

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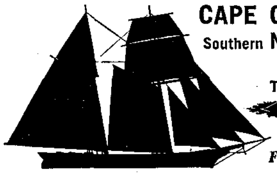

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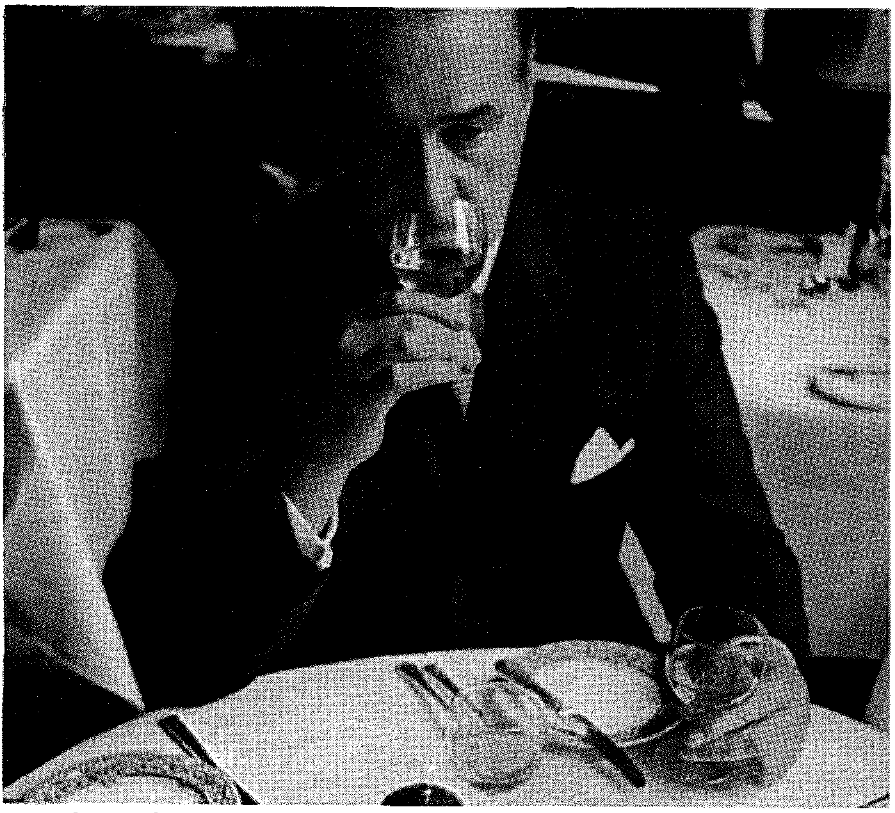

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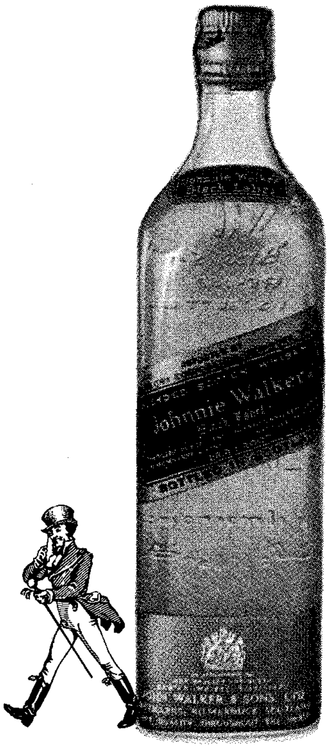

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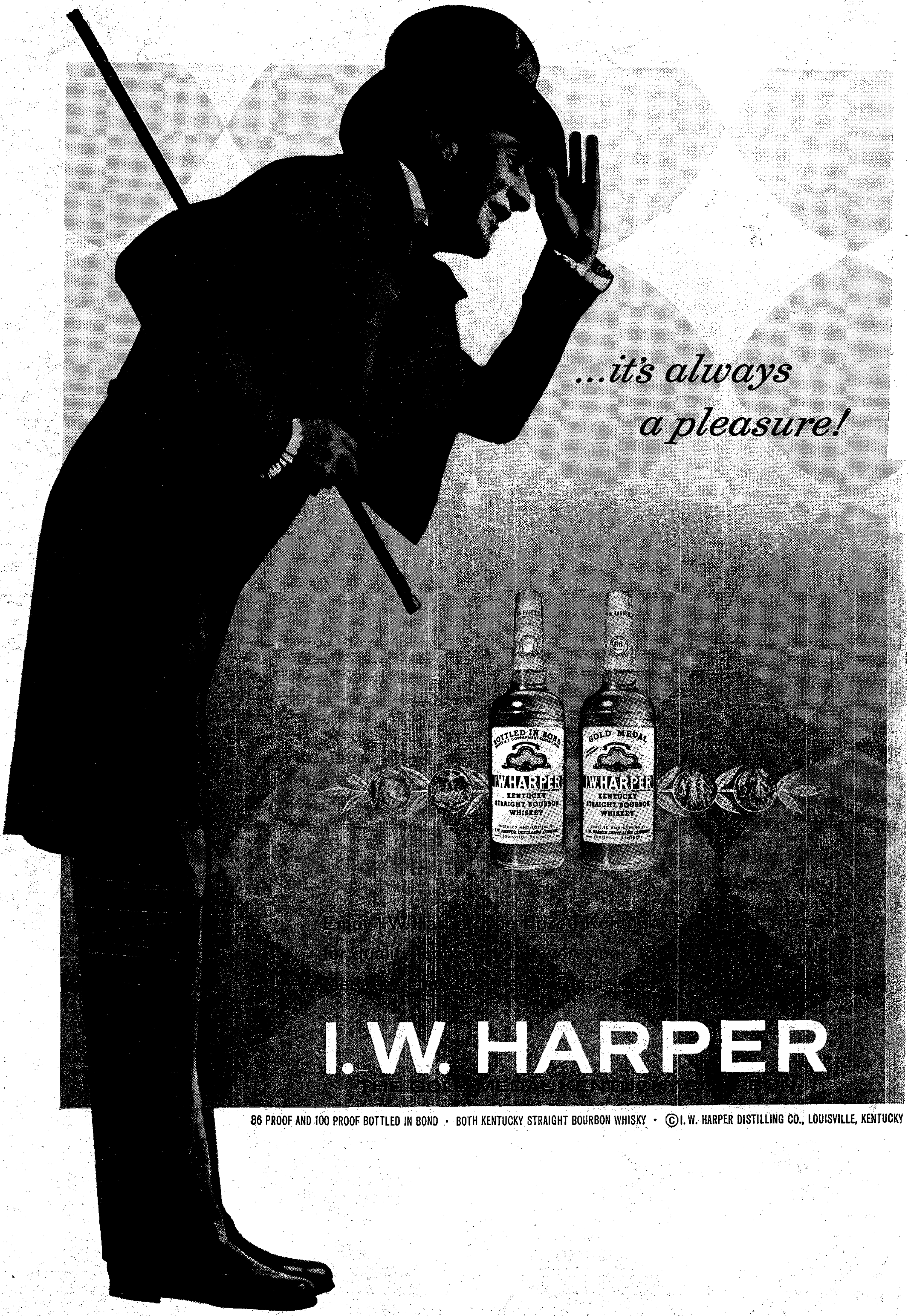
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